REDBOOK

MAGAZINE

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"The Unpardonable Sir"
RUPERT HUGHES

eeman Tilden In Fleming Wilson ene Manlove Rhodes na Katharine Green

Donn Byrne Ida M.Evans Roy Norton Royal Brown

3.P. Nikolaki

ie Bull Called Emily" by IRVIN S. COBB



"WHO CAN SPELL CREAM OF WHEAT?"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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### The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By R. W. Lockwood



A MAN'S success in life depends more on the cooperation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to

the disgestive tract.

Physical efficiency is the tal efficiency. Unless our backbone of mental efficiency. Unless our stomachs are effectively performing their functions in the way Nature intended, we can't be physically fit. And unless we're physically fit, we can't be thoroughly suc-

writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured. As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted

of their physical condition. Ten times the success would undoubtedly be theirs if they success would undoubtedly be theirs if they had the backing of a strong physique and a perfect stomach. There are a thousand men who owe their success in life to a good digestion to every one who succeeded in spite of a poor digestion and the many ills it leads to.

The cause of practically all stomach disorders—and remember, stomach disorders lead to 90% of all sickness—is wrong eating.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be mite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 108% during the past few

years!
The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Very often one good harmless food when eaten in combination with other harmless foods greates a chamical vector. foods creates a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes, giving off dangerous toxins which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sap-ping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago 1 had a talk with Eugene

low Corrective Eating it isn't even neces-sary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food. Inci-dentally Eugene Christian has personally treated over 28,000 people for almost every non-organic allment known with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one considers that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose ef-

ficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggish-ness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty ness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally are abscicles. or physically. Yet in a few days, by fol-lowing Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit attnough he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delictious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyafforded a much keener quality of enjoy-ment than his old method of eating and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from

perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as inter-esting and they applied to as many dif-ferent allments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for \$500 or \$1,000 in addi-tion to the amount of the bill when paying

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recom-mendation based upon actual results se-cured in the author's many years of cured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible mis-

understanding.
With these lessons at hand it is just though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can searcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and west. physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secure results with the first

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating Society, Inc., write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply Dept. 12010, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves are more con-vincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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Volume XXIX No. 6

OCTOBER 1917

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-chase matter April 25, 1905, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congrum of March 3, 1879.



Alexander Hull

# Why this ham needs no parboiling

Many women soak ham overnight or parboil it, to remove its excessive saltiness before using.

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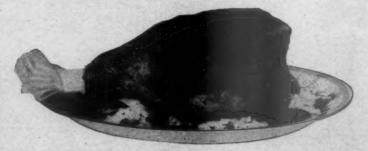
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Spread the ham thickly with a paste of water and flour. When cooked, take off its flour and water crust, peel off the skin, brush the ham with the well-beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and a little brown sugar and brown in oven. Garnish with glazed sweet potatoes and macaroni with cheese. Serve with a sauce made from a cupful of brown gravy strained and mixed with a cupful of melted currant jelly



# BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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LILLIAN GISH
MARGUERITE CLARK
PAULINE FREDERICK























N this number, with its increased page size and the attendant artistic and typographic latitude, we have gratified an ambition of many years' standing—an ambition which required only the larger page area to complete the utmost in magazine excellence.

In itself the new Rupert Hughes serial, "The Unpardonable Sin,"—the most vital novel in years,—which begins on page twenty-three, would entitle this issue to special distinction. His story of two American women caught in the tempest of war, and of the dramatic manner in which their fate struck down a beautiful girl in a Midwestern American city, has been written with glorious inspiration and iron force.

From Irvin Cobb's delightfully funny "The Bull Called Emily" to Eugene Manlove Rhodes' "The Brave Adventure" and Roy Norton's "The Two Smiths," every short story in this issue has been selected with the care and judgment which make this the most American of all American magazines.

The only better magazine that can come to you (if it is possible to make a better one) is the one which we shall offer you next month. In it we begin "The Valley of the Giants," by Peter B. Kyne, an up-standing American novel, a romance of the redwood forests and as tender a love story as ever was written.

There will be short stories by Joseph Hergesheimer, Meredith Nicholson (we heard a fine criticism of Meredith Nicholson's work the other day; a woman we know said: "I always feel better after I've read one of his stories"), Ring W. Lardner, Freeman Tilden, Peter Clark Macfarlane, Opie Read—his story is the best he's ever written, we think—and several others.

The November issue will be on sale October twenty-third. It will be the best buy on the news-stands at any price.

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OCTOBER, 1917 Vol. XXIX, No. 6



RAY LONG, Editor

She saw that the invader was dangerously pretty, with a wild foreignness about her. There were raindrops on her face like tears, and in her hair like pearls. 4890

Mrs. Winsor felt that if the great eyelids were to open they would stare in amazement, and the long pale lips would babble a strange story.

A New Novel

by

**RUPERT HUGHES** 

Illustrated

By

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

also the stealthy tread of Tawm Kinch, who always seemed to be saving shoe-leather, and the timid patter of old Miss Tiffin's spinstery feet always fleeing when no one pursued.

The

Unpardonable Sin

JAMES MONTCOMERY PLACE

Mrs. Winsor had sat on her front porch or at one of her windows for so many years that people's feet clicked their autographs for her on the sidewalk. She could tell when there was a stranger among them, if he walked fast. But to-night the few who were abroad went by so slowly that her ears could not read their names. This made her lonelier than usual, for her son was late, and the cook had gone out for the evening.

The poor soul grew afraid to rock her chair: the noise alarmed her; it might attract burglars. She wished her boy would come home; she wondered what kept him. He should have been back long ago, to help her indoors. She

THE streets of the little Midwestern town were pure gloom save for the occasional arc-lamps, strange incandescent fruit among leafage so thick that they gave off rather a white fog than light. Against their pallor the trunks of the veteran maples loomed black and flat, their shadows pools of tar.

Few people were abroad, and they were so vague in the gloom that they seemed not to be persons walking, but the floating shadows of beings hidden above. Yet their footsteps were audible as they approached and vanished, the rhythm broken by shuffles and stumbles over the hard

ripples in the brick pavement.

It was impossible to see who was who, but the old lady on the Winsor porch knew most of her neighbors by their footsteps. There were Trigger-foot Pedlow and woodenlegged Major Rounds. But they were easy. She knew Copyrighted, 1917, by The Red Book Copporation. All rights reserved.

azine

was not supposed to be strong enough to walk by herself. If any of those wayfarers had turned suddenly into her gateless, fenceless yard, she could have reached the door with a scream, but she needed some such goad.

She might have called to somebody to help her in. But that would be advertising her solitude. She wished her son would come home. She had had a letter in the late mail, and she wanted to read it to him. It worried her keenly. She felt very old, very much afraid. In the sky there were flickerings of lightning, rubadub of thunder. A storm was advancing with the grumbling of a sullen mob or a hostile army with artillery.

or a hostile army with artillery.

Mrs. Winsor dreaded storms. The next might always be her last. She imagined the lightning stabbing the helpless lands beyond the horizon, and she imagined the people cowering there with no defense against the invaded sky.

She wished her son would come home before the rain broke over the streets. He was, as likely as not, standing out on the high bluff over the river watching the storm come. He liked to go up on high hills or sit on the roof and study the lightning, shouting to it with hilarious defiances that scared his mother like a sacrilege. His professor at the high school had called him a young Ajax, but his name was Oliver. Nearly everybody called him Noll.

There was only one kind of lightning Noll was afraid of, and that was the summer lightning that shimmered in the eyes of young girls. He was such a coward before a girl that the town kittens bullied him ruthlessly. The boys did not. It was perilous to be a rival of Noll's in love, for while he kept at a distance from his best girl of the moment, he kept the other fellows at a distance too. That did not make him popular with either sex. But his mother loved him, adored his troubled, troublesome heart, and wondered to what bad end it would carry him—or to what glory.

For his ambitions had a kind of glory about them. He felt things strongly. He was fiercely patriotic, a ferocious partisan of anything he believed in—his baseball club, his father's political party, the pattern of skates he wore, his ward school against the schools of all the other wards, his class in his school, his country against all the nations in the world in all times. He would never make a calm philosopher or a judicious historian; but he would make a hero, perhaps,—which is far more likable,—or a criminal who would be forgiven and hanged

would be forgiven and hanged for some splendid crime of passion.

He kept pretty sane, at that; he had the balance of a pendulum, which by vibrating constantly from extreme to extreme acquires a certain reliable regularity so long as

it is not checked.

His mother wished that he would come home. The storm was advancing; the moon was enveloped — veiled — erased. The lightnings were flashing and fencing well inside the horizon. But yet awhile the air was still and warm, expectant. The air was in a Mona Lisa mood against a foreboding sky.

Mrs. Winsor was as helpless a spectator of the clouds driven in herds across the sky as of the phantoms drifting along the sidewalk. It was the lovers' hour, and occasional couples mooned by dreamily. She smiled as she saw two shadows blurred into one, moving in leisurely colloquy in spite of the omens of storm. She remembered how she had once gone enarmed along dark lanes and streets. The maples had not been so high then, and electric lamps had not been invented, but the gloaming spirit was as old as Eden.

From one dual shadow that blurred along she could faintly hear murmurs with a hint of smothered excitement,—a man's diapason, a girl's boyish treble,—but nothing she could understand. She followed the couple with her eyes across the alley till the huge blot of the great tree there absorbed it. The shadow did not emerge into the dim radiance from the lamp at the next corner. She supposed the twain had paused for another embrace.

Then she seemed to feel a little agitation in the air. She seemed to hear a choked outcry ending in a faint gurgle. There was a sense of motion within the tree-shadow, like a quiver in black smoke. She smiled. The girl was probably making herself a little more interesting by the immemorial

feint of resistance. Mrs. Winsor had used those tactics herself in her time, though she would never have confessed it even to herself.

But now a single shadow, a man's, slowly withdrew from the shadow of the tree. other shadow did not follow. As a patch of ink trickles away from a fallen bottle, the lone shadow flowed swiftly to the next tree-stripe, lost itself a moment there, then moved swiftly to the next, and so on tree by tree to the core of light at the corner, where the shadow seemed to be almost transparent, powdery at least. There it turned to the left against another line of trees and vanished behind the silhouette of the corner house.

All the houses seemed to ponder the riddle. The trees considered it.

Mrs. Winsor wondered

what had become of the other shadow, but she stared into the gloom in vain. It was strange for a man to leave a girl there and run away. might have quarreled, and she might have ordered him never to speak to her again, as girls do. She might have resisted a little too long, and he might have quit her cold. But then he would have marched away, or sulked along. There was something fugitive about this man's departure. And why didn't the girl go on home? Was she

crying? She made no sound. Perhaps she was petrified with anger and was fighting her mad out, as Mrs. Winsor had done in her time, slowly in black silence.

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She saw the girl's nodding head and swaying arms hanging over Minford' shoulder. Phorbe snatched one of the Winsor umbrellas from the rack and went out into the rain.

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Mrs. Winsor twisted her chair around and gazed with a kind of violence but with no success. The noise of her chair alarmed her. She began to fear things. The primeval dread of darkness and silence seized her. She wanted sound. Even the lightning made no noise now. She wished her son would come home and shield her from the horror of this quiet thing in the shadow. Perhaps murder had been done.

Then she heard footsteps coming the dear old front door slam; it was the portcullis-fall of her castle.

She reveled a little moment in her security before she could bear to send her boy out into the dark to see what was the matter there. Just as she was ready to speak, she saw that he had been through an experience of some exciting sort. She forgot her other curiosity-or rather that curiosity was merged in the new. She asked him:

"What's the matter, son?" But he answered:
"Nothing, Mother. I was worried about leaving you "Nothing, Mother.

so late. But I couldn't help it." up the right. Noll hurried, but Mitford was right after him. He rose, gathered the almost soulless bundle of flesh into his arms and carried her up to bed as if she were a Sabine girl. He did not see Phoebe Mabee as he went through the hall, but she saw his arms about that wicked creature who had fascinated her man ad fascinated her man at sight. JAINER MOITEDNETT FLACE She was not satisfied that this was the true reason; yet she lacked courage to question She dreaded what he might tell. She noted a bruise on his face—a barked knuckle. The thought went through her mind like a lightning that he would have had time to run around the block and come home if he had been the shadow that fled from the other shadow. Then he picked her up in his arms, and she marveled at She knew their patter.

Her son was

evidently in a hurry. From his shade came his familiar voice:

"Mother! You've been alone. I'm mighty sorry. I couldn't help it."

She sobbed with welcome and put out her arms to him.

He was breathing fast. When he kissed her, his lips were cold and tremulous. He opened the front door, made light in the hall, lifted her, and helped her awkwardly inside the house. She loved the light; she was glad to hear

the strength of what was once a babe at her bosom. What

she had carried once now carried her. He toted her upstairs to her room; he knelt to unbutton her shoes for her, and she marveled at his meekness. She loved him with fear, and she wondered what life was doing to him. He was away so often, in such unknown com-

And she knew how much evil the small town held. The old know the world too well. The deep shadows, the quiet porches, the humble intrigues—she had encountered so much sickening knowledge in her years; such frightful

facts emerged now and then from the shadows.

If her boy had been one of the shadows under the tree, who was the girl? Why had he gone by without speaking to his mother? She told herself that if it had been Noll, he would have called out to her. As least he would never have stopped to quarrel at the very edge of the yard when he knew his mother was on the porch. Or if he had done all those things, they had meant nothing more than a foolish spat. The girl outside had probably hurried home.

The rain came now. And that would send her scurrying. Mrs. Winsor was glad to hear a good wholesome growl from the sky. But her smile went from her, for the thunder was followed by a scream, a kind of white light-

ning against dark silence.

Then there was a noise of footsteps, like a heavily running rain. They came up on the porch. The door-bell clamored.

Noll stood aghast a moment, then darted downstairs. Mrs. Winsor heard him unlock the door, heard a man's

voice in agitation:

"Hello, Noll. I want to use your telephone. is it? -Hello! Hello! Give me the police station, quick! —I don't know—something funny. —Hello, is this Marshal Dakin? Say, Marshal, this is Ward Pennywell. -Hello, is this Just now, as I was coming along Fourth Street,-with well, never mind,—we stumbled over the body of a girl. She's dead, I think, or nearly—strangled to death, I guess. I lighted a match to see what it was I fell over. I never saw her before. Better come up. She's right outside Mrs. Winsor's house."

Mrs. Winsor's heart began to flutter dangerously. A gentler thunder groaned from the deeps of the night. air was filled with silken whisperings and tappings of soft

fingers. The rain was sorry.

#### CHAPTER II

THE old soul imagined everything now. Her faculties were stampeded with the wildest fantasies. Her boy had killed a girl, and she was the only witness. would have to testify. One of those cyclones of scandal that tear quiet homesteads to ruins had fallen upon her little house. She cried out: "Noll!" He called up the stairs, and ran up as he called:

"Don't worry, Mother. Something's happened outside. girl-hurt-or fainted, I guess. Don't worry."

He had so little of crime in his mien that she felt able to

think of other humanity. She said:

"You're going to fetch the poor thing inside out of the rain, aren't you?"

"Shall I, Mother? You're not supposed to move people

like that till the police come."
"But it's terrible to leave anybody out in the—the

rain.

The commonplace dread of wet clothes and lying on the ground in a storm outweighed the unknown significances of unusual tragedy. Noll said: "You're right; I'll go get

She checked him to ask: "Who was the girl that screamed—the other girl, the girl with Ward Pennywell?"
"I don't know, Mother. She ran home alone, I guess. I didn't see her. He didn't say who she was."

He was out and scuttering down the stairs. There was some hesitation below, then a hurry of footsteps on the porch, then a slower movement such as two men would make carrying a body in the dark

Mrs. Winsor could not endure the suspense. She called her son again and again, but he did not answer. Under the stimulus of anxiety she rose from her chair and stumbled across the room. She lowered herself down the stairway,

using the banisters and the wall like crutches.

She found Noll and Ward Pennywell staring at a girl stretched on a sofa. She seemed to be asleep rather than dead. The two young men seemed to be more impressed

by her beauty than by her fate.

They turned in an almost guilty surprise as they heard Mrs. Winsor gasp. Noll whirled and turned to support She would not be checked from approaching the strange visitor. First she drew the skirt down below one revealed bruised knee. The skirt would not reach the shoetops; it was of a fine stuff. The stockings were of silk. the shoes of an excellent leather. Mrs. Winsor brushed a loop of hair back from the closed eyelids, took off the crumpled hat with difficulty, lifting the head in terror to take the long pins from the wet hair. She saw that the invader was dangerously pretty, with a wild foreignness about her. There were raindrops on her face like tears, and in her hair like pearls. Mrs. Winsor felt that if the great eyelids were to open, they would stare in amazement, and the long pale lips would babble a strange story.

She put her old, cold hand on the girl's hand, and it was colder than hers. She could not find a throb in the wrist where the pulse lurks. She studied the palms; they were delicate, without calluses. The fingers were soft and slim, and the nails had been well kept, though they were cut close to the finger-tips. That struck her as odd. The

finger-tips themselves were rather blunt.

She marveled at those hands; what instruments of terror they were! Hands can do-these hands might have done such graceful, such hateful, beautiful, loathsome, terrible, exquisite things.

"We ought to send for a doctor," she sighed. doctor is out of town."

"The Marshal will be here in a minute," said Ward

Pennywell.

Mrs. Winsor sank back into the chair her son brought to her, and gazed at the peculiar visitor from nowhere. The two young men waited for her to speak. At length she said to Ward Pennywell:

"I heard a girl scream, Ward. It wasn't this girl."

"No, it was—it was—the girl I was with."
"Who was that, Ward?"
"I think I hear the Marshal driving up." He hurried out. Mrs. Winsor turned to her son and spoke firmly:

"I'll tell you afterward, Mother."

"Do you know who this poor creature is?"
"No, Mother."

"Did you ever see her before?"

"I don't think so. There's the Marshal. I'll let him in." The Marshal arrived, important with his office but very deferential as usual to people he was not in the habit of

"Evening, Miz Winsor. Kind of rainy to-night. Been looking like rain all day. Kind of looks like all night now. What's this I hear about finding a girl? That her?

Humph! How'd it happen?"

Mrs. Winsor did not tell him that she had seen two shadows enter the shadow of the old maple, and only one shadow come forth and flee. She had an intuition that

she ought to keep out of it.

She nodded to Ward Pennywell and let him describe how he was on his way home when he stumbled over something, lighted a match, saw what it was and lost no time in notify-ing the police. He said this with a sort of boastfulness, as if he were showing what a law-abider he was. He did not mention the fact that he was with a girl who screamed. Neither did Mrs. Winsor. Neither did Noll. Pennywell's eyes seemed to ask them not to. Mrs. Winsor felt that the mutual forbearance was a fair exchange.

The Marshal stood and scowled down at the girl and pulled his long mustaches, as if to milk them of some intelligence. Mrs. Winsor stared from him to the girl and to the young men. The influence of that still white being, the very blossom of youth fallen from the tree, was strangely

various.

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All four were afraid of her, each with his own fear. Mrs. Winsor noted a kind of resentful anxiety in Pennywell's eyes, as if he were blaming the girl for getting him into

trouble and yet found her enticingly attractive.

Noll regarded her in a kind of ecstasy, his eyes seeming to touch her beauty and her grace with timid attention. Youth was seeing youth wrecked. Mrs. Winsor felt a new fear for her son; a son is a dangerous weapon that a woman forges for another woman's capture or protection for destruction. And Mrs. Winsor, having been a girl like this one, and after that a wife and a mother and a widow and an elder, understood how much of life this girl had begun and how much she had missed.

THE Marshal was both citizen and policeman, a sporting I man with a cynical experience, and a man of the law who must not be baffled. He cleared his throat with an effort at importance that only admitted his confusion.
"Kind of nice-lookin' kid!" he suggested. "Right smart

of a dresser. Don't suppose she's just kind of fainted, do

"Kind of" was with the Marshal a kind of deprecating expression, a shading of too downright conviction.

"Put something under her feet," said Mrs. Winsor, "so

that the blood will go back to her head."

The three men started with surprise at the command, and recoiled a little. Each waited for the other; then Noll went forward and taking a cushion from the sofa, lifted the feet with reluctance a little, and stuffed the cushion under them. His mother was glad to see how this simple contact terrified him.

The girl's head was upheld by the opposite arm of the sofa. Mrs. Winsor indicated this with a gesture, and Noll with new qualms laid hold of the girl's ankles and drew her feet toward him so that her body slid along the sofa. Now her chin, which had pressed down like a bird's beak preening its breast, went back with a sudden motion like spasm of agony, and her throat was abruptly revealed, long, slender and pitiful. And now she seemed to have died indeed. The throat is the home of pathos, and hers was unendurable with tragedy.

Noll gasped and sprang away. The Marshal leaned His coarse forward with a businesslike determination.

fingers went to the satin throat, and he bent close to stare.

"No sign of bein' choked," he said. "No wounds any-

where as I can see."

He lifted a hand and let it fall. The arm flopped, bendg at every joint with a hideous lifelessness. Noll gasped ing at every joint with a hideous lifelessness. aloud. The officer felt for her pulse and could not find it. Noll winced at his roughness with that delicate wrist.

The Marshal waited awhile before he spoke again: "Kind of looks like she aint goin' to come to. gettin' cold."

That fatal, icy word sent a shiver through Mrs. Winsor. She knew what it was to have beings that had lived grow

"I guess it's heart-disease or p'ralysis," the Marshal said.
"I had a cousin just kind of keeled over once thataway. Maybe she was just goin' along the street when it kind of took her. Too bad!"

"But how about—" Mrs. Winsor had begun to ask, "but how about the man that was with her and ran away?" But she glanced at her son again, and he was shaken with such agitation that she clenched her lips on the words.

The Marshal waited for her to go on. When she did not, he said: "What say?" And she merely asked:

"How about sending for a doctor?"

"I guess we better. No need hurrying the coroner." This ghastly word smote Noll Winsor like a club. staggered him. He fell into a chair, staring at the girl.

The Marshal glowered at him with curiosity and then asked where the phone was. Mrs. Winsor pointed to the hall. The Marshal paused: "Who's your regular doctor?"

"He's out of town," said Mrs. Winsor. Mitford is the nearest. He's young, but I guess he knows as much as the next one. His number is in the book.

The Marshal went to the hall, leaving the three alone with the girl. They felt unprotected, outnumbered by her terrible powers, with no officer of the law to protect them

The Marshal spent an eternity fumbling with the book and getting the number. His voice roared without any muffling of respect.

"Doctor Mitford home? Oh! Where's he at?

right. G'by!"

He called out: "He's over to the Sperry's to a party. Shall I call him?"

It seemed positively vicious for anybody at such a time to be at a party, particularly a doctor. answered sternly: "Yes!" Mrs. Winsor answered sternly:

Then she bethought herself how strange it was that her son was not there: "How's it come you didn't go to the Sperry party, Noll?"

"I wasn't invited."

"Why not? I thought you and Edna Sperry were right sweet on each other.'

"Not any more."

The Marshal worked at the telephone. Noll grew frantic with the delays; the whacking of the hook as the Marshal rattled it up and down was as dreadful as the knocking on the door in "Macbeth."

The Marshal worried the telephone-book, complaining that he had left his spec's at the jail.
"You go, Noll," said Mrs. Winsor.

Noll rose reluctantly, went to the book, found the number, called it, got it and asked that the Doctor be sent for.

He had a long wait, and he could hear the dance-music. the silly sizzle-sozzle of the fiddles, the thumpity-thump of the piano, the imagined dancers spinning round and round

all the while death was at work

From where he stood in the hall he could see the girl lying like a form cast up by the sea. He turned from her, looked back. She must have danced well. She was so shapely. He rebuked himself for thinking of the shape of the dead. He felt that people must never dance any more, now that such beauty was ruined. Perhaps she was not quite dead. It seemed impossible that grace like hers should be brought to perfection only to be drowned in The Doctor might save her, if he came at

He rattled the hook, tried to get Central back, tried to be heard as he shouted. No one answered him, though some giggling couple stood near the telephone, doubtless spooning in the hall under the stairs where the Sperry telephone hung. He could hear their banter.

A T last Doctor Mitford arrived by voice. He was breathing hard and still laughing. He paused to exchange imbecilities with the spooners, while Noll fumed. At last he took up the telephone:

"Hello! Who's this? This is Doctor Mitford."

"This is Noll Winsor."

"Oh, hello, Noll. What's matter? Mother sick?" "No, but I want you to come on over right away."
"Little later, old boy; having a great time here."
"You can go back later, Kirke."

"I'll be there in an hour or two."

"You'll come this minute." "What's the matter?"

"I can't tell you, but you've got to come."

"All right-soon as I finish the next two dances." "You come now or by-well, I'll come over and get you."

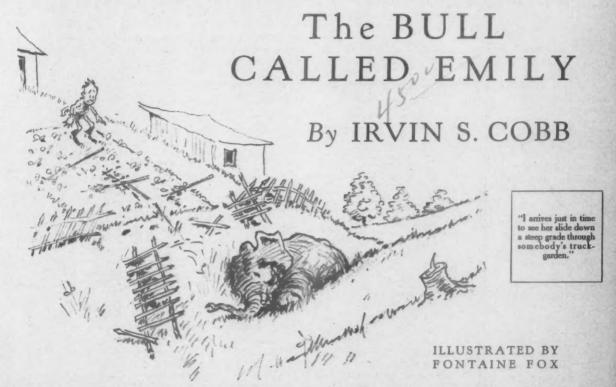
"Bad as that? Oh, all right; I'll be there in a jiffy." Noll's flare of anger caused a (Continued on page 106)

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such So by slang which To show that his heart is in the right place, that fine American gentleman Irvin Cobb has written one of the funniest stories of his career for the first issue of the enlarged Red Book



E were sitting at a corner table in a certain small restaurant hard by where Sixth Avenue's L structure, like an overgrown straddlebug, wades through the restless currents of Broadway at a sharpened angle. The dish upon which we principally dined was called on the menu Chicken à la Marengo. We knew why. Marengo, by all accounts, was a mighty tough battle, and this particular chicken, we judged, had never had any refining influences in its ill-spent life. From its present defiant attitude in a cooked form we figured it had pipped the shell with a burglar's jimmy and joined the Dominecker Kid's gang before it shed its pinfeathers. There were two of us engaged in the fruitless attack upon its sinewy tissues—the present writer and his old un-lawabiding friend Scandalous Doolan.

For a period of minutes Scandalous wrestled with the thews of one of the embattled fowl's knee-joints. After a struggle in which the honors stood practically even, he laid down his knife and flirted a thumb toward a bottle of

peppery sauce which stood on my side of the table.
"Hey, bo," he requested, "pass the liniment, will you?

This sea gull's got the rheumatism."

The purport of the remark, taken in connection with the gesture which accompanied it, was plain enough to my understanding; but for the nonce I could not classify the idiom in which Scandalous couched his request. It could not be Underworld jargon; it was too direct and at the same time too picturesque. Moreover the Underworld, as a rule, concerns itself only with altering such words and such expressions as strictly figure in the business affairs of its various crafts and pursuits. Nor to me did it sound like the language of the circus-lot, for in such case it probably would have been more complex. So by process of elimination I decided it was of the slang code of the burlesque and vaudeville stage, with which, as with the other two, Scandalous had a thorough

acquaintance. I felt sure, then, that something had set his mind to working backward along the memory-grooves of some one or another of his earlier experiences in the act-producing line of endeavor, and that, with proper pumping, a story might be forthcoming. As it turned out, was right.

"Where did you get that one, Scandalous?" I asked craftily. "Your own coinage, or did you borrow it from

somebody else?"

He only grinned cryptically. After a bit he hailed the attendant waiter, who because he plainly suffered from fallen arches had already been rechristened by Scandalous

as Battling Insteps.
"Say, Battling," he said, "take away the emu; he's still the undefeated champion of the ages. Tidy him up a little and serve him to the next guy that feels like he needs exercise more'n he does nourishment. The gravy may be mussed up a trifle, but the old ring-general aint lost an ounce. I fought him three rounds and didn't put a bruise on him."

"Couldn't I bring you somethin' else?" said the waiter.
"The Wiener Schnitzel with noodles is very—"

"Nix," said Scandalous; "if the cassowary licked us, what chance would we stand against the bison? That'll be all for the olio; I'll go right into the after-show now. Slip me a dipper of straight chicory and one of those Flor de Boiled Dinners, and then you can break the bad news to my pal here." By this I knew he meant that he craved a cup of black coffee and one of the domestic cigars to which he was addicted, and that I could pay the check.

He turned to me:

"How're you goin' to finish your turn?" he asked. "They've got mince pie here like Mother Emma Gold-man used to make. Only you want to be careful it don't explode in your hand."

I shook my head. "I'll nibble at these," I said, "until you get through." And I reached for a little saucer of salted peanuts that lurked in the shadow of the bowl containing the olives and the celery. For this, you should know, was a table d'hôte establishment, and no such place is complete without its drowned olives and its wilted

"Speaking of peanuts," he said, "I don't seem to care deeply for such. I lost my taste for them dainties quite some time back."

"What was the occasion?" I prompted, for I saw the light of reminiscence smolder-

ing in his eye.
"It wasn't no occasion," he said; "it was a catastrophe. Did I ever happen to tell you about the time I furnished the financial backing for Windy Jordan his educated bull, and what happened when the blow-off came?"

I shook my head and in silence heark-

ened.

"It makes quite an earful," he contin-ued. "Business for gents in my profession was very punk here on the Main Stem that season. By reason of the dishonest police it was mighty hard for an honest grifter to make a living. It certainly was pressing to trim an Ezra for his roll and then have to cut up the net proceeds with so many central-office guys that you had to go back and

borrow car-fare from the sucker to get home on. Besides, I was somewhat lonely and low in my peace of mind on account of my regular side-kick the Sweet Caps Kid being in the hospital. He'd made the grievious mistake of trying to sell a half-interest in the Aquarium to a visiting Swede. Right in the middle of the negotiations something came up that made the Swede doubtful that all was not well, and he betrayed his increasing misgivings by hauling out a set of old-fashioned genuine antique brass knucks and nicking up Sweet Caps' scalp to such an extent my unfortunate companion had to spend three weeks on the flat of his back in the casualty ward, with a couple of doctors coming in every morning to replace the divots. Pending his recovery, I was sort of figuring on visiting Antioch, Gilead, Zion and other religious towns up State with a view of selling the haymakers some Bermuda oats for their fall planting, when along came Windy Jordan and broached a proposition.

"This here Windy Jordan was one of them human draughts; hence the name. At all hours there was a strong breeze blowing out of him in the form of words. If he wasn't conversing, it was a sign he had acute sore throat. But to counteract that fault he was the sole proprietor of the smartest and the largest bull on this side of the ocean. which said bull answered to the name of Emily.'

"Did you say a bull?" I asked.

"Sure I said a bull. Why not? Aint you wise to what a bull is?"

"Certainly I am, but a bull named Emily-"

"Listen, little one: To them that follow after the red wagon and the white top, all elephants is bulls, disregardless of genders, just the same as all regular bulls is he-

cows to refined maiden ladies residin' in New England and points adjacent. Only, show-people aint got any false modesty that way. In the show-business a bull is a bull, whether it's a ladybull or a gentlemanbull. So very properly this here bull, being one of the most refined and cultured members of her sex, answers to the Christian name of Emily.

"Well, this Emily is not only the joy and the pride of Windy Jordan's life, but she's his entire available assets. Bull and bulline, she'd been with him from early childhood. In fact, Windy was the only parent Emily ever knew, she having been left a helpless orphan on account of a railroad wreck to the old Van Orten shows back yonder in eighteeneighty-something. So Windy, he took her as a prattling infant in arms when she

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didn't weigh an ounce over a ton and a half, and he adopted her and educated her and pampered her and treated her as a member of his own family, only better, until she repaid him by be-coming not only the largest bull in the business but the

most highly cultivated. "Emily knew nearly everything there was to know, and what she didn't know she suspected very strongly. Likewise, as I came to find out later, she was extremely grateful for small favors and most affectionate by nature. To be sure, being affectionate with a bull about the size and general specifications of a furniture-car had its drawbacks. She was liable to lean up against you in a playful, kittenish kind of a way, and cave in most of your ribs. It was like having a violent flirtation with a landslide to venture up clost to Emily when she was in one of her tomboy moods. I've know' her to nudge a friend with one of her front elbows and put both his shoulderblades out of socket. But she never meant no harm by it, never. It was just a little way she had.

It seems like Windy and Emily were aiming to join out that season with a tent-show, but the deal fell through some way, and for the past few weeks Windy had been infesting a lodging-house for members of the profession



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over here on East Eleventh Street, and Emily had been in a livery barn down in Greenwich Village, just naturally eating her old India-rubber head off. Windy, having run low as to coin, wasn't able to pay up Emily's back board, and the liveryman was holding her for the bill.

"So, hearing some way that I'm fairly well upholstered with currency, he comes to me and suggests that if I'll dig up what's necessary to get Emily out of hock, he can snare a line of bookings in vaudeville, and we'll all three go out on the two-a-day together, him as trainer and me as manager and Emily as the principal attraction. The proceeds is to be cut up fifty-fifty as between me and him.

"The notion don't sound like such a bad one. That was back in the days when refined vaudeville was running very strongly to trained-animal acts and leading ladies that had quit leading but hadn't found out about it yet. Nowadays them ex-queens of tragedy can go into the movies and draw down so much money that if they only get half as much as they say they're getting, they're getting almost twice as much as anybody would give 'em; but them times, vaudeville was their one best bet. And next to emotional actrines who could emosh twicet daily for twenty minutes on a stretch, without giving way anywhere, a good trained-animal turn had the call. It might be a troupe of educated Potomac shad or an educated ape or a city-broke Gila monster or a talking horse or what not. In our case 'twas Emily, the bull.

"First thing, we goes down to the livery-stable where Emily is spending the Indian summer and consuming half her weight in dry provender every twenty-four hours. The proprietor of this here fodder-emporium is named McGuire, and when I tells him I'm there to settle Emily's account in full, he carries on as though entirely overcome by joyfulness—not that he's got any grudge against Emily, understand, but for other good and abundant sufficiencies. He states that so far as Emily's personal conduct is concerned, during her enforced sojourn in his midst,

she's always deported herself like a perfect lady. But she takes up an awful lot of room, and one of the hands is now on the verge of nervous prostration from overexertions incurred in packing hay to her, and it seems she's addicted to nightmares. She gets to dreaming that a mouse nearly an inch and a half long is after her,—all bulls is terrible afraid, you know, that some day a mouse is going to come along and eat 'em,—and when she has them kind of delusions, she cries out in her sleep and tosses around and maybe knocks down a couple of steel beams or busts in a row of box-stalls or something trivial like that. Then, right on top of them petty annoyances, McGuire some days previous has made the mistake of feeding Emily peanuts, which peanuts, as he then finds out is her favorite tidhit

out, is her favorite tidbit.

"'Gents,' says McGuire to me and Windy Jordan, 'I shore did make the error of my life when I done that act of kindness. I merely meant them peanuts as a special treat, but Emily figures it out that they're the start of a fixed habit,' he says. 'Ever since then, if I forget to bring her in her one five-cent bag of peanuts per diem, per day, she calls personally to inquire into the oversight. She waits very patient and ladylike until about eleven o'clock in the morning, and if I aint made good by then, she just pulls up her leg hobble by the roots and drops in on me to find out what's the meaning of the delay.

"'She aint never rough nor overbearing, but it interferes with trade for me to be sitting here in my office at the front of the stable talking business with somebody, and all of a sudden the front half of the largest East Indian elephant in the world shoves three or four thousand pounds of herself in at that side door and begins waving her trunk around in the air, meanwhile uttering fretful, complaining sounds. I've lost two or three customers that way,' he says. "They get right up and go away sudden,' he says, 'and they don't never come back no more, not even for their hats and umbrellas. They send for 'em.

"'That aint the worst of it,' he says. 'Yesterday,' he

"'That aint the worst of it,' he says. 'Yesterday,' he says, 'I rented out my whole string of coaches and teams for a burial turnout over here on McDougal Street. Being as it's a big occasion, I'm driving the first carriage con-



taining the sorrowing family of deceased. Naturally, with a job like that on my hands, I don't think about Emily at all; my mind's all occupied up with making the affair pass off in a tasty and pleasant fashion for all concerned.

Well, the cortège is just leaving the late residence of the remainders, when around the corner comes bulging Emily, followed at a suitable distance by eight or nine thousand of the populace. She's missed me, and she wants her peanuts, and she's been trailing me; and now, by heck,

she's found me.

"'Emily gives a loud, glad snort of recognition, wheels herself around and then falls in alongside the front hack and gets ready to accompany us, all the time poking her snout over at me and uttering plaintive remarks in East Indian to me. Gents,' he says, 'you can see for yourselves, a thing like that, occurring right at the beginning of a funeral procession, is calculated to distract popular attention away from the main attraction. Under the circumstances I wouldn't blame no corpse on earth for feeling jealous—let alone a popular and prominent corpse like this here one was, a party that had been a district leader at Tammany Hall in his day, and after that the owner of the most fashionable retail liquor store in the entire neighborhood, and who's now riding along with solid silver handles up and down both sides, and style just wrote all over him. Here, with an utter disregard for expense, he's putting on all this dog for his last public appearance, and a strange elephant comes along and grabs the show right away from

him.
"'The bereaved family don't care for it, neither. gathers as much from the remarks they're making out of the windows of coach. But Emily just wont take a hint. She sticks along until I stops the procession and goes in a guinea fruitstore on the next block and buys her a bag of peanuts. That's all She she wants. takes it, and she leaves us and goes on back to the

stable.
"'But, as the feller says, it practically ruined

practically ruined the entire day for them berefts. I lost their patron-age right thereand them a nice sickly family, too. lot of the friends and relatives also resented it; they were telling me so all the way back from the cemet'ry. There aint no real harm

in Emily, and I've

g o t powerfully attached to her, but taking one thing with another, I aint regretting none that you've come down all organized financially to take her out of pawn. You have my best wishes, and so has she.'

"So we settles up the account to date, which the same makes quite a nick in the bank-roll, and then we goes back to the rear of the stable where Emily is quartered, and she falls on Windy's neck, mighty nigh dislocating it, and he introduces me to Emily, and we shakes hands together,—I means trunks,—and then Windy unshackles her, and she follows us along just as gentle as a kitten to them freight-yards over on Tenth Avenue where her future traveling home is waiting for her. It's a box-car, with one end rigged up with bunks as a boudoir for me and Windy, and the rest of it fitted out as a private state-room for Emily.

From that time on, for quite a spell, we're just the same as one big happy family, as we goes a-jauntily touring

from place to place.

"We're playin' the Big Time, which means week stands and no hard jumps. Emily's a hit, a knock-out and a riot wherever she appears. She knows it too, but success don't go to her head, and she don't never get no attacks of this here complaint which they calls temper'ment. I always figgered out that temper'ment, when a grand wopra singster has it, is just plain old temper when it afflicts a bricklayer. I don't know what form it would take if it should seize on a bull, but Emily appears to be abso-

lutely immune. Give her a ton of hay and one sack of peanuts a day, and she's just as placid as a great gross of guinea pigs. Behind the scenes she never makes no trouble, but chums with the stage - hands and even sometimes with the actors, thus proving that she aint stuck up.

"When time comes for Emily to do her turn, she just goes ambling on behind Windy and cuts up more didoes than any trick-mule that ever lived. She smokes a pipe, and she toots on a brass horn, and waits on table while Windy pretends to eat, and stands on her head, and plays baseball with him and so forth and so on, for fifteen minutes, winding up by waving the Amurikin flag over her head. But all this time she's keeping one eye on me, where

I'm standing in the wings with a sack of peanuts in my pocket waiting for her to come off. Every time she works over toward my side of the stage, she makes little hoydenish remarks to me in her native (Continued on page 140)



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it off.



She crouched wide-eyed by the bed of the man she had divorced. . . . .

### The EX-HUSBAND

#### By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

HENRY ELLERY believed in "driving 'em," to use his own pet phrase. And most successful he had been, from the time he picked up the bankrupt Western Rope & Twine Company and by main strength made it a power in the business world, to his latest triumph, the jamming of the common stock of the California Freight & Packet Line from a despised 26 to a proud 320. It was his own boast that he was neither a speculator nor a stock-manipulator.

"I get results by keeping my eye on every dollar invested and every man hired and seeing to it that they pay dividends. If a dollar can't earn its interest, I charge it off. If an employee wont pay his way, I fire him."

He was sleepless, merciless and incapable of acknowledging defeat. Everybody on the Pacific Coast remembers the time when California Freight & Packet stock rose to 125 the third year of Ellery's presidency, stayed there for three months—and then began to sag, five points at a time, when the General Commercial started its great campaign to control the trade of the Pacific. Ellery laughed till his stock touched par. Then he went out and bought till he was on the knife-edge of bankruptcy.

Two great men came to Henry Ellery on the day when

he was at the very clock-tick of disaster. They began to blow on California Freight & Packet Line's house of cards. "Stop!" said Ellery hoarsely. "You've got it wrong! You're going to help me out and double your fortunes."

They did. Thereafter men and newspapers spoke respectfully of "Ellery stocks."

"A wizard who never fails!" people said.

"Never," the grizzled Henry muttered to himself, and he sent for Malcolm Griffiths, husband of his daughter and only child.

"Griffiths," he said, "let's get down under the paint. You aren't a success as Isabel's husband."

The youngish, gray-eyed, smooth-haired son-in-law stiffened in his chair. "Does Isabel say so?" he asked. Ellery brushed the question aside. "I've let you two

Ellery brushed the question aside. "I've let you two make the most you could of your affair for two years," he remarked. "Why she chose to pick you out for a husband is still a mystery. She's only twenty years old, now, and you're thirty-five; so I reckon we'll say the answer is that she felt romantic, lost her head and was married to the skipper of one of my ships before she woke up. Now—"

It was a pause of grim meaning. Griffiths did not flinch. He even allowed a faint smile to curve his lips.

"Now Isabel is twenty," Ellery continued, "-a mere girl in every way. She mustn't have her whole life spoiled because of a childish mistake."

"I still think it is her business," was the reply.
"Is that so?" Ellery responded with a swift change of tone. "Well, I'm tired of her having to do it all. Listen, young man: You were a young master of a steamer when you met her and married her. That's all you were. You had nothing in the way of property, prospects or natural advantages that could save you from the charge of marrying Isabel for her fortune.'

Griffiths flushed and interrupted firmly:

forget Isabel. She didn't need any fortune."

"Is that so?" Ellery said again in a disagreeable voice. "She has one, just the same. Now, for my daughter's sake, I accepted you as a sonin-law and gave you every opportunity in the world to get along. I've given you a chance that would almost die to have. You haven't made good. Fact is, I knew you weren't making good a year ago. But Isabel insisted that you hadn't had a chance, and for her sake I gave you a further trial. I have a rule in my business, Griffiths!"

The answer was a slight, definite gesture of pro-

"It is to have nothing to do with people who don't pay dividends on the investment," Ellery went on. "I invest my daughter's happiness in a career to you, and I get nothing. I am going to get rid of you."

"By dividends you mean that I don't strike you as a success as a clerk in your office," Griffiths returned. "I'm not. Of Griffiths returned. course I'm not. If I were, I should have no hopes of ever making Isabel

Ellery stared. "Do you mean to tell me you have purposely made an ass of yourself in the notion that you

could— Well! I'm glad we're that much further toward a solution."

"Not purposely," the other responded quietly. "I really tried."

"My word!" Ellery stormed. "You knew that it was the best preparation for advancement—that if you showed yourself worth while in the outside office I would shove you along as fast as I could. I try to make a man of you-

"And I happened to be a man already," Griffiths answered. "I was master of the big Majestic. I am a clerk in the outside offices of the California Freight & Packet Line. Yet you expect Isabel to be satisfied."

"You're getting three times the wages you got as cap-

Griffiths shook his head. "You're getting away from your point, Mr. Ellery. What you're trying to get at is that Isabel must manage a divorce. That is none of your business. It's Isabella? business. It's Isabel's.

"A hundred thousand dollars to you," was the curt state-

ment.

"I don't want it, wont take it. Go to the devil with your money, sir."

"All right!" Ellery said slowly. "All right! It's up to Isabel. I have reason to believe she'll be glad to be rid of you. Not that she isn't rather fond of you," he went on generously, "but she's growing out of her childish ways of looking at things, and she realizes you aren't the man for her."

Griffiths rose. "Of course, if Isabel wants a divorce, I've no objection," he remarked. "But the whole question is

in her hands."

"And you'll accept her decision?" came the eager demand.

"Sure I will," the other answered.

There was a flash of triumph in Henry Ellery's eyes.

He relaxed a little.

You are the dullest man I've ever known," he remarked. "You may have been all right on the bridge of a ship, but you don't belong among real, live people. Why, hang it, Griffiths, Isabel has been secretly discouraged with you for a year, and you never caught on!" He drew a sealed let-ter from an inside pocket. "And it never entered your head, I suppose, that I wouldn't waste time arguing with you about an affair when I could settle it."

He flipped the envelope across the big desk.

Griffiths picked it up.
"It's from Isabel!" he muttered.

"Ye-es! It's from Isabel!" mocked Ellery. Malcolm Griffiths slowly tore the end off,the very act seemed to deepen the scowl on the face of the man opposite him,-pulled the single folded sheet out and opened it.

"She told you what was in it?" he inquired.

"She did," Ellery answered. Griffiths read as follows:

> San Francisco, The Eighteenth.

Dear Malcolm: Dear Malcolm:

Everybody thinks we've made a terrible mistake and that we ought never to have been married. Dad says you refuse all his offers to help you along in the office. It is a hard thing to say, Malcolm, but you don't seem at all like the man I married in the consulate at Yokohama.

I have felt, too, that you aren't happy. You have refused to tell me why and left it to me to guess. So here's eguessing, Malcolm dear—you don't love me any

If this is true, there isn't much to say except that it's too bad and I'll take Dad's advice.

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Griffiths folded the letter, put it back in the envelope and lifted his eyes. Ellery did not understand the expression in them, the glimmer of relief and-could it be possible?-triumph. Suddenly the truth stung him in the

"You miserable hound!" he whispered furiously. "You're glad! You skunk! Why, I'll—I'll—"

Griffiths stood firmly on his feet. There was a ring in his voice that Mr. Ellery had never heard.

"Of course you'll see that Isabel gets her divorce," he said. "I'll go back to sea—where I belong."

"Not in my line, you sha'n't," was the furious response.
"I'll have you understand that you're dead. Get me? You're dead!"

With the utmost calmness Griffiths reached for the tele-

phone that stood by Mr. Ellery's elbow and called up the apartment where he and Isabel lived. His father-in-law stared at him with bloodshot eyes while he got the number; and Mr. Ellery bit his lip as he listened. "That you, Isabel? Malcolm speaking.

Your father and I have had a talk, and he gave me your letter. You never want to see me again? . Yes, it'll be all right about the divorce. Sorry, but I'm off. Good-by."

He put the telephone down and nodded in a businesslike ay. "No need for me to bother," he remarked. "I leave it to you.'

Ten minutes later Henry Ellery knew that his son-in-law had quit his desk in the offices of the California Freight & Packet Line and departed.

"He dropped in to say he wouldn't be back," said the general manager. "I suppose you understand."

"I do," Ellery answered briefly, and fell to work That evening he alternately caressed and scolded the tearful Isabel.



tered across the course of the inrunning stream of the tide at top speed.

"You see-" Isabel began breathlessly.

"Don't you worry," Ericsson responded. "Tide's just started to flood, and your husband's vessel can't kick out of the mud for an hour yet. If so be he's left last tide, we'll catch him."

"Oh, I must!" she whispered. "You see he doesn't know it, but he isn't my husband any more. I've got to tell him the divorce was granted yesterday, and that he'sthat he can-that he's free."

The muttered gossip of months ceased its chemical reaction in Ericsson's mind-cleared, cooled and precipitated the neutral salt of fact.

"Then you've quit," he remarked. "Now why'n't you just write him a letter?"

Isabel's steady eyes looked their sorrow. "I want him to be happy," she said, feeling the big captain's readiness to understand. "And I ought

to tell him right away and explain to him."

"Humph!" Ericsson grunted. "You going to marry again?"

"It's not me; it's-it's him!" she replied bravely.

"This is a devil of a fog," snapped the skipper suddenly. "We may miss Long Wharf in it. Seems to me this tide is running a leetle stronger than

The mate, head half out of the pilot-house window, reached a hand back and pulled a brass handle. In answer to the sharp clang of a gong below, the en-gines stopped. The tug's bows swung slowly as the helm went

"What the-" Ericsson began, and stretched out his hand

for the whistle-cord. A field of swirling mud slapped against the tug's flanks, and a big shadow loomed ahead. More clanging of the gong, and the Wonder caught herself, dug her heels in and came to stop. Twenty feet away, the revolving blades of a huge iron propeller slowly milled the water. The tug stepped back out of the way, turned and steamed ahead along the lofty side of a freighter on whose counter Isabel had read the name Cymric.

Megaphone in hand, Captain Ericsson emerged on his little upper deck and hailed the freighter's bridge. A figure appeared, seemed to stand motionless a long time and vanished. The man returned almost instantly.

heard her husband's voice, hoarse and strained.

"What is it?"

Ericsson waved his megaphone imperiously. The

Cymric's engines stopped churning up the mud. "Your wife!" bawled the tugboat man.

Isabel saw Griffiths bend over and peer through the veil-She stepped into the clear and waved her hand. He saw her, stared and then turned his head. At the unheard command, a couple of Chinese sailors popped up along the bulwarks of the forward deck of the freighter and flipped a sea-ladder down. Its lower step caught in the water, and the ladder was dragged obliquely. They slowly hauled it up till the lower portion was clear and it had resumed the perpendicular. The tug slipped quietly up, and Ericsson grasped his passenger and swung her skillfully across and safely to the ladder.

"Up with you," he growled reassuringly.

She turned her head. "You'll wait for me?" she cried.

"Sure we'll wait," was the response from the captain of the tug.

Malcolm himself took her hand and helped her over the rail and to the deck.

"I had to come—I got Captain Ericsson to bring me—I wanted to tell you—" she panted.
Griffiths nodded and made a gesture to the Chinese at the ladder-head. They began to haul it up.
"No!" she cried. "I can't stay, Malcolm. I only came

to tell you-

"Come to the bridge," he said gently. "I can't fool around here in this fog." He led the way.

Five minutes later the Cymric was straightened out for the channel and gathering way to the low thump of her

machines. The tug followed.
"Now," Griffiths said quietly, and drew Isabel back

inside the hood of the chart-table.

"THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS"

By PETER B. KYNE

This is the novel that Mr. Kyne has

been wanting to write for years, the

novel that is unquestionably the finest

achievement of the man who wrote

"A Man's Man," "Cappy Ricks" and

the Tib Tinker stories. It is a fasci-

nating romance of the California red-

wood forests; and it begins in the

next—the November—issue.

She looked at him with tremulous lips. "The judge granted me a divorce yesterday," she said. "I thought I "The judge ought to let you know. I saw in the paper that you were

on the Cymric and you were going to sail for Manila this morning. There wasn't time to write. I tried to get here and I couldn't. Then I thought of Captain Ericsson."

"So you aren't my wife any longer," he murmured.

"The judge explained it," she replied, not meeting his eyes. "It is only what they call an interlocutory decree. I—I wont be absolutely di-vorced for a year. But I thought I ought to let you know -to tell you-the judge saidyou could get married in another country just the same." "I don't understand you,"

he said. She lifted her eyes an instant. "You can marry her."

The silence was broken only by the blast of the whistle telling traffic that the Cymric

was drumming down the fairway. Griffith's face was oddly constrained. When he spoke it was dryly.

"So I can marry her," he said. "You know her?"

"Father knows," she whispered. "It—it didn't seem to

me to be any of my business." "But you say it'll be a year yet before the—before our marriage is done with?"

"In California," she assented.

"How are you going to manage—about your new marriage?" he continued.

She flushed. "I'm not going to get married again," she

"And you say you don't know who-she is?" he persisted, looking at her steadily.

Isabel bowed her head. "I hope she will make you

happy," she replied.
"She will!" he boomed in a new tone, swung on his heel

and left her. When he returned, she caught her breath sharply.

"I explained to Ericsson that you'd have breakfast with me," he told her. "Last time, Isabel!"

A Key Route ferryboat skimmed out of the fog, screamed a warning to the *Cymric* and swept off with a rustle of creamy skirts. The rocky foundations of Goat Island whitened, echoed the thud of the freighter's propeller and vanished. Griffiths snapped an order, and the watch-officer repeated it to the wheelsman. The Cymric steadied on a new course.

"Seeing I can't go below, we'll eat up here," Griffiths remarked, and he summoned the steward.

Standing together at the chart-table with the hot dishes



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It was the Captain who spoke first, setting his coffee-cup down with a delicacy that brought a lump into Isabel's throat. "So the judge gave you a year to think it over in," he said. "I reckon he meant that to apply to me too." Isabel choked. "I want you to forget me and be fair to—to her," she answered.

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before them, the two began to eat slowly, thoughtfully, as if there was nothing more to be said. The silence continued until the simple meal was finished and the steward brought the Captain his second cup of coffee and cleared away the other dishes. It was the Captain who spoke first, setting his coffee-cup down with a delicacy that brought a lump into Isabel's throat, it so reminded her of the physical perfection of trained muscles and nerves that had always marked his movements.

"So the judge gave you a year to think it over in," he "I reckon he meant that to apply to me too.

Isabel choked. "I want you to forget me and be fair to

to her," she answered.
"You mean the woman I'm in love with?" he demanded.

She nodded.

"And you think I shouldn't wait a year?"

"No, not a-not a day, Malcolm," she whispered. "It's not fair to any woman!"

"I wish you'd tell me just when you found out I wouldn't make a good husband," he muttered.

She seemed relieved to have the subject of conversation

one on which she had been well coached. "It was your table-manners that made me make my mistake," she told him. "You were splendid, Malcolm much nicer at a dinner than anyone I know! thought you would be perfectly at home in San Francisco, in Dad's office, making lots of money, and enjoying society instead of being away on a horrible old steamer all the time and working. I was perfectly sure! And you hadn't been we hadn't been home two months before I noticed you had commenced not to care. Then Father noticed it. You just simply lost all interest, Malcolm. I tried so hard, too, to keep you interested, for I knew everything depended on your making a good impression on Dad."

"Which I didn't," he acquiesced gravely. "In fact, I made so poor an impression on your father that he's done

his best to keep me from getting a job anywhere at sea. Well, I have the old Cymric for this trip, anyway. I—I hate to bother you with questions, but do you mind telling me just when you found out about—about the woman I'm in love with?"

"I was so stupid I never suspected till Father said some-thing," she responded. "He wanted to save my feelings." Griffiths finished his coffee, wiped his clean-shaven lips

and drew out a pipe.

"So you saw that I would never get along in an office?"
"You know you didn't," she replied. "You were actually

stupid!"

"I was," he said with an emphasis she thought uncalled He left her, for a moment's talk with the mate on watch, and then he came back. "I certainly was stupid, Did it ever occur to you why?"

"I tried to think it wasn't because you didn't care about about our happiness together," she answered. He laughed shortly. "Take any man used to running a whole ship of his own, and stick him in an office to sit at a desk and sign other people's letters, and he shows up a fool."

"But being captain of a ship isn't—it doesn't get you

anywhere," she protested with a sigh.
"Doesn't it?" he retorted. And then: "There goes the

fog!"

The rising nor'wester lifted the gray blanket of vapor in llows. The bay appeared sparkling in the great bowl made by the hills, and the twin headlands of the Golden Gate stood forth on either beam. Isabel gave a little cry of dismay.

"The tug—Captain Ericsson!" she faltered.
"I sent him back to his pier," he said briefly. "You're going to make one more trip with Captain Griffiths."

"But we're divorced!"

"That's your affair, not mine," he answered curtly.

"Anyway, you told me yourself that the judge gave you a year to think it over in.

"But I'm not your wife!" she said with trembling lips.
"All right!" he said calmly. "I'll put you down as a passenger and have a stateroom cleared out for you."

Pride came to her assistance. She controlled herself and confronted him with dignity. "If you think it's fair to me, please remember the other woman."
Griffiths' eyes mastered hers. "I'll take care of that,"

Griffiths' eyes mastered hers.

he responded curtly.

"Are you bound to humiliate me in her eyes?"
"I am," he answered. "I'm going to show you that the lady I love is your superior in every way, and I'm going to make you a laughingstock in her eyes."

He took a step forward and addressed the watch-officer. "Full speed. Tell the engineers we're out of harbor bounds."

To Isabel he said: "Now I'll go down and fix things up with the steward for you."
"I hate you! I could kill you!" she whispered.

He swung back, his face expressionless. "By the way, the papers had it that we're bound for Manila. A mistake. The Cymric is under charter for Petropavlovski and a cargo of furs. I reckon on its taking a couple of months for the voyage."

"I'll never speak to you again so long as I live!" she

When she found in the cabin she was escorted to a trunk of her own, filled with long-forgotten clothes, and recognized it as one she had carried as a bride on the Majestic, she fervently repeated her vow, stony-eyed, dry-lipped.

THILE the Cymric steamed west and north, dropping the leagues behind her as steadily as a woman knits, Isabel Griffiths kept her vow-not with frowns or petulance, but with a quiet dignity that hushed even the tattling engine-room. She was present at every meal in the shabby saloon, ate with a good appetite, chatted with the mate and chief engineer, spent much time on deck in a chair and occasionally appeared on the bridge of a fine afternoon. For a few days her husband-or was he husband addressed her with unvarying civility. Then he ceased all attempt to draw her into conversation and devoted himself assiduously to ship's business

In due time the freighter sighted the Kuriles, raised the Japanese coast, steamed through the strait into the Okhotsk and proceeded to the Kamchatka port whither she was bound. Within ten days the bulky cargo of furs, bone and fish-oil was loaded, the last papers signed and everything prepared for the trip back to San Francisco.

"We'll fetch out of these seas just in time," the engineer confided to Isabel the evening before sailing. comes early and quick in these latitudes. As it is, we're due for a stiff passage."

"I fancy the Cymric doesn't mind bad weather," she re-

plied lightly.

The chief scraped his lean jaw with broken nails. "No-o-o," he drawled. "She was built right in the first place. But she's old, and she hasn't been kept up to the mark. Repairs haven't cost much. And a Chinese crew doesn't exactly keep a steamer fit. To tell the truth, if it weren't I knew Cap'n Griffiths of old, I'd hate to look forward to the passage home, what with gales, thick weather, bad loading, old gear, rotten coal and a crew of Orientals. So many things happen to old ships."
"Do you think the Captain is worried?" she asked

calmly.

"Don't ask me," the engineer protested. "If he is, he'll not confess it. If it weren't for you being aboard, I'd say worry was the last thing in his mind. But naturally be'll have to consider-"

"Not at all," she responded coldly.

A week later, at breakfast, much clinking of engine-room

telegraph and whistling of speaking-tubes ended in the stilling of the machines. Isabel saw Griffiths look up impatiently at the chief engineer, who had vanished at the first sound but was now back, a bit of oily waste between his palms. "Low-pressure cylinder, sir," the chief explained curtly. "Take all day." He relapsed into technicalities that escaped her. She un-derstood, however, that the matter was serious. For the first time in many days Griffiths turned

and addressed her directly.
"It'll mean lolloping around in this heavy swell for some time," he told her. "Better stick in your room. At least don't go on deck." The Cymric emphasized his warning by a lurch that flipped dishes out of the fiddles and ended in a

creaking beam-end strain that brought an exclamation from Griffiths' lips.

During the long day while engineers and their crew toiled below decks, Isabel sat in her cabin, clinging to handholds now and again while the freighter wrestled with the rising sea, now trying to walk off her growing nervousness within the room's narrow limits. When the engines were going once more and the Cymric had steadied on her course, Isabel went on the bridge. Malcolm was there, well wrapped up, staring into the darkness flowing over the ocean. It struck her that he must be suffering from the intense cold. In a few moments she was sure of this, for

her own blood was chilled. "How long before we'll get back into sunshine?" she asked the chief officer later.

"Two weeks, ma'am," he responded

gloomily. "I wish the Captain would take better care of himself," she went quietly "He doesn't stand the cold very on.

well." The mate nodded. "The cold is bad enough," he told her. "But the worst is having Chinese for'ard. Between you and me, the engines aren't up to the strain that's being put on them, and in case of a breakdown, we sha'n't have much time to handle this old packet in, if we're to keep from being swept. And a Chinaman wont come out of his warm bunk unless you kick him out." "I see," she murmured. "Captain Grif-

fiths feels he ought to be on the bridge all the time to help the watch-officer in case anything happens."

"Exactly," was the reply. A keen glance

at her expression of concern, and the mate went on, more freely: "The skipper—you know him better than I do—is the kind of man who's always there when he's needed. Running a steamer is a sort of one-man job, anyway, ma'am."

When the triangle was rung for supper, Isabel ate alone, the chief engineer coming in for a minute only to see whether the Captain was there. When she had finished her meal, she wrapped herself up and made her way to the wheelhouse, thence to the bridge. Griffiths acknowledged her presence with a gesture but did not move from his place under the weather dodger.

She saw that the sea was very The wind rough. seemed knifelike, laden with an infinitesimal, sharp sleet that pricked her face like thousands of (Continued on page 162)



ILLIAMS got his first chance this way: Old Man Imbrie, of Imbrie & Fox, wholesalers in paints, oils and varnishes, found Carter, the credit man, fast asleep, standing at the Brad-street's rack. The credit man actually was snoring He exhaled an aroma similar to Bronx, crossed with Manhattan and Lone Tree. It was not the first time it had happened-but it was the last.

Two hours later there was a highly colored conversation in the sixth floor offices of Imbrie & Fox. Stripped to its practical details, it went something like this:

Fox: I'm mighty sorry about Carter. There isn't a better man in New York City when he's right. But he's There isn't been going from bad to worse. He's been hitting it up for more than a year now. He hasn't been fifty per cent worth while.

Well, now the question is, who can we get IMBRIE: to fill the place?

There's Durgan, Mr. Cruise. How would he do? Fox:

Is he worth a trial?

(The general manager shakes his head. No sign of executive ability, he says. Good fellow, but lacks the wallop. Just a routine man.)

IMBRIE: Morrison Williams hasn't the necessary punch,

CRUISE: I've had my eye on Williams. I think he could develop. He's clean, bright, accurate, loyal. He's had three years under Carter, and he's got a good grasp of credits. Unless you want to go outside-

IMBRIE: We'd rather boost some one in our own or-

ganization.

Well, then, really I'd give Williams the chance. CRUISE: I have a feeling he'll develop fast, once he gets the chance. I realize that he's timid, or diffident, or whatever it is,

# MR. WILLIAMS TAKES A CHANCE

FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

(The general manager hesitates significantly. Imbrie looks at Fox. Fox looks at Imbrie. They both have confidence in this manager. Fox nods. Imbrie nods.)

IMBRIE: Go ahead, Mr. Cruise. Use your own judg-

(The clock goes around, this February day, eagerly watched by most of the utterly subordinate office help, and unnoticed by the executives and those of the others who are going to be executives; and it gets to be half-past four. Whereupon the general manager enters the credit-room and walks over to where Morrison Williams is hard at work. He touches him on the shoulder.)

MORRISON WILLIAMS was twenty-four years old. He had been working at Imbrie & Fox's for three years, in the credit department. When he first entered the door, took off his coat, the rest of the employees grinned not unpleasantly-and said to themselves and to each other: "Gee, what a homely guy!"

He was homely—understand, though, not ugly, but just homely in the sense that it is not bad at all for a man to be homely-a little gawky in figure, reddish hair, adolescent dots still remaining on his chin waiting to be neatly sliced by a safety razor, and a big, inquiring, restless, well-meaning nose. He looked a little (this being said reverently) as Ralph Waldo Emerson might have looked if he had inherited a stool in a counting-house instead of a Massachusetts farm.

And so they all liked him right away. Sure! That's the reward that comes for being externally homely and internally and mentally fetching and having a soothing speaking-voice. Also, of course, you can feel a lot safer in the presence of such a virile creature, if you are a girl stenographer; and if you are a young man clerk, you don't feel the barb of competition, since you, of course, are so attractive and dashing.

There was nothing in Morrison's outward manner which indicated ambition; yet ambition fairly surged within him. He went to work with a will, never growled over late hours and spent his dream-time wondering just how he would deal with bank presidents when the time came. He began by telling himself that he had the makings of a great business man in him. Unfortunately he followed this speculation by the realization that if you can't focus such vagrant ambitions into action they are more hindrance than help.

About a year and a half after Williams came to Imbrie & Fox, Mr. Cruise had said to him: "Williams, we like you first rate here. We like you so well that we want to

Cruise laughed and tapped the young fellow on the knee, as they sat facing each other. In spite of the laugh, Morrison felt cold in the middle. He didn't know the import

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"Yes s "I've feeling t Honestly you to h that will

of the words, and he felt afraid that it was a sardonic way

of preparing him for the pink slip.

"Yes, we're going to offer you a chance in a subsidiary corporation of ours," went on the manager. "You'd have to go to Chicago. There's no more money in it than you're getting now, at first, but you'll understudy the assistant manager out there, and it's a bully chance for you."

Morrison Williams couldn't say a word. Chicago! sounded to him, who had never been outside of New York State, except maybe to Asbury Park on a week-end, like a wild foreign filibustering expedition. Besides, it was a new kind of job. He might not be able to fill it. In that case

-he shuddered mentally. Certainly, he was going to be a success some day - but was this the right thing? He hesitated, and lost.

Cruise smiled. "You don't want it?" he said calmly.

"Why-I-" be-Morrison gan slowly.

"You don't have to take it. We're perfectly satisfied to have you stay here. You may be right. I don't know. I just thought if you wanted to take a chance-

The opportunity was gone. They sent out a young fellow named Cummer, who jumped over the assistant Western manager within three years and looked like a sure successor to the manager.

"Why didn't I take it?" Morrison Williams asked himself over and over in the following months. be sure, it didn't cause him to lose weight or pine

But he felt not only that he had blundered, in this instance, but that somehow the office manager wouldn't

give him another chance.

But he did. Cruise believed in the young fellow; he liked him, too; he stood up for him in that conference the day Carter opened the window of the world and fell out. And on the afternoon of that day he touched him on the shoulder, as aforementioned.

"Williams, you've heard Carter has gone?"
"Yes sir."

"I've suggested you for the place. There was some feeling that you were-too young, or something like that. Honestly, I'm not sure you're the man. But I wanted you to have the chance. You're not the kind of shiner that will get sore if you don't quite measure up and

we have to tell you so, are you? What do you say? Have you got the goods? Can you deliver?"

If Cruise had merely abruptly offered the place without comment, Morrison Williams would probably have grasped it eagerly. He felt absolutely equal to it; he had worked hard and productively under Carter, and he knew Carter's curves.

But when Cruise mentioned the fact that he might not measure up, that they might have to replace him, he went just as cold as on the day the key of Chicago city was placed near his hand. It flashed through his mind: "Suppose I shouldn't make good, what then?"

Cruise eyed the young fellow curiously and benevolently. He wanted to hear him shout: "You bet I'll take it-and I'll make a go of it, Mr. Cruise!" But there was no shout. Instead, Morrison Williams laid a trembling hand on the slide of the desk, looked out the window and was silent.

"I think - I think—" he began. "I don't know-

But the sun had already set again. "Perhaps they were right! thought the manager, not bitterly, but with keen disappointment. He read the uncertainty in Williams' face, and it convinced him that he had been wrong. "I guess you'd better not tackle it, Williams. There'll be a chance later, no doubt, when you feel more capable. That's

But when the young fellow had reached the door, the manager called him back. "Come

back and sit down just a minute, Williams!"

For a moment the manager tapped on the desk-blotter with a ruler, framing what he had to say. Finally he hitched his chair a little closer to Williams, leaned over, looked the young man squarely in the eyes and began:

"Son, I'm sorry. I'm afraid you're not going to get anywhere. You lack the punch, the something, no matter what you call it. It's a shame. You've got ability, but you don't show nerve. You're afraid of something. Some of these young fellows in the office will never get more than twenty dollars a week if they live to be as old as parrots. They're yes-men and clock-observers. They know when it's five o'clock before the Western Union Telegraph Company knows it. But I've felt that you're different. You work hard. You're conscientious and yet—you're in



a rut. I've tried twice to pull you out. I'd like to see you get out. But you'll have to do it yourself, I guess. That's all. Good night."

With writhing bitterness-against himself, not Cruise Morrison Williams left the manager's office, got his hat and coat from the locker, went out to the elevator—and stopped. A number of employees elbowed by him as he stood there unable to make up his mind whether to go down, and some of them jokingly asked him if he had lost anything. He reflected acidly that he had lost something. He had lost another chance. His impulse was to go uptown to his room and take a sleeping powder that would let him forget everything for about a week. He felt shaky in the legs and foggy in the head. One word hammered away at him: Failure!

Finally, as the elevator-light went red over his head, he decided to go down. Just then the door opened behind him and closed quickly. He turned. A young woman, almost as brisk and fresh and delectable as when she had arrived in the morning, with the joy of life shining out of her comprehending hazel eyes, stepped out into the

corridor.

Reader, meet Miss Harriet Congdon, the young woman who administrates the reception-room at Imbrie & Fox's, steers everybody the way he should go, delicately indicates the fire-escape to peddlers, knows everybody's penurious relatives by sight and name and otherwise is worth her one hundred and thirty pounds in gold to the

She nodded a bright smile at Morrison Williams and then stopped short and looked keenly at him. "Why, Mr. Williams!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter? You—

look queer."

Harriet Congdon had been one of those who had liked Williams from the day he came into the office, and she had kept on liking him. She lived uptown, near him, so they had often met in the subway to and from work. Several times they had walked all the way home, after riding in the subway as far as Seventy-second Street, on fine afternoons; and once, in an outburst of confidence, Morrison had confided his ambitions to her. And once he had summoned the courage to ask her to the theater. They had a gay little time—but Williams never even asked if he could call some evening. That was all. He was desirous enough of her company, but he supposed that, pretty and shrewd and intelligent as she was, she must have been claimed by a

lucky suitor long since. But now, meeting her at this moment, the feeling he had about her-a feeling of respect for her intelligence and judgment-moved him to reach out toward her, at least for a flash of sympathy and understanding. He burst out, on the impulse: "Oh, Miss Congdon, I'd

like to tell you something!"

"Please do!" she replied. "I'm not in a hurry." They went aside to the end of the corridor.

"Mr. Cruise offered me Mr. Carter's position this afternoon," the young man

Isn't that fine! I'm so glad!" was

the instant response. "I'm sure—"
"I didn't take it," was the lame conclusion.
"Didn't take it? You don't mean that, Mr. Williams?

Have you something better?"

"No, Miss Congdon. I—I wanted it. I've been working for it, and working hard. I—fell down when it came to the point. I don't blame Mr. Cruise for being disappointed in me. He as much as said I was a failure. I —I guess he's right. I'm no good."

"Why do you tell me you're no good?" she shot back at him sharply. "Why, Mr. Williams, I'm surprised—"

Instinctively she had dropped into that defensive attitude she found it necessary, in her own work, to adopt toward possible humbugs. Then she looked at the young fellow, at his confused face, his distressed eyes, and she changed her manner abruptly. "Please tell me what's the matter. If I could help you, I'd be glad. Wait—let's go down. I'd like to walk uptown a little. You could tell me as we go along." Would you?

When they had joined the home-moving sidewalk throng, Miss Congdon put her arm under his, to keep from being swept away from him by the human tide, and whispered:

"Didn't you feel that you could do the work?"

"I know I could." "Well, then-

"I've got no right to take up your time with this stuff!" Williams flared out suddenly. "I don't know why I began it. I guess I was bursting to tell somebody who was-the least bit friendly to me."

"Tell me," she urged, "I'm more interested than you

"Well, I suppose it's cowardice," he went on at last, painfully, "I was afraid to take a chance. I guess I'm one of those who hold on to a job all their lives, because they're scared. I'll end by seeing them all go up, with me staying where I am. I haven't any nerve at all when I get a chance to go ahead—so I lose it. I—I guess that's about all you want to know about me."
"No, it isn't," was the quick reply. "I want to know

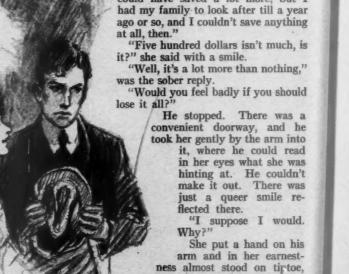
how much money you've saved up.

Not for a moment did it occur to him that this was a strange question for a young woman who called him "Mr. Williams" to ask. He had built up such a belief in her

sagacity that he would have told her anything. He replied, "Five hundred dollars," and explained: "I'm rather of a saving disposition-not a tightwad, honest, but kind of prudent. could have saved a lot more, but I at all, then."

> being not nearly as tall as the "Morrison Williams!" she said, using his full name in a quaint effort to furnish the display of friendliness which ought to accompany a

true bill of indictment. "I'm ashamed of you, honestly. The idea of asking poor little me-who haven't much talent at all, except maybe a little talent for catching hold of loose ends and filling empty corners—to tell you what's



"Mr. Cruise offered me Mr. Carter's position," the young man gulped.

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James K. Dukeland looked as though he didn't know whether to frown or guffaw. "Five hundred dollars. . . . . For one hour sitting here at my side?"

the matter with you! You know better than I do. You know you've got all the elements of success in business, except just one thing. I think you've got more brains than anybody in the office, except the executives, yet—"
"Do you honestly think so?" Williams gasped.

"I do. Yes. But if you want me to be perfectly frank, you'll stick in the mud forever, if you don't gamble a

"Gamble!" repeated Williams incredulously.

"Oh, I don't mean cards or the race-track or anything foolish like that. There's where you simply rely on luck. Maybe gambling isn't the right word; but I don't know any other just now. I mean the kind of gamble where a man just believes in himself and gets hold of something that looks eighty per cent good and then lets himself go head over heels, win or lose. I mean the kind of chance-taking where if you win you get something worth while, and if you lose, you lose just temporarily—maybe your place or your money, but not your belief in yourself. You were afraid to go to Chicago, because you wanted to hold on to a sure thing. Same way with the job to-day. You wanted it, but you couldn't take a chance. And you think too much about your five hundred dollars. I hope you'll spend it right away!"

She laughed as she uttered the last words, meaning they weren't to be taken too literally. But Williams, though he laughed too, looked anxiously across the street afterward and said:

"Miss Congdon, I bet what you just said is worth a million dollars. I've been the worst kind of a tight-wad, without knowing it. I've been a mental tight-wad. You're right. I'm going to gamble—intelligently."

Then the girl, feeling that she might have been too revolutionary, got frightened and tried to back water a little. She tried to laugh it off, as a piece of rhetoric she hadn't meant seriously. But Williams, in a sudden burst of new recklessness, cried:

"You can do one more thing for me. Come to dinner with me to-night! I want to talk some more with you. Please, Miss Congdon, unless you have some other engagement. I've been eating at a little place up near where I room—"

"Oh, that would be all right-"

"Will it? I guess it wont! We'll go to the highestpriced place in the city of New York—the most expensive restaurant we can find!" said Williams exultingly. "I'm a gambler!" he crowed.

But that night, after he had taken Miss Congdon home, Morrison Williams went to his room, got out pencil and paper and began to write, to think, to plan. By the time he threw down his pencil and peeled off for a shower, it was four in the morning.

On his way down to work Williams dropped into a public stenographer's, with an important document to be transscribed.

IN response to the pur of a soft-pedaled buzzer, James K. Dukeland's secretary entered the office of that well-known financier briskly, with a handful of letters, ready opened and spread out. He sat down across the great flat-topped desk.

On that executive desk detail had not only been reduced; it seemed to have been eliminated. The old-fashioned business man would have declared that Mr. Dukeland was

an arrant loafer-a golf-playing, country-club faddler, born with a silver spoon and so forth. Downtown they knew differently. They knew that Dukeland was one of the hardest workers south of the dead-line. And they knew that, paradoxical as it seemed, one of the reasons why he was one of the big figures in the city was precisely that his desk, at this hour of ten-thirty in the morning, bore on its polished surface the following items of burden:

One big silver inkwell.

Poor's "Railroad Manual," just taken from the book-

One cradlelike blotter, as yet unspotted.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Dukeland sat back in his chair and asked, with that faint touch of relief of the tired, over-

strained man who refuses to confess his fatigue: "Anything else, Bailey?"

The secretary laid down his notebook and replied: replied: "In that matter of the French Orphans' Fund-"

"Oh, yes. Make it two thousand this time. By the way, did the office force make as good a collection as last week?"

"Very good. Something over a hundred and ten dollars, Mr. Dukeland."

The big white-mustached, heavy-eyed financier rubbed his hands with unfeigned delight. "Fine!" he cried. "Every little counts!"

The secretary rose, took up his papers and started for the door. Then he paused

he paused a moment and came back. "There's one queer letter I thought of showing you, Mr. Dukeland," he said with a short laugh. "I thought possibly you'd be amused. It isn't a begging letter, and it doesn't seem to be from a crank. It's well written and well framed-evidently from some young fellow who knows how to make a good advertising appeal. If—'Read it."

The secretary read, in a smooth, soothing voice that didn't hurt the letter's chances:

"'To Mr. James K. Dukeland, Sir: I believe that you, in common with other highly successful men of business, radiate your personality to those around you. I believe further that you radiate the vital principles which have

made you successful-chiefly self-confidence, decisiveness and the ability and courage to seize opportunities, to take

chances, to venture daringly.

"'I cannot express myself more clearly, because I have never seen the idea put into words. But I feel so sure of this that I will pay you five hundred dollars if you will let me sit beside you for one hour, any day. You need not pay the slightest attention to me. I promise not to utter a word, or make my presence felt. I firmly believe that if you will grant me this request, I shall walk out of your office, after one hour, so charged with the vital elements of success that with hard work I can reach the top of the ladder.

"'I realize that this is a strange proposition for an

office employee to make to a man like you. I realize, too, that even if you considered it seriously, you might object to havinga stranger present to hear your business. So I should be glad, at any moment you wished to transact business of a confidential nature, to leave the room. In other words, Mr. Dukeland, it is simply those radiations I need - not words, information or encouragement.

" 'May I hope that vou will regard this letter as a sincere business matter, and worthy of your interest and consideration?

"Yours, most respectfully, 'Morrison L. Williams.'"

"What thedevil!"

claimed the financier. "What does the fellow mean? Why

don't you think he's a crank, Bailey?"

The secretary shook his head. "Of course, he may be," he answered. "But I see enough crank letters in the course of a year to know them. You see, a crank always regards himself as the most gifted figure on the horizon. This writer says he sees a chance to improve himself. A beggar never offers to pay you anything. He wants something for nothing. I don't say the person who wrote this hasn't some ulterior motive. Probably he has. But I don't think he's either a crank or a beggar. It's a new one, isn't if, sir?"

Mr. Dukeland made no reply. The secretary went out, but a few minutes later the buzzer called him back.

"Bailey, read that letter again," (Continued on page 144)



He took her hand in his, with the check crumpled between them, and said: "Ours, Harriet!"

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THIS story of "The Brave Adventure"—of our fathers' battle and of the gallant young spirit that flamed again to life in it—may without impertinence be described as being as American, as valiant and as tender as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mr. Rhodes has worked seven years on it, because he has loved it the best of all his stories. You too will love it well.

# The Brave Adventure

By EUGENE
MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

And I shall thereupon

Take rest, ere I be gone

Once more on my adventure brave and new—

"Rabbi Ben Ezm" - Browning

AVID KERR attained his majority at fifteen. For the last time he strapped his few dog-eared text-books, straining the whang-leather tight and fast. The master, curly-headed Tom Chadsey, was loath to see this eager scholar go; and he said as much, by way of a commencement ceremony, his strong hand heavy on the boy's shoulder. And that was after all no poor degree; there was trust in that firm pressure, comradeship, welcome to manhood. David felt the quiet hand still with him as he trudged through the snow. The winter term knew him no longer; sturdily, cheerfully, he took up his profession as eldest of eight.

No light profession, to be eldest of eight! Ax, plow, scythe, oxgoad and flail—master of these weapons David grew, as henchman and right hand to the stern Scots sire of him, and to such good purpose that his juniors, heirs to those dog-eared volumes, lacked not at all of every

vantage of that rude time and place.

The time was the late thirties; the place was Tonti, in Illinois—a hamlet founded years before. The Kerr homestead was southward from Tonti, just where prairie and forest met. The broad fields lay on one side of the road; on the other were wood-lot, the pasture-land, on ground so rolling as to be called hills, and the home-lot—the rambling and low log house between two oak-knolls, the garden and orchard and hives, the barns, byres, herd-yards, cribs and stacks.

The house furniture was homemade and simple—tables and benches and chairs and chests of thick, tough oak; skins of bear and bob-cat and panther served for carpet, broad antiers for coat-racks and hat-racks; and from others swung guns and powderhorns. Midway of the huge kitchen was a deep and cavernous stone fireplace; strong cranes swung over the wide hearthstone; pewter dishes gleamed from the rack beside it.

The land yielded rough abundance of food. The women-

folk spun and wove blankets, homespun, linsey-woolsey, butternut-dyed jeans, linen fine and coarse. The song of the busy wheel swelled and sank; tuned to the bees' swift humming in summertide, it mocked them by winter fires

A rude hamlet, Tonti, having withal a slight balance of trade in its favor—buying from the outside world medicine, salt, iron, coffee and tea, cotton and cotton-stuffs, guns, guncaps, powder, shot and ball, tools beyond the smith's skill to fashion, a few books, fewer rare yards of silk and broadcloth. Outward bound to far markets went leather, tallow, beeswax, tobacco—what might pay for freighting by pack-horse and wagon. River towns might raft saw-logs, with cargoes of grain, tan-bark and hoop-poles, but not inland Tonti. Tonti's grain, transformed to fat bullocks, sheep and swine, marched to market on its own proper legs, to St. Louis or Cincinnati—at which time the youth of Tonti, each in his turn and our Davy with the rest, made the Tontian equivalent for the Grand Tour or Wanderjahr.

Trade was largely in kind. For four green hides the tanner gave two that had lain in his vat seven years. You shall not buy such leather now, not though you cover each inch with coin for the price of it. These two hides went to the shoemaker. One came back in stout shoes made to measure; the other was for his hire. Harness and saddles were had on like terms. The surplus hides went their slow way to New Orleans or eastward, to swell the slow, slight balance of trade in Tonti's favor—without which slight, sure balance, for Tonti and for a thousand other Tontis, the West could not have been settled, and world-history had been other and meaner.

Busy men, David Senior and our Davy and our Davy's one brother Andrew. Every day had its duty, to be done then and well, storm or shine, seedtime, harvest, shearing of flocks, fencing, clearing, building. It told on Father David, who must not only work but plan, contrive, foresee, be responsible. He aged swiftly—the more in that the years brought ever unforeseen new demands, new neces-



But once David called her "Bad girl!" right before company—Felix and his fiddle, Felix Lewis, veteran of the Mexican War. She didn't coax then—not Barbara. She threw her spoon at him. "No! No!" Her eyes flashed indignantly; she turned to Jack with a quivering lip. "Gack!" she said in a little heartbroken voice, and hid her face in his shou der. It was David who had to put the coaxings on Barbara this time; he had to take the little pigs to market twice around and make the full trip to Banbury Cross, before all was well again. Then Felix woke the magic of his fiddle, and Barbara held her skirt with dainty thumb and finger, swaying her lissom body in rapt delight.

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Smith lave a hey do he river sities, as civilization and the new age of machinery overtook them. For he was a proud man, the elder David, not forgetful that the Kerrs had aforetime been the Kerrs of Cessford. "You and I maun even sweat for't, man Davy, but the lave shall have the chances we two missed, though we be but hewers of wood and drawers of water all our days."

So it was agreed between them; and the thing planned they did. Andrew went to Vandalia for the schooling. Margaret, between David and Andrew, went to Monticello Seminary at Godfrey—the first girls' school of collegiate grade in Saxon America. Joan was married young to Tommy West; but the other girls had each in turn their

chance at schooling.

Busy womenfolk too, Mary Kerr and her six braw daughters, each, from tall Margaret to wee Elsie, cheerily ever at her task, the days and hours all too full for discontent-weaving, spinning, sewing, dyeing, soapmaking, molding of candles from tallow and beeswax, dressing of buckskin and making that same buckskin into gloves and caps and hunting-shirts, knitting of warm stockings,

tippets, "clouds" and mittens.
Winter nights, when needles clicked and the wheel-song was subdued and slow, Father David read aloud from his small store of leather-backed books: Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives, Josephus, Lives of Washington, Napoleon, Cromwell, Hannibal, the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, Milton, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Esop, Robinson Crusoe. While he read, Andrew and Davy were busy by the hearth, with spokeshave and broken glass, fashioning rakes, singletrees, scythe-snaths, oxbows, ax-helves--whatever might patiently be wrought from hardwood.

There were visitors sometimes—often Tommy West from over the hill, to hear the reading. "A studious lad, that Tommy," said David the elder "He never tires of that Tommy," said David the elder "He never tires of the Plutarch." Sometimes it was Tom Chadsey, a young doctor now, settled in near-by Salem. Upon him, as a notable scholar, was thrust the honor of reading, though I am sure he had liefer been close by Margaret's ear as

she plied her distaff.

S o passed the years, crowded, gladsome. Davy was now at man's growth, rugged of feature, rawboned, tall and strong-strong of both body and soul, brown and wholesome, seasoned, approved. He was still busy at his profession of eldest—not without knowledge of peril in the wilderness, or other less blameless ventures of high blood, as when, being wrought upon beyond the bounds of patience, in fair fight he put to the worse stout Felix Lewis, who aforetime had met no master-no, not with diligent seeking—in all the broad rolling lands between the Kas-kaskia and Little Wabash.

An opinionated man and an incredulous, Felix Lewis; twice in the five years thereafter he sought out David, called him privately aside and imparted to him certain doubts as to whether David could do the trick again. As often, David resolved his doubts, not without difficulty.

On the morning following the third battle Felix, stiff, sore and feeling disinclined for harder labor, drove his horse to Alma smithy to be shod. There were many before him—who felt, but discreetly repressed, a lively curiosity at the puffed and battered face of him. After brief greetings Felix sat on the corner of the grindstone and gave himself to long meditation.

"I've been thinking," announced Felix, "and I believe I've found out how 'tis that Davy Kerr licks me every time we come together. He done it again yesterday, out

behind his barn."

mith Armstrong looked up from his shoeing. "Does he we a bit of iron or the like, to grip in his fist, Felix? they do say that makes a blow as bad as the brass knucks he river-men use."

Felix drew a twist of tobacco from his coat; he cut off a generous supply and stowed it away. Then he closed up his knife and replaced it in his pocket with exasperating slowness, while the shop waited breathlessly.

"Tisn't that," he drawled at last. "I've been a-thinking it all out. It's because he's a better man than I

am!"

Ever after, Felix considered himself fully exonerated; wounded vanity pained him no more. Indeed, after Felix came home from the Mexican War, he and David became sure friends, even though Felix was wild and David was steady, and they had not overmuch in common.

As for David, he had earned thenceforth the privilege of declining to fight under provocation, and he availed

himself of it consistently.

OR WAS a love-season lacking for David-brief, not untender, not forgotten of man or maid. And though the maid turned at last to a more brilliant lover, and one of profession less life-filling than Davy's, memory did not fail her of the clean-eyed, straightforward youth of her first fancy, nor the kindly strength of him. Ritter, she married; he became a man of note, a legislator and later a Congressman. But this love-season was not the determining factor in David's life, not the thing that tempered the metal of his soul to that high quality which later was to be so sternly tried. A lesser woman did that-little Barbara.

Margaret married her second cousin Benjy Kerr. "A decent body, though nobbut a lawyer," said her father. They lived at Vandalia, later at Springfield and Chicago. One by one her sisters made flitting to new homes, even wee Elsie, tall Elsie now: deep-breasted, happy mothers all. In '52 Andrew followed the lure of sudden gold to California. David had cast more thoughts than one that way, but had stayed by the farm, deeming he had certain

homely duties there.

For the lessening circle had not lightened David's load. His father had been forehanded, thrifty; but when the State banks of Shawneetown had broken in 1842, the savings of years had been swept away. The older children were away at school; he told his loss to none of them save Davy. The two kept their own counsel, held to their steady will: the youngers were to have their chance. The farm

was mortgaged to give them that chance.

Schooling for seven is no light thing. And sickness came, doctor-bills, bad years with always the strain of interest, of payments to reduce the mortgage. David's father grew bent and old; his mother, too, was feeble. Davy himself was something grizzled; folk called him David now. He kept his friends. Doctor Tom was the dearest; he came often to the old farm and sat with David by the silent hearth where now was no distaff-song. Felix came with his fiddle and his tales of Southern skies; Tommy West, now getting on in the world, a newspaper editor, overgiven to quoting from Plutarch, frankly owned his big, silent, unsupple brother-in-law as his better; even Harvey Ritter the Congressman, when he came to Salem, treated the homespun farmer with marked deference. For this silent man was strong and stanch and sound; there was healing in him.

NAME a day when the forest was gone, the wilderness passed away; in their stead had come a strong tide of mingled peoples, a mighty State, a new age clamorous of ax and saw, building great works, railway and city and factory—an age of inventions, telegraph, sewing-machine, mower. David Kerr looked around to find himself overold for new devices, the flood-tides of opportunity missed. From the shore David marked that missed flood bearing away not only the great deep-water galleons, but the triumphant, swift light shallops of lesser men.

The mortgage was paid off at last, after years of toil

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and self-denial. But David's hands had still to work for three. Knotty and hard, those hands, half their hard-earned cunning now to little purpose, in this machine-age. And now it was that David grew conscious of a shadow in the sun—Slavery.

No larger than a man's hand was that shadow in the sun, but it grew. And David watched it grow. He thought it out through the long days afield; he brooded over it by the lonely hearthstone at night, looked deep into the late dying fire, and he saw there a dreadful vision of war.

At this time it was, in '56, that Margaret's husband, at the urging 'of Andrew's letters, went gold-seeking in California, to be gone two years; and Margaret brought her brood back to the old farm at Tonti for a summer's visit "at Grandma's house." So, all the long, bright summer through, David Kerr was playmate to Barbara, the baby girl. And out of this fond companionship there grew

up in David's heart something which was to give him strength in the day of his great need. So perhaps it is fitting that we dwell upon it for a little.

Barbara was eighteen months old when David knew her, just beginning to walk and to talk. The talking progressed but slowly. She was too busy to give it much time, that bold explorer. What need, when she could convey the finer shades of meaning with tone and eye and eloquent hand? She wanted to talk, but the other things were more important. Accordingly she devised the plan of doing her languagelessons after her merry, splashing bath-most methodical and economical of babies! While Mam-ma dried and dressed her, she chattered her scant vocabulary over and over with breathless rapidity, sometimes in the most unfavorable attitudes, thus effecting a vast saving of time.

Her voice was a glad crow, silvery, exultant; her brief sayings ended ever on a rising, triumphant note. The vocabulary consisted almost wholly of cheery nouns, arranged on a system of her own, based upon relative importance: Mam-ma, Da-vie, Gamma, gomma, Gack! Ped! Ay-yun! The second and uncapitalized gamma was polite recognition of an existing husband to the first and greater Gamma; the last three ejaculations were Barbaric for Jack! Fred! Alan!-always delivered in lordly and commanding tones. People tried to impose upon her the word Pa-pa, a word musical enough in itself, but mythical, uninteresting, as lacking an attached entity: but the willful linguist firmly closed her incredulous lips and would none of it.

Then the exultant expletive and word-of-all-work, Here! by her inflected in joyous paradigm: Affectionate, He-a! signifying Here am I! That was for love and trust, for consolation in trouble, the assurance that she, Barbara, would take good care of her interlocutor. Triumphant, He-ah!—which went with willing and loving service. Mandatory, Yere!—for reproof and stern direction of those troublesome boys; when used for the others it meant Come on; I'm ready! Vocative, Hey!—for greeting or surprise, also for hide-and-seek. Explosive, with big, round eyes, Heh!—used exclusively and excitedly for the Barksome dog.

The regular lesson ended with the crisp negative, No-no, the funny waddling noun Quack! and the imperative verb Dap!—which meant Geddap! Go jaster and was also the noun meaning horse. The new words—shyly whispered at first, in strict confidence—were practiced more slowly, with a watchful eye for the effect on her admiring audience.



Others turned and saw that lonely figure, black against the sky-heard the high call and did its bidding

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pered owly, ience. Then she was ready for her day's work. If David was not there, she departed forthwith to seek him, calling: "He-ah, Da-ave!" She took her checked sunbonnet with her, to please Mam-ma, swinging it in hand. White and tall she was, this hardy adventurer, but soon her porcelain fairness became a soft, rosy tan; the straight yellow hair was sun-tinted too. When she found her fellow-workman, she threw up her hand, her merry blue eyes twinkling and crinkling in the sun, her red lips parted to a swift, witching smile. "Hey, Da-ave! He-ah, Da-ave!"

For it was well known that this was a pleasant, wonderful world, inhabited by none but marvelous people, beautiful and brave and good and wise and kind. But (after Mam-ma, of course) the most wonderful and clever and wise and beautiful of all was Da-vie.

"Such a wonderful style of baby!" her mother said: dainty, exquisite, loving, laughing, daring and brave and blithe and cuddlesome. David was her loving slave. She made the world new for him, till he saw it

through her eyes—brought into his hard, lonely life the love and wonder and joy he had not known.

It was David who was favorite horse to her little red

was David who was ravorite horse to her little red wooden wagon; it was David who played hide-and-seek with her; when she found him, she spread her little feet apart, bent over, hands on knees, crinkled her eyes and shouted a gleeful, "Hey, Da-ave!"

It was David, again, who could successfully wash her willful paddies, when even Mam-ma could not. "Now this

It was David, again, who could successfully wash her willful paddies, when even Mam-ma could not. "Now this paddy, Barbara. . . . . Now t'other paddy. . . . . Now the baby face. . . . Oh, what a sweet, clean baby!" Whereupon the sweet, clean baby would strut with conscious virtue, trilling, "Mam-ma, Gamma, gamma, Gack! Ped! Ay-yun!"—exhibiting the marvelous paddies for approval.

It was David who was never too busy to stop, when her dresses were soiled, brushing them with his clumsy hand, saying: "Oh, baby! Dirty dress! Dirty! Oh, oh!"

"No, no-o?" said Barbara doubtfully, observing the moot point from the corner of her eye, shyly. "Yes, Barbara. Dirty dress! Ugly dress!" said

Davy again.

Then Barbara would turn with sober face and

drooping head, finger to mouth, and go slowly to Mother, regarding the offending garment with rueful and accusing eye, rubbing it with her tiny hand. When she was freshly arrayed, Margaret would put her down, saying: "There, David—what do you think of that kind of a style of baby?" Then Barbara would run to him proudly, plucking at the clean gown, her watchful eye on David's face. "He-a! Da-ave! He-ah, Da-vie!"

Sometimes David had to scold her. "Bad girl! bad baby!" Then she would lay her soft cheek against his knee, coaxing in a meek, small cooing voice quite different from her ordinary jubilant note, "Da-vie, Da-vie, Da-vie," David would relent, catch her up and toss her high.

nd she forgave him, laughing.

David called her "Bad girl!" right before a and his fiddle, Felix Lewis, veteran of the start. She didn't coax then—not Barbara.

The start of the start of

flashed indignantly; she turned to Jack with a quivering lip. "Gack!" she said in a little heartbroken voice, and hid her face in his shoulder. It was David who had to put the coaxings on Barbara this time; he had to take the little pigs to market twice around and make the full trip to Banbury Cross, before all was well again. Then Felix woke the magic of his fiddle, and Barbara held her skirt with dainty thumb and finger, swaying her lissom body in rapt delight. She was very fond of Felix, fonder of his fiddle; and she called them, impartially, "Ix." Such a busy baby, so many useful things to do! When the hens and the turkeys and the quack-ducks were to be fed, Barbara put her hand in Grandma's and trudged sturdily along. She helped Grandpa feed the pigs, riding high on his shoulder, holding his long gray locks for greater security; and as for the colt, Barbara had to stroke his head and sing a certain little song in a soft

to be fed, Barbara put her hand in Grandma's and trudged sturdily along. She helped Grandpa feed the pigs, riding high on his shoulder, holding his long gray locks for greater security; and as for the colt, Barbara had to stroke his head and sing a certain little song in a soft foreign tongue known only to the two of them, or he certainly would not eat his nice dinner at all. Then the boys needed close watching and regulating, taxing her vigilance to the utmost. Also it was important that Gamma's roses should all be pulled regularly and their petals thrown high to fall about her in crimson snow. Barbara had a song she used during the performance of this duty too, a roguish little song quite different from the colt-song both as to words and tune—all about the roses and the butterflies and Barbara.

A vain baby, frankly admiring the baby in the glass long after her identity was discovered, vain of her pretty dresses and gay hair-ribbons, plainly due to her own exceeding personal merit. Perhaps she was what is mysteriously spoken of as a "spoiled" baby; but as you are to learn, no one was ever to grieve for their spoiling of her. And because of what she was to David then and afterward, and because of what David therefore was to many other

men and to his war-tried country, you will perhaps have patience to hear these things about little Barbara.

Such a brave baby! Investigating, she encountered a fierce and malignant setting hen—fearsome sight for the boldest. In the wild battle that followed, blood flowed from Barbara's tender cheek, but she was still fighting resolutely when Mam-ma came. Scared, yes—extremely surprised, but fighting valiantly all the same. Washed and comforted, she clambered down from Mam-ma's lap and marched, defiant, fiery-eyed and vindictive, straight for the scene of conflict; bent on errands of vengeance; and she was with difficulty dissuaded.

In the lane between workshop and barn, on another adventure, Barbara unexpectedly met a breachy cow that had jumped the fence. The two confronted each other solemnly. The cow regarded the midget with grave and profound thoughtfulness. Barbara stood her ground, dauntless, feet wide apart, and waved the intruder back with haughtiest imperious gesture. "The lassie wouldna give an inch," chuckled Grandpa. "I wouldna hae ye

forget that her forbears were Kerrs of Cessford."

THE California letters for Margaret, though long, were infrequent; while David, deeply and vitally interested in those affairs which are history now but were merely politics then, subscribed to three papers, The Tribune, The National Intelligencer and The Star of the West and the local papers as well—also keeping up a fitful correspondence, largely on these same matters political, with Tommy West. Ritter and some other friends of his youth.

West, Ritter and some other friends of his youth.

Shrewd Barbara was not long in learning that her Davie was more interested in the mail than the others; and when the Kerr mail was thrown out, as the stagecoach went by at noon, it was Barbara's self-imposed task to bring in the mail-sack. Swift and merry she came, romping straight to her David, evading the others, scolding if any tried to tease her by intercepting. Reaching him safely, she struck an attitude, her blue eyes adance in a dazzling smile, and trilled her joyous password: "He-ah, Da-ave!" And David answered "He-ah, Barbara!"

With the same gleeful challenge and countersign she brought his slippers at night, his pipe and tobacco, and for reward climbed upon the safely-saddled foot for a small gallop to Banbury Cross or held his hands to dance Jimilong-Josey till she grew rosy and breathless, or perched on

David's knee to listen admiringly while he sang:

Where the coffee grows on the white oak trees,
And the rivers flow with brandy,
Where the boys are made of lumps of gold
And the girls of sugar candy!
So it's fare you well, my pretty little girl,
For I'm bound to the Rio Grand-e-Grand-e!
I'm bound for the Rio Grand-e!

David's voice, as his friends pointed out with unshrinking candor, was better adapted for calling hogs than for singing. But Barbara thought it an excellent voice, the

songs unbelievably clever.

Later, at his mother's persistent urging, David stopped smoking, not to set a bad example to his nephews. It was a deep distress to bewildered Barbara. She brought him pipe and tobacco and held them up, coaxing him, softcooing: "Da-ave, Da-vie, he-ah, Da-vie!" until he put the unlighted pipe to his mouth. Then she bubbled over with merry, irresistible laughter.

So the long, bright summer passed, the brightest David had known or was to know, and it gave him that which was to make him stand high among men. The glory and glow of that summer, undimmed by any later blackness, shone ever after in David's memory and in dreams, a warm and golden flood, brightest where a busy child tossed rose-leaves

in the sun.

But as the corn's green grew golden, the brown cheeks

grew waxen and pale. The swift feet lagged on their loving errands. The riotous baby was quieter, then not so well—ailing—sick—until at last she did not fare abroad, but kept the house with Mam-ma, a brave and a patient baby, or at most went for short rides with David-horse and the red wagon. Doctor Tom Chadsey was called, and at each visit he wore a graver face.

She hated the doctor-medicine. For a while they had to hold her nose and her hands to make her take it. But after the third holding, she put on a lamblike look when she saw the glass and spoon, folded her resolute little hands

and gulped it down.

"Oh, such a nice style of baby!" said Mam-ma. "What a brave baby to take the nice med' to make her well."

Barbara's eyes were joyful then. "Gack! Ped!

Barbara's eyes were joyful then. "Gack! Ped! Ay-yun! Gamma, gamma!" she called proudly, with something of the old cheerful note. And nothing would do but that the household should come trooping to see her take her medicine again. It was only water this time; she grasped the spoon in her tiny fingers and took it all alone.

It was her last accomplishment. There was never any more trouble over the nice med', although she insisted on having the complete circle for audience when she took it. Day by day she faded, growing weaker and whiter, till at last she lay all day in her little bed, patient and cheerful and brave, playing with the pretty white sheets of baby paper and the little folded envelopes that rough Felix Lewis had made and brought to her, for her very own mail, or poring over the unsolved puzzle of a wooden top.

They did not know. When she rallied a little for some of her old pretty baby ways, how happiest of all mortals were they—since Barbara was better now. Even when she lay all day languid and white and still, hardly rousing to read her mail, they hoped on. Indeed, they did more than hope. They were quite sure, every one, that baby would be all right in a day or two. There was no doubt of that. Too bad she had been sick so long! She would hardly know the colt when she got well.

NE day when she was very quiet, David brought his pipe to her bedside, lighted it, put his hands behind his back and puffed out his most marvelous smoke-rings. The blue eyes crinkled; the funny little nose wrinkled again; and Barbara's merry peal rang out, the old jubilant, silvery laugh! "He-ah, Da-ave!" Her Dave was always such a witty Dave!

It was the last time she laughed. The next day she was very low. Barksome was brought in to visit her, and licked her hand when she patted him. Mam-ma held her at the window while the boys tolled the chickens with corn for her to see and passed the colt and cows for review. She smiled and waved her feeble hand. And that night Doctor Tom

told them.

Just before daybreak David woke the boys. The brave adventure was nearly done. They came softly into the room, where the old couple stood silent at the bed-head and Mam-ma knelt beside. Barbara roused up a little, greatly pleased. She had never seen the boys in the night, before "Ga-ack!" she said softly, and wondered as a tear splashed on her hand. They stroked the soft hair and moved away. Her eyes turned dimly to David; she mused a little "Da-vie!" she said wearily, and again, slowly: "Da-vie!" The thin hand moved. Then lovingly, cheerfully, bravely, "Mam-ma!" she said—and turned to that faithful breast. So David left her there, to a greater love and a deeper grief.

The dawn flecked the east with gold; a robin broke into gay and startling song, high and clear and unfaltaring. And David was aware of far great mountain seen, the mighty ocean he had not known, would never see, never know,—of all the wor and glory of wonder and joy and beauty. light and song, all gracious dawns, (Continued did its bidding,

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David fought on. His soul had got its second wind; for the time, counting himself as one already dead, fear had left him.





HE hour of noon had just struck, and the few visitors still lingering among the curiosities of the great museum were suddenly startled by the sight of an attendant running down the central staircase and shouting:

"Close the doors! Let no one out! An accident has occurred, and nobody's to leave the building." And in the left-hand gallery upstairs a tableau greeted those who hur-

ried thither which few of them will ever forget. Tragedy was there in its most terrible, its most pathetic, aspect. The pathos was given by the victim,—a young and pretty girl lying face upward on the tessellated floor with an arrow in her breast and death stamped unmistakably on every feature,—the terror by the woman kneeling over her.

"Her name?" repeated the woman bending over the dead girl, on being questioned by the Curator and the Director. "How should I know? I was passing through this gallery and had just stopped to take a look into the court when this young girl bounded by me from behind and flinging up her arms, fell with a

sigh to the floor.

"My name is Ermentrude Taylor," she

added after a moment.

The famous Detective Gryce-an old man now, attended by his assistant Sweetwaterarrived to take charge of the situation. He questioned Mrs. Taylor further, but she seemed distraught by the shock to the point of insanity; for when Gryce asked her if she were wife or widow, she replied:

"A widow within the hour. . . . . My husband was living this morning. I knew it from the joyous hopes with which my breast was filled. But with the stroke of noon the blow fell. I was bending above the poor child when the vision came, and I saw him gazing

at me across a desert so immeasurable that nothing but death could create such a removal. At that moment I felt

his soul pass."

Now a new and strange figure entered the mystery—that of a young Englishman named Travis; he had seen and fallen in love with the murdered girl in England, but had worshiped from afar. He had followed her and her com-panion on shipboard to America and to the New York hotel where the older woman registered herself as Madame Duclos and the girl as Barbara Willetts. Next morning this morning, the day of the murder-he had seen Madame Duclos put Miss Willetts into a taxicab, first pinning on the girl's corsage a bouquet. He had followed Miss Willetts to the Museum; and at the moment of her death (according to his statement) he was watching her from behind one of the big vases by the tapestry across the court from her; he had seen nothing to explain her death.

Investigation disclosed that Madame Duclos hurriedly left the hotel some time after Miss Willetts' departure for the Museum. She did not reappear. A piece of cloth, apparently torn from the skirt she wore, was found caught on a loose nail of her abandoned trunk. A reward was offered for news of Madame Duclos' whereabouts; and while she was not found, word came from Paris that the girl described as Barbara Willetts had always been known in France as Madame Duclos' daughter, Barbe Duclos.

Other facts were brought to light: Correy, an attendant, had discovered a strung bow leaning against a door behind a tapestry across the court from where the girl fell; this door shut off a staircase leading to the Curator's office below. There were no finger-prints on the bow; Correy recognized it as one which had been stored along with other material not on exhibition, in the cellar. In the dust of the unused staircase three sets of tracks were found;

two of a man going down, once wearing rubbers and once

not; and one of a man wearing rubbers, coming up.
Gryce then tried an experiment. He had an Indian bowman shoot at a dummy figure placed where Miss Willetts fell, and from the angle of the wound calculated that the fatal arrow was fired from behind the pedestal opposite to that which concealed Travis. And now one more curious clue was found: a loop of cloth such as is

used to confine an umbrella was discovered lying on the floor of Room B; and umbrellas had never been allowed in the Museum. Did the stitch-marks on this loop indicate that it had served to support some other object?

Sweetwater learned that Director Roberts, a widower with political aspirations,the day after the Museum murder, had broken with the young woman to whom he had been engaged. Gryce sent Sweetwater out to Belport, where Roberts lived, and as a carpenter working on a new veranda, Sweetwater learned more about Roberts' life. He found, moreover, in the lining of a new coat strangely cast off by Roberts, stitch-marks which co-incided with those of the loop of cloth found in the Museum.

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A boarding-house mistress answers the advertisement about Madame Duclos: a guest answering the Frenchwoman's description has been behaving strangely-shooting with a pistol at the photograph of a man in her room. The guest flees before Gryce can see her, however. But another clue promises better. There is a family named Duclos living in New York; and from Mrs. Edward Duclos, the detective wins the admission that Madame Antoinette Duclos is the widow of Edward's brother, and that she had come directly to Edward's house after leaving the hotel the day of Barbara's death. Madame Antoinette

had fled after learning of Barbara's death, without confiding her destination.

YUESSING that Antoinette would have bought other Guessing that Antoinette would little neighborhood clothes, Mr. Gryce learns from a little neighborhood dry-goods store that some cloth has been forwarded; by a trick he learns the address and sets out to go immediately thither—to a small town up the river. And there, sitting on a hotel piazza at a junction point, he catches sight of a woman answering to the description of Antoinette Duclos. She escapes him for the moment, however; and a close but difficult pursuit follows

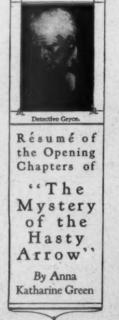
For the woman crosses the river and hides herself by obtaining work in a factory employing a large number of women. Finding herself watched, she flees again; but finally Detective Gryce-with Sweetwater, whom he has summoned to his assistance—runs her down in a lonely house in the hills, formerly occupied by her now-dead friend Elvira Brown. She flees from them again—runs out on a rickety wooden bridge across a deep chasm back of the house. There she halts.

"Who are you?" she cries. "What do you want of me?"
"Are you not Madame Duclos?"

"Yes, I am Antoinette Duclos." "Then you must know why you are wanted by the police authorities of New York. Your daughter—"

"I've nothing to say—nothing."
"Madame," calls Mr. Gryce, "your testimony, hard as it may be for you to give it, is necessary. That is all we

"It is too much!" she cries. And before Sweetwater in his dismay can more than give a horrified bound in her direction, she has made the fatal leap and is gone from their sight into the gorge below.



The Mystery of

### HASTY ARROW THE

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY H.R. BALLINGER

THIS is my last case. I shall never rise above this horror," asserted Mr. Gryce when, several hours after that scene at the chasm, they turned their faces again

toward New York.
"I understand," sponded Sweetwater, who had been strangely silent all day, speaking only when directly addressed. "I can assure you that in my way I'm as much cut up as you are. I wish now that I had got in at the rear, even if I had been obliged to scratch my hands to pieces tearing a board from the fence.

"That would have done no good. She was determined to die rather than tell what she knew about her daughter's death. I remember the look with which her sister-in-law warned me that she would never survive a capture. But I thought that mere exag-geration, of course." Then after a moment of conscious silence on the part of both, he added with bitter empha-"Her testimony might-I do not say would-have cleared away our suspicions of Director Roberts."

Sweetwater, who was acting as chauffeur, slowed down his machine till it came to a standstill at the side of the road. Then wheeling quietly about till he faced his surprised companion, he remarked very gravely:

"Mr. Gryce, I hadn't the heart to tell you this before, but the time has come for you to know that Mr. Roberts' cause is not so favorably affected as you seem to think, by this suicidal death of one who doubtless would have proved a leading witness against him. I say this because in pursuing the task you set me, I came upon this.

Putting his hand to his pocket, he drew forth a large envelope from which he proceeded to pull out first the tattered square of what had once been a cabinet portrait, and then a freshly Copyrighted, 1917, by The Red Book Corporation. All rights reserved.

printed proof from the same negative. Holding them both up, he waited for the word that was sure to follow.

"Roberts!" exclaimed Mr. Gryce; and the eyes of the two detectives met in what was certainly one of the most solemn moments

They had paused for this short conference at a point where the road, running for a few yards on a level, gave them a view of slope on slope of varying verdure, with glimpses of the Hudson between. Glancing up, with a gesture of mani-

fest shrinking from the portrait which Sweetwater still held, Mr. Gryce allowed his gaze to run over the wonderful landscape laid out to his view, and said, with breaks and halts bespeaking

his deep emotion:
"If my death here and now, following fast upon that of this poor woman, would avail to wipe out the evidence

I have so laboriously collected against this man, I should not hesitate between the few years left me and the consequences

which must follow their presentation to the district attorney. I do not like to end my career with the shattering of so fine an image in the public eye. What lies back of this crime, what past memories or present miseries have led to an act which would be called dastardly in the most uninstructed and.

Would to God I had never tried to find out! But no man standing where he does to-day among the leaders of a great party can fall into such a pit of shame without weakening the faith of the young and making a travesty of virtue and honor. "Yet, if he is guilty-"

"It is our business to pursue him to the end. Only-I like the man, Sweetwater. I had a long talk with him yesterday on indifferent matters, and I came away liking him."

This was certainly something Sweetwater had "Mrs. Taylor began a not expected to hear, and it threw him again into series of silence as he started up the machine and they pursued their course home.

Hard as the day had been for Mr. Gryce, its

her own ac-count." trials were not over. He had left it to Sweetwater to report on the case and to communicate the details of Madame Duclos' death to the family whose right it was to hear

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the whole story, and had gone home to rest from the shock of the occurrence and to prepare for that interview with the chief inspector which he was satisfied would now lead to an even more exacting one with the district

He was met by a messenger from downtown, who handed him a letter. He opened it abstractedly and read:

Mrs. Taylor is talking. . .

He had forgotten Mrs. Taylor. This brought her forcibly back to mind. But as he read on and took in some of the words caught by the nurse and faithfully transcribed, his countenance altered and he fell into deep thought.

The words which had produced this effect and dug a

deep furrow in his brow, were these:

I love but thee. And thee Will I love to eternity.

They were the ones seen by Sweetwater on the back of the Swiss clock cherished by Mr. Roberts.

#### CHAPTER XXVII

NEXT morning Mr. Gryce left his home an hour earlier than usual. He wished to have a talk with Mrs. Taylor's nurse before encountering the inspector.

It was an inconvenient time for calling a nurse from the sick-bed; but the matter being so important, she was prevailed upon to give him a few moments in the little reception-room where he had seated himself. The result was meager—that is, from her standpoint. All she had to add to what she had written him the day before was the fact that the couplet which had fallen from Mrs. Taylor's lips was her first coherent utterance, and that it had been spoken not only once but many, many times, in all sorts of tones, and with ever varying emphasis. That, and a dreamy request for "The papers!" which had followed some action of her own this very morning, comprised all she had to give him, in fulfillment of her promise at the beginning of this illness.

Mr. Gryce believed her and rose reluctantly to his

feet.

"Then she is still very ill?"

"Very ill, but mending daily-or so the doctor says."

"If she talks again, as she is liable to do at any moment, do not check her, but remember every word. The importance of this I cannot impress upon you too fully. But do not by any show of curiosity endanger her recovery. She seems to be one of the very best sort; I wo not have her body or mind sacrificed on any account." She seems to be one of the very best sort; I would

"You may trust me, sir." He nodded, giving her his hand.

But as he was turning away, he looked back with the quiet remark: "I should like to ask you a question. You have been in constant attendance on this lady for some time and must have seen not a few of the people inquiring You must also have taken charge of her mail and of any messages which may have come. Have you heard or seen anything to lead you to suppose that her fears in regard to her absent husband were well founded? She declared, as you probably know, in her first delirium at the sight of that young girl falling dead at her feet, that she had had a vision of her husband, whom she evidently loves with extraordinary devotion notwithstanding the separation existing between them, and that from the nature of this vision she felt assured that a like fate had overtaken him, and that it was this which had overpowered her and not what she had just seen happen directly under Was this a species of delirium, unfounded, as most delirious fancies are, or a striking instance of telepathy recording an accomplished fact? In other words, do you believe her husband to be still living, or dead as she insisted with every appearance of firm belief?"

"That is a subject upon which I can form no opinion. I have heard nothing, seen nothing, to influence my mind either way. Some other people have asked me this same question. If her mail contains any news, it is still in the hands of the proprietor of the hotel. He has refrained from sending it up. She has lived here, as you know, for a long while."

"Has she no relative to share your watch or take such

things in charge?"

"I have seen none. Friends she has, in plenty, but no one who claims relationship with her or who raises the least objection to anything I do."

He seemed about to ask another question, but refrained and allowed her to depart after some final injunctions as to what she should do in case of certain emergencies. Then he had a talk with the proprietor, which added little or nothing to his present knowledge; and these duties off his mind, he went downtown.

A S Mr. Gryce expected, the chief inspector was waiting.
Madame Duclos' death had added still more serious complications to the case already overweighted with them, and the inspector was anxious to talk the matter over with one whose ideas on the subject were

gathered at first hand.

But when he heard all that Mr. Gryce had to tell, he grew as serious as the detective could wish to have him, and proposed a ride over to the district attorney's office, just as the other had anticipated he would. They found that gentleman in and ready to listen, though it was evident enough that he thought he was to hear the vaporings of a mind grown too old for any use. But his temper changed as Mr. Gryce opened up his theory and began to sub-stantiate it with facts. The looks which the attorney exchanged with the inspector grew more and more earnest and inquiring, and when Mr. Gryce reached that portion of his report which connected Mr. Roberts so indisputably with the arrow, the attorney called in his assistant and together they listened to what Mr. Gryce had further to

With this addition to his audience, the old man's manner changed and became a trifle more formal. He related the fact, not generally known, of Mr. Roberts' engagement to a young girl residing on Long Island, and how this was broken off immediately after the occurrence at the Museum, seemingly from no other reason than the unhappy condition of mind in which he found himself, a condition added to if not explained by the pertinacity with which he had haunted the morgue and dwelt upon the image of the young girl who had perished under no ran-

dom shot.

Here Mr. Gryce paused, shrinking as much from what he had yet to say as they from the hearing of it. It was not till the inspector had made him an encouraging gesture that he found the requisite courage to proceed. He did so

in these words:

"I know that all this is of a circumstantial nature, capable of being explained away, though not without diffi-culty. But what I have to add cannot be so easily disposed of. Connections have developed between persons we thought strangers, which have opened up a field of inquiry which brings the doubts and surmises of an old detective within the scope of this office. I do not know what to make of them; perhaps their full meaning may be found out here. Of this only I am assured: the gentleman whom it seems presumptuous on my part to connect even in a casual way with crime, has not gained but lost by what I have to tell of Madame Duclos' suicidal death. To those who see no association between the two, it looks like the opening of a new lead, but when I tell you that they knew each other, or that at all events she knew him and in the way of actual hatred, it looks more like a deepening of the old one. See here, gentlemen."

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"Roberts!" exclaimed Mr. Gryce; and the eyes of the two detectives met in what was certainly one of the most solemn moments of either life.

Here he showed them Fredericks' fifteen-year-old photograph of Mr. Roberts and its mutilated counterpart, and explained the condition of the latter, to the astonishment of the two men, who learned this fact for the first time.

of the two men, who learned this fact for the first time.

"But this is not all," Mr. Gryce continued, as the remarks incident upon this proof of deadly hatred—on the part of the mother of the victim for the man whom circumstances seemed to point out as her slayer—subsided under the pressure of their interest in what the detective had further to impart. "As you will see after a moment's thought, this token of animosity does not explain Madame Duclos' flight, and certainly not her death, which as the

unhappy witness of it, I am ready to declare was not the death of one driven to extremity from personal fear, but by some exalted feeling which we have yet to understand. All that I now wish to point out in its connection is the proof, offered by this shattered photograph, that Mr. Roberts was in some manner and from some cause a party to this crime from which a superficial observation would completely dissociate him.

"Where is the connecting link? How can we hope to establish it? That is what it has now become my unfortunate duty to make plain to you. Director Roberts' drawing a bow to shoot an innocent schoolgirl is incredible.

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In spite of all I have said and shown you, I do not believe him guilty of so inhuman an act. He drew the bow; he shot the arrow; but- Here allow me to pause a moment to present another aspect of the case as surprising as any you have yet heard. You are aware—we all are aware that the inquest we await has been held back for the pur-pose of giving Mrs. Taylor an opportunity to recover from the illness into which she has been thrown by what she saw and suffered that day. Gentlemen, this Mrs. Taylor whom we all—I will not even exclude myself from this categoryregarded not only as a casual visitor to the Museum but a stranger to all concerned, is on the contrary, as I think you will soon see, more closely allied to the seemingly dispassionate director than even Madame Duclos. The shock which laid her low was not that usually ascribed to her, or even the one she so fantastically offered to our acceptance: it was the recognition of C. Marshall Roberts as the author of this tragedy-Marshall Roberts, whom she not only knew well but had loved in days gone by, as sincerely as he had loved her. This I now propose to prove to you by what I cannot but regard as incontestable evidence.' Taking from a small portfolio which he carried

another photograph, unmounted this time and evidently the work of an amateur, he laid it out before them. The silence with which his last statement had been received, the kind of silence which covers emotions too deep for audible ex-pression, remained unbroken save for an involuntary murmur or so, as the district attorney and his assistant bent over this crude presentation of something-they hardly knew whatwhich this old but longtrusted detective offered them in substantiation of the well-nigh unbelievable statement he had just made. They read the faintly reproduced lines, under the name

Lucerne. . . . . I love but thee. And thee Will I love to eternity.

of the Swiss maker:

gentlemen," went "This, on Mr. Gryce as he pointed to the lines, "is the copy of a label pasted on the back of a certain Swiss clock to be seen at this very minute on the wall of Mr. Roberts' own bedroom in his home in Belport, Long Island. He home in Belport, Long Island. He prizes this clock. He has been heard to say that it goes where he goes and stays where he stays, and as it is far from a valuable one either from intrinsic worth or from any accuracy it displays in keeping time, the reason for this partiality must lie in old associations and the memories they invoke. A love-token! Can you not see that it is this from the couplet written by his hand under the maker's name? If not, just

take a look at the initials appended to that couplet. May I ask you to read them?"

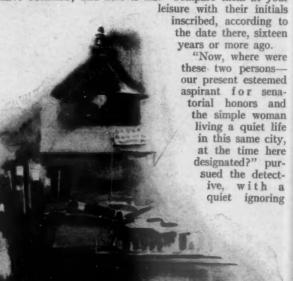
The district attorney stooped, adjusted his glasses and slowly read out: "C. R."

"Carleton Roberts," explained Mr. Gryce, "—the name by which he was known in his youth. Later, for reasons of a purely domestic character, I am told, he dropped

the Carleton and entered the political world under his mid-Gryce slowly, "the other two, if you will be so good."

"E. T."

"Ermentrude Taylor," declared the inexorable voice.
"And written by herself. Here is her signature, which I have obtained; and here is his. Compare them at your



The Coroner at once opened fire: "Mr. Roberts, Coroner Davis, of Greene County, is anxious to have a few words with you."

of the effect he had produced, which showed him the master of a situation probably as difficult and disconcerting as the three officials hanging in manifest anxiety upon his words had ever been called upon to face. "Mr. Roberts was in Switzerland, as his housekeeper will be obliged to admit on oath, she being an honest woman and a domestic in his mother's house at the time. And Ermentrude Taylor! I have a witness to prove where she was also020

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a witness I should be glad to have you interrogate. Here is her name and address."

Mr. Gryce slipped a small scrap of paper into the district attorney's hand as he went on: "What she will say is this, for I think I have very thoroughly sounded her: First, that she is Mrs. Taylor's most intimate friend. This is conceded by all who know her. Secondly, that while her intimacy does not extend back to their girlhood days,
—Mrs. Taylor being an Englishwoman by birth and remarkably reticent as to her former life and experiences, she has one story to tell of that time which answers the question I have given you. She got it from Mrs. Taylor

herself, and in this manner.

"They were engaged in talking one day about our Western mountains and the grandeur of scenery generally, when Mrs. Taylor let fall some remark about the Alps, which led this friend of hers to ask if she had ever seen them. She answered in the affirmative, but with such embarrassment and abrupt change of subject that it was plainly apparent that Mrs. Taylor had no wish to discuss it. Indeed, her abruptness was so marked and her show of trouble so great that she was herself disturbed by what might very easily give offense, and being of a kindly, even

loving disposition, took occasion when next they met to explain that it was as a girl she had visited Switzerland, and that her experiences there had been so unfortunate that any allusion which recalled those days distressed

"This is all that ever passed between them on this subject, but is it not enough

"Coroner Davis, of Greene County!" Mr. Roberts was entirely surprised. "What business can he have with me?" when we read this couplet, and mark the bracketed initials, and recognize them as those of C. Marshall Roberts and Ermentrude Taylor? But lest you should doubt even this evidence of an old-

time friendship, so intimate that it has almost the look of a betrothal, I must add one more item of corroborative fact which came to me as late as last night. In a moment of partial consciousness, while the nurse hung over her bed, Mrs. Taylor spoke her first coherent sentence since she fell into a state demanding medical assistance. And what was that sentence? A repetition of this couplet, gentlemen, spoken not once but over and over, till even the nurse grew tired of listening to it.

"I love but thee. And thee Will I love to eternity."

As the last word fell from Mr. Gryce's lips, the district attorney muttered a quick exclamation and sat down heavily in his chair.

"No coincidence, that!" he cried with forced vivacity. "The couplet is too little known."

"Exactly," came from Mr. Gryce in dry confirmation. "Mrs. Taylor, as well as her friends can judge, is a woman of thirty-five or thirty-eight. If she went to Switzerland as a girl, this would make her visit coincident, as far as we can calculate from our present knowledge, with that of Marshall Roberts. For the sure advancement of our argument, let us say that this is so, seeing that this is our firm belief.

What follows? Let the inscription of this label speak for us. They met; they loved-as was natural when we remember the youth and good looks of both; and-they parted. This we must concede, or how could the experience have been one she could not recall without heart-They parted, and he returned home, to marry within the year, while she-I do not think she married, though I have no doubt she looks upon herself as a wife and forever bound to the man who deserted her. Women of her broad type look upon such things in this way. She called herself his wife in her own heart; and on following him here, passed herself off as a woman separated from her husband.

"Changing the Miss before her name to Mrs., she has lived under this assumption, at her present hotel, twelve years. In all that time, so far as I can learn, she has never been visited by anyone answering to the appearance of her former lover; nor have I any reason as yet to think she ever intruded herself on him or made herself in any way obnoxious. He was married and settled, and contrary to the usual course of men who step with one stride into affluence, was living a life of usefulness which was rapidly making him a marked man in public esteem.

Perhaps she had no right to meddle; at all events, there is no evidence of her having made the least attempt to do so in all these fourteen years. Even after Mrs. Roberts' death, all went on as usual.

"But"-here Mr. Gryce became emphatic-"when he turned his attention to a second marriage and that with a very young girl (I can name her to you, gentlemen, if you wish), Mrs. Taylor may have been roused, may have troubled him with importunities, may have threatened him with a scandal which would have interfered greatly with his political hopes if not ended them at once. I can conceive such an end to her long patience—can't you, gentle-men? And if you will, bear with me while I go a

step further and suggest that if this were as I have stated, and the gentleman found the situation intolerable, it might account for the flight of that arrow as nothing else ever

Both men had started to their feet.

"How! It was not she-

"It was not she who was struck, but it was she who was aimed at. The young girl merely got in the way. But before I enlarge upon this point," he continued in lower tones as the two officials slowly reseated themselves, "allow me to admit that any proof of correspondence between these two would have added much to my present argument. But while I have no doubt that such an interchange of letters took place, and that in all probability some oneor more-of them still exists, Mrs. Taylor's illness and Mr. Roberts' high position prevented any substantiation of this fact on our part. I must therefore ask you to assume it was in obedience to some agreement between them, that she came to the Museum on that fatal morning and entered Section II.

'He-I know that I am making him out a villain of no common dye, and I feel my presumption deeply-was in readiness for her coming. The bow brought up so many

days before from the cellar was within reach; the arrow was under his coat; and his place of concealment had been so chosen as to make his escape feasible the moment that arrow flew from the bow. Had she entered that section alone, had the arrow found lodgment in her breast instead of in that of another-nay, I will go even further and say, had no cry followed his act (and he had a right to calculate on this, since it is but natural that one pierced in this lightning fashion, to the heart, would fall without a sound), he would have reached the Curator's office and been out of the building before quick discovery of the deed made his completion of this attempt impossible.

BUT the girl cried out," remarked the assistant district attorney. "How do you explain that, since it was "How do you explain that, since it was not natural for one suddenly pierced to the heart?"

"Ah, you see now the big mistake we made—Correy and all the rest of us. Had Miss Willetts, or I should say, Mademoiselle Duclos, been the one to give that dolorous cry, the man just behind the partition would have been there almost in time to see her fall. Correy, who started up the stairs at the first sound, would have been at the gallery-entrance before the man of the arrow could have dropped the hanging over his retreating figure. But it was not from her lips, poor girl, that this gasping shriek went up, but from those of the woman who saw the deed and knew from whom the arrow came and for whom it was meant. How do I know this? Because of the time which elapsed, the few precious minutes which allowed Mr. Roberts to get as far away as the court.
"For she did not voice her agony immediately. Even

she, with her own unwounded heart keeping up its functions, stood benumbed before this horror. Not till the full meaning of it all had penetrated her reluctant brain did she move or cry out. How long this interval was, whether three minutes were consumed by it, or five, we have no means of telling. She, in her despair, would take no note of time; nor would the poor child's lover, reeling in the opposite gallery under the shock of seeing all that

he loved taken from him in one awful minute.

"This question of time"—here he turned with great earnestness toward the two officials—"has been, as I have said before, the greatest stumbling-block we have encountered in our consideration of this crime. How could the assassin, by any means possible, have got so far away from the pedestal in the infinitesimal lapse of time between the cry that was heard and the quick alarm which fol-lowed? Now we know. Have you anything to say against this conclusion—any other explanation to give which will

account for every fact as this does?" His answer came in a dubious gesture from the district attorney and a half-hearted "No" from the assistant. And when the chief inspector remarked, with the evident inten-tion of goading him on, "This seems to be mainly a matter of conjecture, Gryce," the detective answered boldly: "I acknowledge that; but conjecture is what in nine cases out of ten smooths out most of our difficulties. have here a short statement made by myself, after the most careful inquiries, of all that Mrs. Taylor and Director Roberts did and said in the few difficult moments when they met face to face over the body of this young girl. I

will ask you to listen to a small portion of it:

"'She had not moved. After her one cry of horror which had brought a rush of witnesses upon the scene, she remained fixed on her knees in that absorbed introspection common to great crises. He, finding that his own safety demanded action suitable to his position as a director, had entered with the crowd and now stood in her presence and in that of his own diabolical work, in an attitude of cold courage such as certain strong natures are able to assume under the prossure of great emergencies.

"'So long as she was deaf to all appeal to rouse and explain the situation, he stood back, watchful and silent;

but when she finally roused and showed a disposition to speak, his desperation drove him into questioning her.

"'He asked her first if she could tell them from which direction came the arrow which ended this young girl's

life.
"'She made no reply in words, but glanced in a marked way at the opposite gallery.
"This called out from him the direct inquiry:

you see anyone over there at the moment the girl fell?"
"She shook her head. Afterward she explained the denial by saying that she had been looking down into the

"'But he did not cease his inquiries. Turning to the people gathered about him, he put the like question to them; but getting no answer, a silence followed, during which a woman suggested, in tones loud enough for all to hear, that there were no arrows on the other side of the court, but that the gallery where they stood was full of

"'This seemed to alarm Mrs. Taylor. Turning to Director Roberts, she began a series of questions on her own account. Was he sure that the opposite gallery held no arrows and no bows? And when he had answered that nothing of the kind was to be found along its whole length, she went on to ask whether or not the presence of anyone there could have escaped the observation of everybody above or below.
"'This, probably, was to see in just what danger he

"'His answer was that if anyone in the whole building had seen so much as a movement in the gallery opposite,

that person would have been heard from by this time.
"This may have been meant as a reassurance; but in effect it heightened her uneasiness, and she was heard to ask what he had in mind and why the people about her looked at her so. He did not answer directly, but said something about the police which increased her alarm to the point of an attempted justification. She said that it was true about the arrows, as anyone could see by looking up at the walls. But where was the bow? No one could shoot an arrow without a bow. And when some one shouted that if an arrow was used as a dagger one wouldn't need a bow, a sort of frenzy seized her, and she acted quite insane, falling at the young girl's side and whispering sentence after sentence into her dead ear.'

WHAT more was needed, to stamp her as a mad-Woman in the eyes of the ordinary observer? Nothing. But to you and me, with the cue just given, it has another look. She had just seen the man whom she herself spared from an accusation which would have been his ruin, accept in the coldest fashion an explanation which left her own innocence in doubt. What wonder if she were seized by a temporary aberration! It was not long before she became comparatively calm again, and so remained until in an interview I had with her a half-hour or so later, I urged her, possibly with too much insistence, for some explanation of the abnormal agitation she had shown at that time, when she broke forth with the remarkable statement that it was her husband she was mourning, stricken, as she believed, simultaneously with this child.

"Of course, such a coincidence was much too startling not to be regarded by us all as the ravings of delirium; nor has anything occurred since in the way of communication from, or in regard to, the absent one to show that this socalled warning of death had been followed up by fact. But if you test her action by the theory I have just advanced,-that the man she called husband was at that moment in the room with us and that these words were a plea to him, the last appeal of a broken-hearted woman for the support she felt her due,-how the atmosphere of unreason and mystery clears itself! His suggestion that what was needed was an alienist, and the pitiful efforts



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"If she talks again, as she is liable to do at any moment, do not check her, but remember every word. . . . . But do not by any show of curiosity endanger her recovery. I would not have her body or mind sacrificed on any account."

she made to exonerate herself without implicating him in the murderous event, fall naturally into place, as the action of a guilty man and the self-denying conduct of a devoted

"Romantic! Too romantic!" murmured the district at-"I should think we were listening to one of torney.

Dumas' tales.

"Dumas got his greatest effects from life; or so I have been told," remarked the chief inspector.

Mr. Gryce sat silent.

from consideration for Mr. Roberts, whom you have shown she hated. What was it, then? Have you an equally ingenious explanation for this too?"

"I have an explanation, but I cannot say that it is altogether satisfactory. She died but yesterday, and my opportunities have been small for any work since. What I have learned was from her sister-in-law, whom I saw this morning. Realizing that she will be obliged to give full testimony at the inevitable inquest, she is now ready to acknowledge that she has been aware for a long time of a



"Clever!" "And true, gentlemen; I will stake my reputation on it, unable as I am to explain every circumstance and close up every gap. Have you any further questions to ask, or shall I leave you to your deliberations?"

Suddenly the district attorney remarked, with the slightest tinge of irony edging his tone:

"I presume you would find a like explanation for the messages she professed to be sending to her husband when engaged in babbling fool words into the dead girl's ear?"

Certainly. He was there, mark you! He stood where he could both see and hear her. It was all in the way of an appeal for some token of regret, some sign that he appreciated her reticence; and when it brought her nothing, she fainted away."
"Ingenious, very ingenious, Gryce!" commented the dis-

trict attorney

"I should like to ask Mr. Gryce just one question," interposed his assistant. Then addressing the detective: "Two mysteries are involved in this matter. You have given us a clever explanation of one of them, but how about the other? Will you, before going further, tell us what connection you find between the theory just advanced, and the flight and ultimate suicide of Madame Duclos under circumstances which point to a desire to suppress evidence even at the cost of her life? It was not

secret in Madame's life-that while she knew nothing of its nature, she has always thought that it was in some way connected with her prolonged residence abroad, Whether it would also explain the meaning of her return at this time and the seemingly inexplicable change made in her daughter's name while en route must be left to our judg-ment. Madame had told her nothing. She came and went; then came again, only to flee for the second time without giving them the least excuse for her inexplicable conduct. An hundred questions could not elicit more.

"But to one who like myself has had the opportunity of seeing this unhappy woman at the moment of her supreme distress, an understanding is reached which suggests the only plausible explanation of her action. sacrifice was one of devotion! She perished in an exaltation of feeling. Love drove her to this desperate act—not the love of a woman for a man, but the love which women of her profound nature sometimes feel for one of their own sex. Mrs. Taylor was her friend,—wait! I hope to prove it,—and to save her from experiencing the extreme misery of seeing the man who was the joy as well as bane

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of her life suffer from the consequences of his own misdeeds, Antoinette Duclos felt willing to die, and did.

"You smile, gentlemen; you think the old man is approaching senility. Perhaps I am, but if the contention is raised that no connection has been shown to exist between Mrs. Taylor and this foreign Madame save that made by the death of Madame's child, I must retort by asking who warned Madame Duclos of the fatal occurrence at the Museum in time for her to flee before even our telephonemessages reached her hotel? Gentlemen, there was but one person who could have done this-our chief witness, Mrs. Taylor. She alone had not only the incentive but the necessary opportunity. Coroner Price, as well as myself, made a great mistake when we allowed Mrs. Taylor to go home alone."

"Very likely!" This from the chief inspector. "But if I have been told rightly, she seemed at that time quite rational, entirely dissociated with a deed whose origin had just been located in the opposite gallery. You needn't blame yourselves too much."

"True-our minds were diverted. But you are waiting for me to explain what I mean by opportunity. Since my attention has been redrawn to Mrs. Taylor, I have been making inquiries. The chauffeur who drove her to her hotel has been found, and he admits that she stopped once on her way to buy some coffee. He watched her as she went into the store, and he watched her as she came out; and he smelled the coffee. Happily, the interest he took in her as a sick woman of whom he was to take the greatest care was strong enough for him to be able to point out the It was one with two entrances, front and back; and next door to it was a public building with a long row of telephone-booths on the ground floor.

"If I read the incident aright, she bought her coffee, ordered it ground, slipped out at the rear and into the building next door, where unnoticed and unheard, she called up the Universal and got into communication with Madame Duclos. When she returned, it was by the same route. She did not forget her coffee or break under the great strain to which she had subjected herself, till she

reached her own apartment."

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"And true, gentlemen; I will stake my reputation on it, unable as I am to explain every circumstance and close up every gap. Have you any further questions to ask, or shall I leave you to your deliberations?"

#### CHAPTER XXVIII

A N hour later, when the chief inspector rose to depart, it was with the understanding that until the way before them was absolutely cleared and their duty in the matter became inevitable, no word of all this should reach the newspapers or even pass beyond the three officials interested. Strange to say, they were able to keep this compact, and days elapsed without any public recognition of the new factor which had entered into the consideration of this complicated crime.

Then a hint of what was seething in the official mind was allowed to carry its own shock to the person most interested. Carleton Marshall Roberts was summoned to an

interview with Coroner Price.

Mr. Roberts came at the time appointed, and Coroner Price, in welcoming him with becoming deference, could not but notice the great change which had taken place in him since the night they stood together in the Museum and saw the Indian make the trial with bow and arrow which located the point of delivery as that of the upper pedestal.

The Coroner, who was also of a somewhat stolid cut,

proffered him a seat and at once opened fire.

"You will pardon me any inconvenience I may have

put you to, Mr. Roberts, when I tell you that Coroner Davis, of Greene County, is anxious to have a few words He would have visited you at your home, but

I induced him to see you here."
"Coroner Davis, of Greene County!" Mr. Roberts was entirely surprised. "What business can he have with me?"

"It is in regard to the suicide of Madame Antoinette Duclos, committed, as you know, a week since, in the Catskills."

"Ah! an extraordinarily sad affair, and of considerable moment, I should judge, from its seeming connection with the unhappy affair occurring at our Museum. The girl's mother, was she not? Grief evidently unseated her brain. But"-here he changed his position quietly but with evident effort—"in what manner am I supposed to be in a position to help the Coroner in his inquiry into this case?"

Coroner Price proffered him a cigar, during the lighting

of which he remarked easily:

"You say that you didn't know Madame Duclos?"
"No—how should I? She was a foreigner, was she not?"

"Yes, but married here. Her husband was a French

professor and a naturalized citizen."

"I never knew him. Indeed, I find it hard to understand why I should be expected to show any interest in him or his wife."

"Well, I will tell you. You may not have known

Madame; but it is very certain that she knew you."
"She?" This certainly unexpected blow seemed to make some impression. "Will you give me your reasons for such an assertion? Was the name Duclos a false one? Was her name like that of her daughter—Willetts? If so, allow me to assure you that I never heard of a Willetts any more than I have of a Duclos. That a woman of whatever name or nationality should desert her child fills me with horror. I cannot speak of her, dead though she be, with any equanimity. A mother-and act as she did! She herself was to blame, and only she, for what happened to that beautiful girl-so young, so sweet, so innocent. I have a weakness for youth. To me, a girl of that type is sacred. Had I been blessed with such a child— But there, I am straying again from our point. What makes you say Madame Duclos knew me?"

B EFORE replying, the Coroner rose, and taking a small package from his desk, unwrapped it and laid out before the astonished eyes of Mr. Roberts the freshly printed photograph of himself with which we are so well acquainted, and then the half-demolished one which for all its imperfections showed that it had been originally struck off from the same negative.

"Do you recognize this portrait of yourself as one taken by Fredericks some dozen years ago?" "Yes—but this thing! Where was it found?" queried

the other with his finger on its tattered edges

"Ah, that is what I have called you here to hear. This remnant of what was once the counterpart of the other was found in the very condition in which you see it now, in the scrap-basket of the room where Madame Duclos lodged previous to her flight to the Catskills."

"This, with the face-"

"Just that! With the face riddled out of it by bullets! She shot six into it, at intervals—waiting for the passing of an elevated train by her windows, in the hope that the

bigger noise would drown the lesser."

"It is nothing," was Mr. Roberts' indignant comment as he brushed the picture aside. "That was never my picture, or she wanted a target for her skill and didn't care what she took. That is all I have to say to you or to the coroner of Greene County, of a matter in which I have no concern. I am sorry to disappoint both of you, but

He rose; the Coroner did not (Continued on page 138)



### Very MOVING PICTURES

### By ROYAL BROWN

IGHT days represented Jimmy Murshin's flyer in romance—and d eight days will go a long way. On

the first day (a Tuesday) Jimmy had a salary, a disciplined desire to tell his superior, James Maxwell Macey, what he thought of him, and an undisci-plined desire to flee should blue eyes (or feminine eyes of any hue) try to look into brown.

Jimmy's eyes were brown.

Eight days later-but perhaps it would be as well to start with the fateful Tuesday. It began as usual. Jimmy punched the time-clock at eight-thirty, and James Maxwell Macey came in a quarter of an hour later—and a quarter of an hour late. For though Macey was above punching the clock, his hours were theoretically the same as Jimmy's.

There was a tuck in Macey's brows, and his underlip was thrust out uncompromisingly, but Jimmy was not dismayed. This was merely Macey's way of impressing his subordinates with the fact that great was the Consolidated Construction and illustrious he its prophet. Once Macey must have been a boy, but never could he have had a shining morning face.

Macey had begun his connection with the Consolidated Construction as a claim-agent. He had, as Jimmy put

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE L. BOWER

it, got so many widows to sign away five-thousand-dollar cases for fifty dollars and burial expenses that they made him head of the department.

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When the company started a welfare department, they

put that in his charge. But his heart wasn't there.

Jimmy's was. It wasn't the kind of welfare-work college girls dote on, either. It meant getting the viewpoint and gaining the confidence of several thousand two-fisted men with hair on their chests and an instinctive antipathy for anybody in an office job-men who'd hand anybody they suspected of condescension a swift punch in the nose.

Once Jimmy's nose had been in danger, but he saved it so skillfully that he made a hit with the bunch, including the husky who had tried to drive a fist through the back of Jimmy's head. After that, Jimmy settled down to his idea of his job—which was to get conditions under which the men would work for the Consolidated Construction with their heads and their hearts as well as their hands.

Now and then Jimmy would get a big idea and-well,

the fateful Tuesday morning was a case in point.

The idea he sprung was O. K.; Jimmy was certain of it. There had been a time when Jimmy sincerely wondered if some of the ideas which Macey turned down weren't too youthfully optimistic; but he hadn't kept on wondering, for the same ideas had afterward been thought out, one by one, and put into operation by companies even bigger than the Consolidated Construction. Macey listened to the latest with an "Out-Wont Be Back To-day" expression

"Er—umph," he said when Jimmy finished. He selected a memorandum from his desk. "Er—there was a man killed in the boiler-plant last night. Get the foreman's report and send Hendricks out to see his daughter. She's an invalid and probably needs ready money bad. Hendricks that if he puts it up to her right, she ought to

settle for two hundred and fifty cash."

There were just exactly thirty-five good reasons, payable at the cashier's office every Saturday noon, why Jimmy didn't speak his piece then and there. At that, he came perilously near to it. Two hundred and fifty to an invalid daughter! Believe him, if he ever got a chance to tell

Macey a few-Jimmy took a deep breath. It was at this point that Bill Somesey blew in. Somesey was Jimmy's roommate, and as such he was inclined to usurp the duties and privileges of Jimmy's guardian angel. He was one of those energetic people who simply

radiate vitality, and he always came through a door as if somebody had primed him with four fingers of dynamite and then pushed the button.

"Whoopee," he shouted, and started a masculine impersonation of the Dolly Sisters both of them at once.

"Have a heart," begged Jimmy. "I'm not popular with the big chief now, and if he gets an idea I've started a dancing academy in the outer office, he'll-"

Somesey paused and dug into his pockets. "Here," he broke in, holding out a fistful of yellow-backs. "I got your share in regular money instead of a check, because nothing ever looks as convincing as hard cash. Eight thousand dollars! Count 'em."

Jimmy counted 'em.
"Say," he demanded, "where was this piece of real estate, anyhow? If you've been selling the State House or a slice of the Common to

some immigrant-" "Real estate, your grandmother!" exploded Somesey. "You've been taking a trip through the stock-market, Little Rollo, only you didn't know it. Come out to lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

They went to lunch, and it wasn't at the bathroom-finish bedlam Jimmy usually frequented, either. Jimmy ate while Somesey orated.

"It was a hot tip," said Somesey. "But I knew that if I told you about it, you'd cross your fingers; so I cooked up a story about a real-estate deal and eased you in, anyway."

'Supposing you'd lost?" "Not a chance!" said Somesey, as cocky a piker as ever escaped from the stock-market with less sense and more dollars than he went in with.

Jimmy tried to tell him so. But with a roll as big as John D.'s @ hourly allowance padding out both breast pockets until he looked like a perfect forty-six, he was handicapped.

It was a quarter past two when Jimmy got back to the office. The brunette who understudied Theda Bara in the outer office ceased vampiring the typewriter to tell him that Macey had been ringing every ten seconds for fifteen She intimated, with a grin, that Macey was as full of the love of humanity as a lady who'd just heard what the bridge club talked about during her absence last meeting

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Theda Bara was right.
"You're late," observed Macey.

It wasn't what he said but the way he said it that started Jimmy. "So were you, this morning," he observed.

It took them both by surprise. Jimmy recovered first, because he'd always suspected it would slip off the end of his tongue some day if he wasn't careful. As for Macey-well, Macey looked like a middle-aged fat man who has swallowed a bomb. While the bomb sputtered, Jimmy sat down.

"You-you impudent young idiot! You-you-" began

Macey.

"Now, don't tell me I'm fired," observed Jimmy coldly. "Remember that on your recommendation a rule has been made that no employee can be dismissed until a committee of three has sat on his case. The recommendation was yours, but the suggestion, as you'll remember, was mine. Most of the good suggestions were."

Macey sounded as if something he'd heard was disagreeing with him; so Jimmy paused and gave him a chance to get it off his mind. But he was speaking some foreign language-Jimmy couldn't make out whether it sounded like Sanskrit or what the steam radiator says just before it goes on a strike.

"If you're intimating I'm not to ask for a reference, we're quits," observed Jimmy. "Your work has been most



unsatisfactory, as far as I'm concerned-that is, such as you haven't left for me to do. I wouldn't advise any ambitious young man-

Macey suddenly became articulate.
"Get out," he bellowed. "Get out, or I'll—"

He intended to say "throw you out," but angry as he was, there was something incongruous in this; somehow Jimmy suggested those tremendously muscular young men who occasionally decorate magazine covers.

Jimmy rose. "Calm yourself," he advised. "I'm going to resign,

anyway."

Fifteen minutes later all that remained of the ties that had bound him to the Consolidated Construction was a disciplined desire to return and add a few footnotes to what he had said to Macey. Jimmy was like the rest of us in that the words in which he should have couched his ultimatums always occurred to him afterward.

Somesey gave three cheers when Jimmy told him

"Gave my boss notice I'd leave him flat to-day," he said. "I'm going into business on my own, April first. Come along in."

"A lot I know about real estate," protested Jimmy. "You can be a silent partner and let your money talk."
"What will I do until then?"

"Travel and broaden your mind. See America firstit's safer."

"Come and see it yourself."

"I'm going to. But I'm sorry, Jimmy, old top—two is company and three is what attends the inaugural ball."

"You're going to get married?"

"You win the grand piano. And I say, Jimmy, that's the ticket for you. A man with your money ought to get married. He owes it to suffering femininity.

"All right-you got me the money; now get me the

Somesey grinned. "I've been thinking about it. How would something like this hit you? 'A bashful young man with lovely dark hair, soulful brown eyes and a Leyendecker nose and chin would like to correspond with some young woman-

"How would something like this hit you?" asked Jimmy,

letting a military brush drive at him.

-with an idea of committing matrimony," finished Somesey, ducking the brush.

The dinner-bell saved his life.

It never occurred to Jimmy then that Somesey was doing anything more than riding him a bit. But the very next day when Jimmy returned to the boarding-house, he found eight letters waiting for him on the hat-rack. picked them up and started up the stairs to his room.

The first letter was postmarked Los Angeles. Jimmy

ripped it open and read:

Dear Sir:

I saw your advertisement in Cupid's Bowstring. In reply would state that I would be pleased to correspond with you. I am eighteen years old. Yours truly, ELIZABETH WISTRILL.

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Jimmy had just finished reading it for the third time when Somesey dashed in.

"Loan me that plaid necktie I gave you Christmas-

will you?" he began. Then he saw the letter. "Who's the lady?"

"None of your business," Jimmy told him, hastily shoving the letter into his pocket. As he did so, a picture fluttered to the floor. Jimmy got it back just in time.

"None of my business?" said Somesey with a grin. "Well, all I got to say is that I put that ad in Cupid's Bowstring a month ago, and it cost me a buck and a half. But it ought to be worth it. Now that the deluge has begun, you'll get letters by the ton, and probably some of the candidates will come to call on you. I know, because we tried it out on a chap in the office -a bashful chap like you, Jimmy. almost died."

Even the worm will turn. And except when some deadlier-of-thespecies walked all over him, Jimmy was no

"They wont find me here," he prophesied.
"You're not

(Continued on page 128)



"Oh, dear," said the only voice in the world, "why doesn't the doctor come? If he'd only open his eyes!"

## HIGH STAKES

By ANDREW SOUTAR

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

OTH men were under a cloud; both were striving to rise above that cloud; and one, Stanning, had almost succeeded. In all things evil there is some glimmer of good; and Stanning, in the belief that he had discovered a white speck in an otherwise doubtful career—Stanning, I suggest, was doing his level

best to encourage its growth.

There had been a time when, in a mechanical, automatic way, the official mind swung round to Stanning if a jewelrobbery of more than usual daring were brought to its notice. Stanning was a man of extraordinary attainments, and seldom descended to what might be termed the vulgar side of the "profession." He was gentlemanly in bearing, a linguist of considerable merit, quick in deduction, sometimes really brilliant in repartee. His presence graced a gathering, be it political, social or religious—yes, religious. He impressed men; he fascinated women. And

yet he was an accomplished thief!

Stanning's mind was wonderfully primed on the weaknesses and foibles of those among whom he moved. He would confess with a smile—and Stanning could smile with the suggestiveness of the Evil One-that his life was a mystery, that his male friends were conscious of the suspicion that surrounded him; but he held that the men and women loved him because of that suspicion. They were fascinated by the partially veiled hints of daring moves and coups-stories that touched the spirit of adventure latent in most of us. It was Rudolph Stanning who played cards with the idiot knight Saffronet for three whole days, won from him practically every inch of the stake (magical were Stanning's fingers when they toyed with a pack of cards!) and, seeing the tears in the foolish knight's eyes, deliberately dealt himself a king and the other an ace and suggested "double or quits" on the draw

Stanning was not wholly bad.

And so to the duel of wits which came six years after Rudolph Stanning retired into the country with the sweetest little woman for a wife that the mind can well imagine. Marie reminded one of a Rubens cherub that might have strayed from a canvas in some baronial hall. She was ridiculously small and childlike, and according to Stanning, wondrously beautiful and wise. On the fringe of the village of Meringer Dene, the Stanning house stood like a sentinel on the crest of a mound. It was a large house; the grounds were nicely wooded; and the drivethe most important of all if one seeks to impress-had a delicious touch of dignity and good breeding.

Ghosts walked the drive every night, but only Stanning's eyes picked them out. Happiness in his home-life was

actually impairing his nerve.



It was on a Sunday morning, and Stanning had just left the village church—had just bowed good morning to the Lady Alice of Mankin Park, when he became aware of a ghost following him as he headed toward home. (Stanning always walked to and from church, holding that to walk was reverent.)

The ghost, frock-coated, silk-hatted, overtook him midway between the last house in the village and his own residence. Stanning glanced sidewise and then smiled as he held out his hand.

"Your face is familar." "Culvert, Mr. Stanning."

"Ah! Dear old Inspector Culvert! Well, well, it does

one good to renew old acquaintances."

He shook hands with a warmth that would have deceived a jealous woman, and yet the heart that had been beating so joyously a short while before was throbbing with the pain of suspicion and fear.

"I left the service two years ago," said Culvert, and the

most unpracticed eye would have seen the expression of

relief that came into Stanning's face.

"Then the service is all the poorer to-day," he said. "There was a time"—he smiled insinuatingly—"when when a certain friend of mine used to regard Inspector Culvert as the one great obstacle between him and fortune. You will walk along with me?"

"Delighted! I was on my way to see you. . . .

Ah, there's a different class of men in the service nowadays. The heads came to the conclusion that Culvert was too old-fashioned, too tired-

"It's a wearing game," Stanning suggested, "this foxchasing. Eh! And you've had some runs in your time."
He laughed at a sudden recollection. "I remember that certain friend of mine-

"Rudolph Stanning."

"Hush, my dear Culvert. You have left the service. That friend of mine spent two thousand on a Cairo adventure that might have shown a profit of—"

"Twenty thousand?"

"Possibly. But the fox got into a Culvert. Eh? And was dug out."

"That's dead and forgotten," said Culvert, smiling. "Enough for me that the fox was never taken, although his quarry escaped. . . . . I was asked to tender my resigna-tion, and since then I have been making a more or less comfortable living out of private-inquiry work."

They had reached the drive. Stanning said, with a

touch of pardonable pride in his voice:

"My home, Culvert, in which only sweetness abides. Whatever you might have known about the old Stanning, I should like you to believe that the new is an entirely different entity. . . . Ah! There's my boy!"

different entity. . . . . Ah! There's my boy!"

A little chap of four or five, riding a Shetland pony, came out of the park into the drive. He galloped up to

his father.

"Morning, Daddy. You went away without kissing me

this morning.

"Wrong, old fellow." Stanning lifted him from the saddle and held him very tightly in his arms. "I kissed you good morning before your eyes were open. . . . . . This is Mr. Culvert, an old friend of mine."

"How do you do?" said the boy gravely; then he turned again to his father. "Lady Alice called this morning,

Daddy, just after you left."

"I saw Lady Alice at church, Toby," said Stanning. "She did not tell me that she had been here."

"No." The boy smiled knowingly. "It's a secret." Now, why did Culvert glance so quickly at Stanning? And why did Stanning's brows contract as

he returned the glance?

"A secret, Toby!"
"A picnic," said the boy ingenuously; "but you

mustn't say that I told you."

"Not for the world, old fellow." Stanning replaced the child on the pony. "Off you go," he said, and sighed. He you go," he said, and sighed. H turned to Culvert. "I used to think life didn't hold much for a man who had wandered, but-if anything happened to that boy-"

Culvert nodded, and watched

the boy out of sight.

They passed into the house and then entered the study.

"I'll ring for Mrs. Stanning."

"Don't," said Culvert quick-"Let's talk. Strange that the boy should mention Lady Alice!"

Stanning closed the study

door.

"Why?" he asked as he turned back. "Lady Alice is a "Why?" frequent visitor to my house, and we are not strangers at Mankin Park. Does that surprise you, Culvert?"

Culvert shook his head. To Stanning's sensitive mind, there was a dreary sense of impending trouble in the moment of silence that followed. Then:

"To be frank," said Culvert, "my visit to this district concerns Lady Alice."

Stanning scarcely moved a muscle of his face as he murmured: "Indeed!"

"Lady Alice gave a ball some time ago?"
"Three weeks ago," said Stanning quickly. "My wife and I were present. Lady Alice is exceedingly fond of Marie, my wife."

"The next day"-Culvert's voice was cold now, and dispassionate—"Lady Alice made the painful discovery that an heirloom, a string of fourteen brilliants-

"I know it well. Lady Alice wore it at the ball. have seen the string many times—in this house."

"This house?"

"On one occasion Lady Alice insisted on lending the

string to Marie."

Culvert's expression was easily translatable. idea of Lady Alice's lending her jewelry to the wife of a man like Stanning was ludicrous. Stanning, watching, understood what was passing in the other's mind. With the skill of a lawyer cross-examining, he drew Culvert's

attention to a Corot on the wall.
"By the way," he said, affecting carelessness, "that picture belonged to Mankin Park; I gave five thousand

If Culvert was impressed in the way that Stanning wished him to be impressed, he did not betray himself. And at that moment the voice of a woman, singing as she came across the hall, broke into the silence of the study.

"Marie-my wife," said Stanning softly, and there was

wonderful tenderness in his voice:

How cold you are, Fauvette! Selfish and bold—a born coquette. Yet when I see your eyes are wet, Ah, then I love you, sweet Fauvette!

Stanning opened the study-door; there was a look almost of entreaty in his eyes as he said to Culvert: "She is just a child."

Marie came to the threshold. small, oval face was flushed, for the wind in the park, where she had been obeying the dictates of Toby, was crisp and invigorating. Feathers of brown hair rambled over her forehead. She caught sight of Culvert before she could give Stanning her greeting, and she turned to her husband.

"An old acquaintance of mine, Marie," said Stanning lightly. met him on my way back this morning. He will stay to lunch."

She held out her hand to Culvert. "My little boy told me that Daddy had brought a gentleman with him."

A few minutes sufficed to place from the grounds. Laughter in house. Those threeher at her ease. Toby came in Laughter rang through the house.

Stanning, his wife and Toby-were a world unto themselves. Marie might never have known what it is to feel a tear welling up from the heart; and yet - and yet there came to Cul-





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A young woman on the venge of ending her life became of lack of employment. She had come to the conclusion that there was no place in the work for any woman who set high value on housesty. While the officer was interrogating her, a gentleman in evening dress had intervened.

vert's mind, as he sat at the table, the recollection of a story that had gone the official rounds some six years before. An officer had said that while passing along the embankment he had come upon a young woman-she said she was a milliner-who was on the verge of ending her life because of lack of employment: she was friendless. had been insulted by some one or other to whom she had applied for work and had come to the conclusion that there was no place in the world for any woman who set high value on honesty, And while the officer was interrogating her, a gentleman in evening dress had intervened. He spoke to the girl, questioned her in the presence of the officer and eventually offered her sanctuary in his house. Marriage followed within a fortnight. In some way, Stanning's name had come to be associated with that romance.

In the afternoon Marie played to them; then they went into the park, Marie clinging to the arm of Stanning and joying in the little pats that he gave her white hand as it rested on his arm. The love that lived between them was there for the world to see. Stanning idolized her; and Stanning, in her eyes, was the embodiment of chivalry. And in Toby, who ran on ahead, these two were living again.

Strange are the changes wrought by the evolutions of time. Culvert's mind ran back over the dead years. That thin yet powerful, blue-lined hand now caressing Marie's was said to have opened safes which the makers had sworn to be unbreakable; those delicately fash-ioned fingers that looked so frail were said to have held the whole body suspended from the sill of a magnate's bedroom window, high up in the Hotel Budere-the slightest relaxation, and a drop of nearly a hundred and fifty feet would have followed. For the opportunity of snapping the "bracelets" around those effeminatelooking wrists, Culvert himself, in the old days, would have given a year's salary.

But Rudolph Stanning was now a landed proprietor; he lived the life of a simple country gentleman. And he loved his wife and boy with a warmth that gave birth to a great yearning in Culvert's heart.

Night came, and after dinner the two men went to the smokingroom; Marie had taken the boy to bed-he was not to be intrusted to the care of servants.

Stanning helped his guest to whisky, lighted a ciga planted himself with his cigar. back to the fire, and-

"Now, my dear Culvert. what about those brilliants?"

"Bless my soul!" said Culvert. "The beautiful domestic calm of this house had almost driven the things from my mind. You are very comfortable here, Mr. Stanning."

"I do not complain." "It's the ideal life?"

"One man's delight is another man's abhorrence. So you have been engaged by Lady Alice? Strange that she never mentioned the loss to me!" Culvert caught his breath.

"I did not say that Lady Alice had sought my services," he said protestingly.

"No,"-Stanning smiled almost disdainfully,-"but you didn't come down to this lonely spot to admire the scenery. I have got it into my mind that you are seeking my services!

Culvert trembled with excitement. "How did you guess

that?" he cried. "By Jove, you're a thought-reader!"
"Don't be stupid"—coldly. "If you have come to talk business, talk it. I'll be frank with you; your presence in this house is—is rather, well, unsettling: it brings back so many memories that I am anxious to forget. How like an ostrich a man becomes when happiness breaks upon him! He thinks it so easy to wipe out the past and live only for the present. I had forgotten that the world didn't end at the boundary-line of this parish."

Culvert lowered his voice as he

said: "You don't know what be-

came of the brilliants?" "I haven't the faintest idea. Brilliants do not interest a man who is in a position to buy Hatton Garden."

"True!"—a little dolefully. Culvert rested his elbows on his knees and stared gloomily at the carpet. He was aroused from that attitude by a smart blow on his shoulder. Stanning

had taken two paces forward and was standing over him.

"What the devil are you insinuating?" he said.

"Nothing," said Culvert, looking up in sur-

prise "You're down here on a 'fishing' trip. What Come! is in your mind? Out with it. You say

that you left the service two years ago-"That's the truth. was under a cloud. started a private agency,

as I told you before. "But why come to me me?"

"Because I'm baffled." Stanning straightened himself and looked hard at his man; those keen, eagle

eyes were piercing in their intensity.
"Culvert,"—calmly yet warningly, "I should like you to understand my position before we go any further in this matter-in this discussion. Years ago you knew me for a rascal-a clever rascal, to use your own words to a friend of mine. I do not complain of the compliment. There was a time when I used

whatever wits I possessed, in giving the authorities a little exercise. I was young and single and liberty-loving; I had no responsibilities, no ties. I was never without money, Culvert—honest money. That may surprise you.... Wait one moment; I fancied that I heard a footstep." He went to the door and returned, saying: this house there are no memories of what I might have been years ago. I am judged for what I am to-day."

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Then they went into the park, Marie clinging to the arm of S The love that fived between them was there for the world to see

"I'm certain of that," said Culvert with a peculiarly sympathetic note in his voice.

"They love me," Stanning went on, "even as I love them my dear wife and boy. There is only one secret that I have kept from my wife-my past. When we married,it was a romantic affair, Culvert,-we agreed not to ask each other of what might have happened to us previous to our first meeting: we took each other for what we were. I'm in love with my wife."

"As I said just now, I was never without honest money. The love of adventure— Hang it, I don't know why I should tell you all this."

"I never listened to anyone with greater attention."

"Good! You saw my little fellow, Culvert?"

"A grand boy, Stanning."

"God-given! -laconically. "Culvert-"

"Stanning?"

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"I said the love of adventure-didn't I? Will you forgive what might appear to be conceit, or affectation, if I say that even as a boy I had but one dream-hero-Robin Hood? Never in the whole of my career did I take from anyone that which they couldn't afford to lose. There is a wonderful fascination in the mission of robbing the rich to

help the poor.
"I am trying to do my best now, Culvert, to atone for anything that might not have been-well, conventional, in my younger days. We, my Marie and I, are living for that boy. When we wake in the morning, our first thoughts are of him; we steal into his room every night before we

go to bed. . . . . Are you a family man, Culvert?"
"Yes,"—faintly,—"I have one son."
"Ah!" Stanning's face glowed with relief. "I was

afraid you might not be able to follow my thoughtsafraid that you might think me a sort of idiot. Then you know the glory of,"—Stanning's face was etherealized by tender memories in that minute,—"the glory of waking of a morning to hear the pad-pad of bare feet, to see a little face, all sleep and smiles and wonder, peeping over the edge of the bed at you. Eh? You know the joy of reaching out your arms and lifting in a soft, warm little body, tucking it under the clothes with you and—and snuggling in. Eh, Culvert?"

"Yes"-even more faintly than before.

A second of silence. Then:

"And yet you come here talking to me about somebody's brilliants! Why, man, if I were as poor as a crossing sweeper, all the jewels in a king's crown wouldn't tempt me to jeopardize the happiness of my boy for one hour.'

Then it was that the dramatic change in Culvert oc-Tears had come into his eyes while Stanning curred. was talking of his boy, and when he began to speak, his voice shook like a woman's in a moment of great sorrow:

"I'll tell you why I came," he said. "I knew that you lived in this district, although your name has dropped out of-of official conversation, this many a year. am a father. My boy is twenty, and you will find, as time passes, that love for a child increases with age; the baby ways never leave your memory. My son-my son has been to Mankin Park."

He waited for the exclamation of surprise that didn't

He went on:

"He was there on the night of the ball-was taken there by a personal friend of Lady Alice."

"Well?"

"And my boy is under suspicion!"

"Impossible!"

"It's true. The friend who took him there has actually questioned him about his movements during the ball. The boy came to me-just as your boy might come to you; and he asked for help, the help that a father can give a son. That is why I volunteered my services to Lady Alice. I asked her to let me try to get back her brilliants." He paused to clear his throat of sobs.

Again that "Well?"
"Help me," said Culvert, quickly, "help me to find them. You love your boy; I love mine. If your boy were threatened as mine is threatened, you would not hesitate to break in on the privacy of any man who might be able to help you. And I realized that if there was any man in the world who could help, it was you."

Culvert had risen to his feet; he was holding out his

hand appealingly.

From out of the unseen came to Stanning's ears the

voice of his boy Toby:

"Daddy, where does the hair come from that grows on your face? . . . Why do flowers go bad? . . . . . Don't kiss me so hard, Daddy. . . . . Yes, we'll snuggle in. Tell me a story. I'll start it: 'One day—'"

And Culvert too had a boy whom he loved! The boy was in trouble; many a time Stanning had thought of the possibility of Toby's being in trouble, with no one to give him a friendly hand.

"Culvert, you're a man after my own heart. Give me a

week."

Culvert nodded; he closed his eyes lest they should

betray him.

During the following week Rudolph Stanning applied himself to his task with all the energy that had marked his movements in the old, old days. He was ready for Culvert before the week passed. They went into the study. Stanning was pale, and there was a heaviness in his expression. Culvert was literally trembling with excitement.

"You said to me"-Stanning's voice suggested physical tiredness-"that you would go to Lady Alice and say: 'I have found them!' And there the matter would end."

"It was her own suggestion," said Culvert. "She had no other desire than the return of the heirloom."

Stanning drew a packet from his coatpocket.

"Would you recognize Lady Alice's bril-

liants if you saw them?" he asked.

Culvert was certain of it; he had seen the string several times and recalled the peculiar design of the setting.

Stanning handed him the packet.

"For the honor of your boy," he said quietly.
Feverishly, Culvert opened the packet. The fourteen brilliants laughed in his face.

"Whew!" he breathed.

Stanning had walked to the fireplace; his back was turned to the other man.

"I thought I had buried the past," he said sadly, "but you made me-

He never finished the sentence, for Culvert had laughed

harshly, and there was the click of a trigger drawn back. "My dear Stanning, I must be getting conceited in my old age, but I swear there isn't another man in the service who could have done it so neatly."

Stanning had swung round; he was staring at Culvert

in a dazed, hypnotized way.

"I'm sorry," said Culvert, "but knowing the character of the man I have to deal with, I shall have to ask you to hold out your hands-hold them together."

Stanning didn't move. Culvert held up the handcuffs with his right hand; in the left was the revolver.

Stanning opened his lips, but it was a long while before

he spoke.
"You said that you had left the service." "I'm afraid," said Culvert with a sneer, "that I said many things not quite true, but I was playing for high stakes, Stanning, and every guile had to be employed." "Guile?"

"I guessed that I could put my hand on the man who stole the brilliants, but it required a deal of thought to make certain without running the risk of being fooled by one who is as clever as the very devil himself. But I got you, Stanning—didn't I?"
"You trapped me." Stanning spoke in a monotone;

his head was inclined toward the door as though he were

listening for some sound.

The sound came—it had to come—it was inevitable. Toby was coming down the stairs, and he was singing:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

"Yes, I trapped you, Stanning. It was a ruse that wouldn't have occurred to one man in a thousand."

"You told me-told me about-about your son?" "Ha! That was neat. Eh? Don't attempt to put your hand in your pocket, Stanning. . . . . I have no son.

"And no sense of honor."

That's capital—from you."

"You fooled me. You had no pity." "Stanning,"-sharply,-"I shall not hesitate to wing you if you attempt-

"I shall not attempt anything," said Stanning quietly, "—at least, not yet. . . . Fooled me—eh?"

Again Culvert laughed.

"I call it a stroke of genius," he said pompously.

Stanning held up his hand to entreat silence. The boy had knocked at the door. "May I come in, Daddy?

Stanning gulped down the sobs that were threatening to choke him.

"Not for a moment, old boy," he called "Run away and play." back.

"But Daddy-

"I'll come to you-presently."

Culvert smiled.

'Daddy, Lady Alice is coming up the drive." Stanning glanced out the window; then he called: "Ask Mother to receive Lady Alice, old fellow."

They heard Marie cross the hall. Lady Alice was talking to her-talking in a loud, excited voice.

Dear Mrs. Stanning, I just had to rush over with the news. At the ball a few weeks ago-

Culvert repeated: "Hold out your hands."

"At the ball," Lady Alice went on, "I lost a string of brilliants-I thought they had been stolen."

Culvert threw up his head to listen.

"Thought they had been stolen, and I was positively ill. But this morning—less than half an hour ago—a maid found-the string lodged in the upholstery of a couch; they

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must have slipped from my neck."
"Fooled me!" Stanning was smiling. "Yes, you fooled me into believing that you were a man, Culvert; but you're a mean imitation. I was touched by your story; I tried to save your boy. What were you doing for mine?"

Culvert drew out the packet. "I don't understand—"

Stanning snatched the brilliants from him.

"Don't understand! No, you haven't the wit. See!"

He dropped the string of brilliants into the fire.
"Paste!" he said. "I made them, to save your boy!"
He opened a French window. "Get out," he commanded. Culvert stepped over the sill and hurried down the drive.

Moncure Kelts. . . . The judge of the Morals Court knew of him. The judges of the Speeders' Court were boredly familiar with him. Many chorus-girls knew him—though none had ever been heard to say she loved him.

Illustrated By W. E. HILL

### The LIMOUSINE

By IDA M. EVANS

HEN little seventeenyear-old Minnie Wills, who came from Three Oaks, Iowa, with her corn-

THE story of a

and the perils of a big city. Pity the big

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silk-yellow hair, bluebell eyes and pink, satiny cheeks, demurely added herself to the sales-force of the Royal Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits Shop, which is near State and Madison, which is about the busiest and most metropolitan street-intersection in the country, the entire Royal force, from taciturn, gray-haired Miss Welkins to pert, red-haired Essie, youngest of the errand-girls, raised cynical, disapproving eyebrows and exchanged weary, dis-

approving glances.
"Oh, dear me! Another!" exasperatedly sighed Miss Welkins. Having an invalid mother and a no-account father on her shoulders, Jane Welkins had grown to feel as though all the troubles of all the world came near her, and she was always ready with an exasperated sigh-which, however, did not pre-

vent her selling coats and suits with efficiency and dispatch. "Why don't silly doll-babies like her stay on the farm where they belong?" cynically sniffed fifteen-year-old Es-sie. "What's her folks thinkin' about, anyway?" Having neither mother nor father, nor any proof that she had ever possessed such relatives,—not being able to trace back ancestrally farther than the cement doorstep of an orphanage,—Essie took a cynical but intrusive interest in the lives of all of those who boasted "folks."

Marie, whose elaborately coifed blond head showed plenty of gray hairs when you met it in the clear day-light of the street, looked enviously at Minnie's cornsilky

figure-of-eight and advised lightly: "Say, girlie, Chicago's no safe place for that pretty mop. Take the advice of one that knows and beat it back to the cows and the chickens while the beating's good."

Eloise, whose big, bright brown eyes were several shades too bright to druggists and to other initiated persons, said harshly as she deftly arranged an armful of navy-blue taffeta Russian blouses over a rack: "Whatcher doing

here, anyway?"

With a toss of her silky yellow head, at the same time listening obediently while Gertrude, the stout stock-girl, told her which racks held the nine-ninety-eight charmeuse inpires and which the seven-seventy-seven bengaline Directoires, Minnie explained that she didn't like life in Three Oaks. It was too slow—and dark at nights. She wanted to see the bright lights. She wanted to spend her young days in a place where time went in surging leaps, like a bright balloon before a swelling wind, not where it crawled like an old, stiff-at-the-joints family horse.

"My Gawd! Aint she original!" commented Eloise.
"That's what they all say," commiserated Marie.
"Say, little un, there's lots of balloons that come sagging to the ground."

"Some one ought to blindfold her, spank her and lead

her home," snapped Gertrude.
"Dear me, yes," sighed Miss Welkins.

BEFORE the dullness of the eight and nine o'clock hours had yielded to ten o'clock's first faint sprinkling of customers, the whole shop knew pretty little Minnie's simple little history. In the Royal establishment there was no niche for reserve or reticence. No new girl, not the shyest nor the most mum, had ever been known to hold back the story of her life longer than three days from Marie's crafty courtesy and from the rudely blunt queries of Essie. Minnie was a bit shy-at first-but far from mum.

But her little story was painfully familiar to the hearers. Some of them yawned and strolled away while she told that she lived with her father and stepmother on a farm at the edge of Three Oaks, Iowa, a dull hamlet of four hundred dull souls. Awfully narrow-minded souls! sadly sighed Minnie. No-o, her father and stepmother weren't very mean to her; but the pretty rose-tinted face took on a tinge of sullenness, as though Minnie would not divulge incidents of actual mistreatment. In Three Oaks lived a woman visited every summer by a sister-in-law whose aunt-in-law was a rooming-house-keeper on Dearborn Avenue. So Minnie had slyly procured the address of the rooming-house, saved thirty dollars and—here she was.
"And you're a little fool," tartly commented Marie at

the story's end.
"Why?" demanded Minnie, her pretty lips beginning to tremble sullenly.

"Several reasons," said Marie, her eyes appraising the girl's perfect young cheek.

The cheek went a shade pinker under the appraisal, and Minnie's lips thinned into a little smirking smile.
"Vain as well as pretty," muttered Gertrude to Eloise.
"Gee, I see her swift finish!"

"My dear, this town is no place for a young, ignorant, attractive girl," said Miss Welkins earnestly, picking up a mustard Empire which Gertrude, muttering, had dropped. "You better go back home, at once,"—glaring at Minnie's small chin, which was as white and soft as the back of a baby's hand.

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant!" stated Minnie with a pettish toss of her yellow head. "I graduated from eighth grade. That's as far as Three Oaks' school goes."

At a pier-glass, pushing some gray hairs back concealingly under some yellow ones, Marie laughed unkindly. "Even so, chicken,"—dryly,—"you may learn something here."

"I guess so!" said Eloise meaningly

"You all talk just like Jed!" Minnie's complaining pout was tinged with temper.

"Jed!" chorused two or three. Essie shrugged her

skinny young shoulders amusedly.
"Oh, of course there's a Jed," snapped Gertrude, arranging maroon plush Empire coats.

"Of course!" sighed Miss Welkins wearily, rearranging

"Poor Jed!" mocked Eloise, gliding toward an entering customer for an Empire coat.

"Jed Bronson? Oh, his father owns the farm next

"It's almost always the farm next Pa's," lightly laughed Marie, measuring to see if she could meet the customer before Eloise.

As she couldn't, she remained to hear Minnie add, with a pout and a giggle, that when she got on the train to leave, Jed sat down on a trunk at the depot and simply boo-hooed-right before old Bill Cummins, the baggageman, though he might have remembered that old tobaccochewing Bill had a tongue as long as a phaëton-shaft and would spread a snickering account of the display of emotion all over the county before Jed could drive his spring-But Jed never cared who saw or heard wagon home. anything he did!

Minnie further added that Jed Bronson certainly did look funny when he boo-hooed. His tow hair stuck up where he ran his broad brown fingers desperately through it, and his light blue eyes stared straight open while great

tears plowed down his large tanned cheeks.

"Well, I'd be ashamed to laugh at him," sternly rebuked ssie, who was a film fan. "Some day you may learn Essie, who was a film fan. that a faithful heart-

"This morning I saw 'An Unfaithful Heart,' with Theda Bickford, on a billboard," vivaciously broke in Minnie. "I bet it's good! Three Oaks has a terrible poor movie

THREE days later Minnie had enjoyably seen "An Unfaithful Heart," with Essie; had learned fairly well to make out cash- and charge-checks; knew the taffeta racks from the charmeuse; had tried on all the bright blue taffeta dresses, size thirty-four, and most of the green ones—also the mustard and rose velvet evening coats; had quarreled with Eloise over her locker-space; had been late twice; had copied Marie's coiffure; had learned the names of all the cross-streets of the Loop; had discarded Marie's style of coiffure; had bought a pair of mustardtopped shoes, a manicure set, two pairs of silk stockings, an eyebrow pencil and some toilet water; had beheld, openeyed, a sandwich man, a strikers' parade, a departmentstore windowful of delicate pink silk undergarments such as never had been worn in Three Oaks, and another windowful of delicate candies such as never would be seen in Three Oaks; and in a cafeteria had tasted for the first time in her life tuna salad and Nesselrode pudding. But Minnie giggled at the cafeterias and said they were worse than the kitchen at home in threshing-time.

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Five days later, as with Gertrude she stepped out of the shop at noon hour, her eyes met the admiring ones of Moncure Kelts, a man who knew the Loop as a bear knows its cave. As he passed down State Street, the curve of Minnie's pink cheek caught his eye as the dart of a minnow through cool June waters catches the glance of the bold and hungry croppie.

Minnie tossed her cornsilk-yellow head under his bold gaze and pouted to Gertrude: "I guess it's true that city "I guess it's true that city

men stare awful at a poor girl! Jed said they would."
"None stare at me," coldly informed Gertrude. if any did, I could soon stop him."

Minnie shot a small sidewise glance at Gertrude's stocky profile.



"My dear, this town is no place for a young, ignorant, attractive girl," said Miss Welkins earnestly. "You better go back home, at once."
"Oh, I'm not so ignorant!" stated Minne.

"I shouldn't wonder,"—calmly. Gertrude eyed her sharply. But the bluebell eyes seemed guileless. Minnie went on to sigh: "Maybe this man, though, didn't mean Minnie any harm. He looked like he belonged to a swell club and owned a limousine—didn't he?"

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"He looked more like a movie supe to me, beating it for a free-lunch counter," snapped Gertrude.

But it proved that Minnie was more astute than the city-born Gertrude. Three days later the Royal establishment was-well, annoyed best describes that place's state of mind when it learned that Minnie, little country Minnie, had made acquaintance with Moncure Kelts.

All of them knew all about him. Lots of other folks in big Chicago knew all about him. The judge of the Morals Court knew of him. The judges of the Speeders' Court were boredly familiar with him. Many chorus-girls knew him-though none had ever been heard to say that she loved him. Sunday supplements and readers of Sunday supplements knew him-though for a year or two now

he had been considered stale material. A father or two and a few brothers had threatened to thrash him. Oneit was rumored—had once carried out the threat. the rich son of a rich father, now dead—thankfully dead, considering his son, it was reported. He was a shapely young man, with a round, dimpled chin, rather narrow gray eyes, and a tiny brown Charley Chaplin mustache.

Eloise was the first to try to enlighten Minnie. "He's a bad egg, young un," she informed irritably. "If you weren't a little simpleton, you'd know it without being told. Those narrow, bright gray eyes of his—"

"I got a friend who knew a girl, a milliner, who knew him once," related Marie significantly.

"He thought I was a girl he knew, or he wouldn't have come up and spoken to me on the street," explained Minnie blandly. "He—he was awfully polite!"
"He can be," sneered Eloise, her too-bright eyes as hard

as the painted metal buttons on the serge street-frock on her arm. She looked angrily at Minnie's baby-white,

baby-soft chin. "But I've talked with folks who've seen him when he wasn't—polite. "Jed said," remarked M

remarked Minnie demurely, "that men who weren't always polite would always be polite to me." Eloise and Marie exchanged looks.

Then Miss Welkins, with a sigh and a frown and a stiff compression of her thin, seamed lips, thought it best to give Minnie excerpts-careful excerpts fit for Minnie's little white Three Oaks ears-from the gentleman's notorious history. Minnie listened respectfully, her bluebell eyes as interested as when they beheld the entrancing wrigglings of "An Unfaithful Heart."

Miss Welkins ended with a kindly, tactful, "And what do you suppose that nice Jed would say if he knew you were making such free acquaintance with a strange man?"

Minnie smiled respectfully and pleasantly and said that Jed wouldn't be a bit surprised! While he helped Bill Cummins hoist her trunk on the No. 4 the day she left, he told her, dejectedly but positively, that he knew very well she'd meet a city guy right away and pass him and Three Oaks up forever.

Eloise and Marie and Miss Welkins exchanged looks, as did Gertrude and Essie. And Essie broke forth angrily: "Well, anyway, I've a good notion to write and tell him what you're doing!"

Minnie gave Essie a little smile that was as bland and condescending as a Chinese statesman's. "Lots of girls back at Three Oaks used to carry tales of me to Jed, but he never believed 'em. He told 'em they were just jealous cats."

"Oh!" was all Essie at the moment could find to say. Viciously she dumped some white corduroy Norfolks on the wrong rack.

Minnie eyed them wistfully. "Oh my, I do love white velvet clothes!"

"So do lots of other folks," tartly observed stocky Ger-trude. "So do I!"

Minnie eyed Gertrude's stout ps pensively. "But Jed says I hips pensively. look better in white than most girls

do," she sighed plaintively.
"Oh—does he?" was all Gertrude could find to say.

Marie chuckled.

During the week that followed, Minnie Wills lunched once with Mr. Moncure Kelts, dined twice and motored thrice. She pirouetted among the coats- and suits-racks as she told delightedly of these good times which she was having. Hearing, the Royal establishment's first concerned annoyance swelled into real annoyed concern. Not that it had come to love little pretty Minnie exceedingly well. Her bland vanity rather irritated even tolerant Jane Welkins, while Gertrude and Essie raged continually because she lazily left coats and suits scattered around on chair-backs and -arms after customers had departed, instead of dutifully returning them to their respective racks.

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But even Eloise, who never pretended that her own sense of decorum had not long ago been lost in the greasy shuffle of life, said angrily that it made her sick to see a beast like Kelts get hold of so lovely a lit-

tle ninny. "Me too," snapped Marie, scowling-though as a rule Marie was careful not to let any lines, even those of a momentary scowl, mar the carefully cultivated smoothness of her oldish blond face. "Lordy, I wish her complexion belonged to me. I could use it better, and she'd be safer without it."

"I had "I had a complexion once," sneered Eloise. "A lot of good it did me,"—bitterly. "I'm right where I was when I started—in the coats and suits."

Both stared wrathfully at Minnie, preening before a pier-glass in a rose silk Jersey sports-suit. So dowered and so foolish!

With as worried a look as when her mother needed a specialist, Jane



Welkins again talked seriously to her. "My dear, the girls who have ridden in a Kelts limousine have paid dearly always."

"It's a lovely limousine!" pouted Minnie resentfully. "And I—I do Street-cars seem love a limousine!

horrid afterward!"

"Think of it!" sneered Eloise. "And two months back, in Three Oaks, she longed to ride in street-

Gertrude, hands akimbo, cheeks red with annoyance, spoke warmly. "Say, I've never set my foot inside a limousine yet. But I aint suffer-

"Oh my, isn't that a shame!" cooed Minnie with real pity. "Some Sunday afternoon I'll ask Mr. Kelts to take you along with us for a lit-tle spin."

"How kind you are!" sarcastically and resentfully flashed Gertrude. "But I wont trouble you."

"It wont be any trouble," said Minnie. Apparently Minnie did not know sarcasm when she met it! "Jed says he never saw anyone that was naturally as kind-hearted as I

"Oh!" cried Gertrude, stamping

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Moncure Kelts had the extreme audacity to swagger into the shop late one afternoon. Under his narrow gray eyes, which, like Eloise's, were too bright to druggists and to other initiated folks, lay dark, unpleasant circles, though he was only about twenty-seven years old. His bright eyes and Eloise's met in a mutual, cynical flash of dislike. He and Marie gave each other an ugly smile. Moncure Kelts had a reputation for not caring for "oldish" girls, and Marie knew it. Jane Welkins' disapproving glance he patronizingly ignored, as also he overlooked Gertrude's inspecting scowl. At Essie he winked; she put out her tongue insolently. Then Minnie fluttered in from the stockroom, into whose treasures she had childishly delving, and the

too bright eyes brightened still more with genuine admiration—at which the shop frowned in a body. Under his jaunty, modish brown mustache, his lips showed their too large, too red fullness in a smile to which Minnie responded like a-"Little fool!" as Marie wrathfully muttered.

The next day Minnie paid four dollars and ninety-eight cents for one of the imitation white fox throws that were the rage. With the money she should have paid two weeks' room-rent.

"But," she sighed apologetically, "Jed says that all men like to see a girl dressed stylishly, especially if it's

fluffy and pretty too."

"I don't think a four-ninety-eight fur will make much of an impression on Mr. Moncure Kelts," disagreeably remarked Eloise. "Last winter he went around with a musical-comedy star whose Russian sables were the talk of the country.

"Is that so?" interestedly asked Minnie, her bluebell



eves wide. "Isn't it funny-Jed always said"-demurely -"that he bet I could cut out any woman with any man! At the choking expression on Eloise's face, Marie chuckled.

But a week later it was Eloise who chuckled at the horrified expression on Marie's blasé countenance. For into the shop that morning-late, as now happened three mornings out of six-fluttered Minnie, all flushed and pretty and satisfied, in a white fur neckpiece that cost nearer forty-nine dollars and eighty cents than four dol-lars and ninety-eight. Just a little gift from Moncure Kelts, who had so much money that he'd never miss the trifling pennies he paid for it!

"Say, you've got to give that back right away!" ordered

Marie in a white fury.

"Betcha dollars to doughnuts she don't," cynically laughed Eloise.

And Minnie, with a cold toss of her cornsilky yellow

head, said haughtily that really she saw no reason for hurting Mr. Kelts' kindly feelings by returning his little gift. Marie began to storm. "Are you really a fool, Minnie? Don't you understand that when a man gives things like

that to a girl-"

With an air of wisdom Minnie interrupted: "Jed says that when a man loves a girl, he spends money on her—all he's got, usually. And if he hasn't got any, he gets

some somewhere - any-

where."

For a minute there was silence in the Royal Coats and Suits Shop—a silence that rustled like a knocked-over rack of stiff Then taffeta petticoats. laughed harshly. Eloise "And I suppose Jed wouldn't say a word if he heard, that a fellow like Kelts was spending money on you!"

"Oh, Jed always said, whenever I mentioned coming here, that just as soon as I struck town, some rich man would see me and lose his head and try to turn my head with his presents," sighed Minnie pen-

sively.

Eloise stalked away from

her.

It was that same day that Minnie read Jed's last letter to Gertrude and Essie. Eloise and Marie were busy with customers, and Jane Welkins was superintending them, or Minnie would generously have included them also in the audience. It was an earnest letter. Jed Bronson said: "Honey, you know I aint the man to stand in your way if you have met a man who'll make you happier than I can. But for God's sake, darling, don't throw your beautiful self away on anyone who is unworthy of you."

"It's a great pity Jed isn't here," snapped Essie. "Take it from me, you need some one to take care of you."

"Oh, Jed said he guessed I could always take pretty good care of myself most any place," said Minnie. "And I'm getting tired of the way you all talk to me," she added with a pout.

"I don't especially enjoy talking to you," sniffed Essie, and she walked off to hold Jersey sports-suits while Eloise

coaxed a hesitant customer to try them on.

Minnie followed and tried a green-and-white one on herself, preening in front of a mirror and utterly ignoring another customer who needed attention. As a saleswoman, Minnie had come to have all the faults that Jane Welkins abhorred. She was late, indolent, disregardful of reprimands, devoted to herself all the firm's time that she possibly could, paid more attention to mirrors than to customers-in short, earned her discharge about ten times

"And she'd go scooting in a minute!" half moaned poor

Jane Welkins, torn between her duty to her firm and her conscience. "But goodness knows what she'd do if I turned her off! I'd never sleep nights thinking what was happening to her."

Of course!" snapped and sympathized Marie.

It was not long, though, until Minnie sulkily began to hint that she herself might use the knife to sever a perfectly good seven-dollars-a-week job from her pretty self.

"It's too hard work," she whimpered, "getting up early every morning and standing on my feet all day."

"When all day?" sniffed Essie. "None of us has seen you do it yet; you've about wore out that settee near the rear racks."

"And eating skimpy meals at cafeterias! Say, good gracious, if a Three Oaks boarding-house-keeper served such skimpy portions, her boarders would all leave!" grumbled Minnie, ignoring Essie. "I'd be hungry all the time if it wasn't for Mr. Kelts."

"Lots of people in this town are hungry," said Gertrude righteously, "but no one cares to listen about

it."

"And "And I'm in debt!" sighed Minnie. "I don't know how many weeks' room-rent I owe. I wish" — pointedly — "I knew some one who'd lend me twelve dollars so I could settle up."

Silence hung over the shop-silence that rattled

like a hailstorm.

"Oh, I'd pay it back!" vowed Minnie resentfully. "You needn't all be afraid. If I couldn't get it any other way, I'd ask Jed or Moncure Kelts to pay you back for me."

It was Jane Welkins who with a sigh dived down into a black cotton

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stocking and produced three two-dollar bills. "All I can spare,"—grimly. "And I can't spare that."
"Why did you do it?" Marie coldly asked her later.

"She'll merely strike you for another one pretty soon."
"I dare say," sighed Jane Welkins.
If Minnie settled up her debts, she did not tell. Instead

she appeared the next day in new corn-color-topped shoes. "Jed always says," she observed rather sheepishly, "that when a person's feet are as pretty as mine, it's a shame not to keep them in pretty shoes.

"Oh, shut up for a while about Jed," irritably ordered loise. "And say! I dunno why the rest of us should get here at eight sharp or get fired, while you come lollin' in

at eight-forty-five! It isn't exactly fair!" Over Minnie's pretty pink-and-white face crept a streak of sulky red. "I'm not crazy about getting down

here at all. I wish I didn't have to work for my living."
"Lots of other folks wish that," snorted Gertrude. "Moncure Kelts," said Minnie (Continued on page 156)



### What Happened in the First Half of This Story

THIS is the story of Lalage, Thorney-croft Fowler's ward, and of the strange treasure known as the Queen of Sheba's crown, which was sent Lalage by her explorer guardian in care of a Nepaulese, from his deathbed in Turkestan. This is also the story of the Dollar Doctor—so named because of his unvarying fee; of Hewlett Connor, fiance of Lalage; of the self-styled Rector in Partibus, a street-corner evangelist of sudden fame; and of Sir ner evangelist of sudden fame; and of Sir Patrick and Lady Morgan, noted English actors, who five years previously, upon the failure of an expensive classic production, had cursed their audience and disappeared,

and have not since been heard from.

Crisis comes when the Dollar Doctor sees the Rector in Partibus dining at the Plaza with Lalage, who is showing the Rector a letter from Fowler describing his dying gift. The Doctor goes over to the Rector and greets him as an old friend—whereupon the Rector snatches Lalage's letter and flees, leaving his clerical vestments in the hall!

Next Connor and Lalage meet a gipsy woman outside Lalage's apartment. Later

woman outside Laiage's apartment. Later the sound of a scuffle brings them outside again—and they find the gipsy throttling an Oriental who carries a box under his arm. The gipsy escapes; Connor pursues—and recognizes the well-dressed young man speeding off in an auto as the erst-while rector and the gipsy of a moment before.



### The CROWN of SHEBA'S QUEEN

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD CULTER

HE Dollar Doctor gave a part of that evening to a strange visitor-who sat

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back in the chair of the doctor's office, with his long legs,

in their corduroy trousers and knee-high boots, stretched to an unbelievable length before him. The bulk of his body was enormous-it bulged through the velvet coat he wore, and for all his age, his neck was as bull-like as ever beneath the knotted red handkerchief that bound it. His heavy gold earrings shook beneath the gay bandanna that bound his head as he talked, and in the brown fingers of one slim hand he held an unlighted cigarette with which he gesticulated in wide, sweeping movements.

"A betie woman she was, Drab-engro," he said in his deep, guttural tones, "a little woman, Doctor! No higher was she than my waist line. And so beautiful! So beautiful as the moon rising over a wood, all dark colors, like a true Romany, and her face the color of a used gold-piece. And when she danced, she was as lissom as the little boughs of a tree, and as quick as a rabbit turning. Her feet were not as big as my thumb, and they would flick in and out, Drab-engro, like light flashing on a jewel. Her hair would fall about her, and her eyes sparkle, and her hands move like water. It was said that if a man met all the misfortune in the world, that if he lost everything he had, if his friends had turned, and if before him there was nothing but the starless prospect of death, that to

see her dance to the music of boshes, he would believe that his last hour in the world was the first hour of Ajaw! That is so!" Paradise.

He put his cigarette in his mouth and prepared to light it, but narration got the better of him and he began again: "Before the King of the Turks she danced, Drab-engro," -he shook a finger in emphasis, - "shoon, Drab-engro! before the King of the Turks. She danced the Dance of the Mountains and the Dance of the Plains and the Dance of Running Rivers, and in the first dance you could see the wind among the boughs, and in the second you could see the wind over the grass, and in the third you could see the wind between the reeds. And the King of the Turks said: 'Give her anything she wants, even if it were the empire of the Turks.' And she laughed and said: 'I want nothing except the great ruby you have;' and his smiths worked it into a circle of silver for her hair."

He thought a minute or so, his white eyebrows coming together in an effort to concentrate.

"I am not sure how long she stayed among the Turks,

Drab-engro, for this was in my father's time, not in mine; but this I know, and it is no hoquepen; it is the truth. After that she went to the King of the Persians, and for him she danced three dances: the Dance of the Swallows on the Cliffs and the Dance of the Homing Bees and the Dance of the Doe—three difficult dances, Drab-engro, very rinkenny, very beautiful. The King said to her: 'Take all Persia, but stay in it and dance.' 'But,' she answered him, 'I would forego all Persia to follow the patteran at the dawn of day.' And he gave her a topaz to put at the back of the circlet—the ruby was to the front. And he let her go her way."

He was a long time lost in thought, shaking his head. "That is a long time ago," he said, "in my father's time."

The Dollar Doctor prompted him.

"And then?" he asked.

"She went to Baroda next, over the bori-pawnee, the great ocean, into India, and again she danced before the King of the country—among the gorgios she would dance for no one less than a king or a great prince, though she would dance for the simplest Romany chal or chai—and as she danced, and her feet moving to the tune of fiddles and her body spinning like a top on the smooth ground, the King of Baroda became full of love for her. 'One betie choom from her mui, one little kiss of her mouth,' he said, 'and I will give her all the men of Baroda to be soldiers to her, and all the women to be slaves, that she might conquer the world.' But she shook her head, and he kissed her foot lightly, and gave her a sapphire for the circlet on her head. And so she left Baroda."

"But in the end," the doctor asked. "What became of

her in the end?"

"A moment, Drab-engro! From Baroda she went into Kashmir and came before the King of Kashmir. For him she danced the Dance of the Falling Peach Blossoms and the Dance of Swans. And the King of Kashmir caused poems to be written about her, poems in which her name was mentioned a thousand times and three, and he had them written down on silver paper in letters of gold. And he gave her an emerald to make four stones in the circlet. And from there she went into the mountains, and Death came on her, and she died."

He was silent for a long minute, and his hands were listless. The doctor addressed him gently.

"How was that?" he asked.

"Beyond Kashmir and beyond the mountains where the end of the world is, Drab-engro, she heard there lived a king who was a god and a prince and a priest in one, in a land called Tibet, but there is no such land, for everyone knows that the mountains there are the end of the poov. She said: 'I will dance before him, and instead of jewels he will give me the secrets of the next world, for he is a god as well as a king.' She started off in her caravan; a hundred horses she had with her, and a hundred fiddlers to make music for her dancing, and fifty women to tell fortunes, and twenty wagons loaded with the presents she was given in her progress through the countries. They went higher and higher, and the barbarians who live at the end of the world came upon them in the mountains, and fell upon them with swords, and she, seeing that if she were not killed she would be taken by them, drew her churi knife and ended it all. She died up there at the end of the world, Drab-engro, the light of the Romanies, the golden-footed dancer, the Rawnie lady whom kings had sighed for."

He threw his cigarette away with a dramatic sweep of

arm and hand. Again he shook his head.

"All this is very long ago," he said, "in my father's time, not in mine."

AGAIN Lalage Fowler and Connor sat together in that white-and-gold drawing-room that seemed no more than a background for her portrait, and as they stayed together, awaiting the coming of the great physician whom the East Side had dubbed the Dollar Doctor, there seemed to grow between them a great and mute bond that all their casual years together had not known. They had met in the morning. They had met in the afternoon. And now here to-night they were together again, and an atmosphere of domesticity was steadily and subtly permeating them. So much at ease were they, and so comfortable did everything appear, that there occurred to them no reason that they should not be both there indefinitely. She was more beautiful than ever in this room of hers, with the delicate



He looked, and there, leaning toward him, was Lady Morgan. Shaking in her hand was the automatic. "Let him go!" Her voice nearly broke into a scream. . . . . "Cut out the rough stuff," came a house drawl from the pier. "What do you think you're doing—playing in a two-a-day?"

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brocaded chairs bringing out dramatically the dim darkness of her. It struck Connor with a sense of awe, as he looked about the room, what a feminine little thing she was, despite how hard she could ride and how well she could swim. For the fifth time he was going to propose to her, he felt, and for the fifth time he was as certain he would be refused; and his sense of pride revolted at the thought. He wished the doctor would come and put an end to it,

before he made a fool of himself again.

And she, as she sat there, felt she knew and appreciated him more than ever. She looked at his well-trained length as he walked silently about the room, his spreading shoulders and slim girth and lean, muscular legs. A man! she thought, a man and a sportsman! And she smiled a little to herself as she glanced at the snub nose and red hair. He wasn't beautiful, poor Hewlett! and he was simple as a child. Even now, she sensed tenderly, he was thinking as to whether he should ask her to marry him, and was afraid for fear of refusal. Would she refuse him, though, she asked herself; and she smiled again. If she did, he might go away for good; and at the thought of that a queer pang struck her. She had been so afraid to-day. And that fear had left her the moment he appeared. She felt as if he were fit to combat anything, human or supernatural, that might raise its head to threaten her. Why, he had taken the crown in his hand just as if it had been a parcel from the grocer's.

The crown! Her thoughts swung back into the familiar runway. The crown that had come to her, and that had once been Hers of Sheba! She looked to where it lay on the table, in its plain box of Chinese inlaid wood, not four inches high and not a foot square, with its unbroken seal the imprint of Thorneycroft Fowler's ring. All through the evening her curiosity was urging her to open it and see what it was like; but she had thought of the doctor's warning and had decided to wait until he could come to open it. She had imagined a great edifice of gold and precious stones, towering tier on tier, but the box could hold only a shallow band. Her fingers itched to open it. She realized with a start that Connor was speaking.

"I said, 'I want to see Achmet Mansur.' The interne said, 'Is that the chap with the fractured jaw?'
'Yes!' 'He'll be all right,' they told me. 'Who bit I said, 'Yes!' 'He'll be all right,' they told me. 'Who hit him— Willard?' they asked. 'No,' I said, 'a gipsy woman.' They looked as if they wanted to put me in the psychopathic ward."

"But you saw him?" Lalage insisted.
"Oh, yes, I saw him," Connor answered. "He'll be all right in a day or so. He regained consciousness a few minutes before I came, and then fell asleep. He tried to say something, but they couldn't understand him. A fine welcome he got."

He looked at his watch impatiently.

"When did the doctor say he'd be here?" he asked.

"By ten at latest," Lalage answered; and as she spoke, from somewhere to the west a church bell broke into nine reverberating strokes, slow, rhythmic, brazen beats. moved to the windows together unconsciously and looked out. The queer, assorted sounds of night life struck their ears: the thudding of the elevated train over its structure, the warning of automobile horns, the murmur of conversation from the Avenue, the strident tones of an itinerant preacher in a side-street, the rumble of a truck, the clumping feet of a horse in the shafts of a hansom-all blending into a vast symphonic poem that breathed the spirit of a great city. Suddenly Lalage stiffened and put her head to one side.

"Listen, Hewlett," she said. "Do you hear anything?" She turned about from the window and faced the room. Overhead, light streamed toward the ceiling from a cluster of bulbs concealed in a huge brass bowl, and suffused itself through the room in a delicate radiance. In the fireplace the logs crackled and glowed and licked in tendrils and whorls of red and yellow and purple flame. On a small

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table beneath the light the crown rested, in its inlaid Chinese box.

"Listen," she said again, and as Connor listened, it seemed to him that near at hand somewhere he caught the sound of a muted violin, a faint shadow of eerie melodya short ripple of low notes, then a pause, a bar played in a whisper, a pause again.

"Did you hear anything, Connor?" Lalage asked, and again the music was heard, the same solemn lilt, distinct, yet hardly breathed. Another violin broke in, as softly as the first, and then, it seemed to them, there joined in, in a

plaintive minor, the deep

thrumming of a harp.
"It's in the house," Lalage murmured, and Connor noticed that she clutched his arm, and that her hand was trembling, and that her face had become strained and white.

The door was ajar, and through it the music continued to steal. The violins and harp blended now into a distinct low melody, slow, dignified, with queer repetitions and sudden unexpected turns, like a bird circling in the high air. There was something strange and ghastly and muted about it, as though it were the ghost of a melody played on instruments that centuries ago had fallen into dust, by musicians who were faint shadows in a shadowworld. Cold it seemed, and very thin, and it crept chilly about their hearts, and was like an icy blast through the blood in their veins.

"I'm going to see who it is," Connor muttered savagely, and made as if to stride forward. She clung to his arm desperately.

"Don't go, Hewlett," she pleaded. "Stay by me. Don't go."

The faint, familiar sounds of the world outside went out of their ken as if cut off by a wall, and the blending melody beyond the door swung into a rhythmic cadence that was like a march of kings. One violin lilted proudly on high notes, and another

accompanied it, filling in on the bass, and the thrumming of the harp seemed like the thrumming of drums. Not of America it was, not of Eu-

rope, but of some Oriental kingdom of blue skies and golden sands, of full-blown palm-trees and quaint birds among the branches and queer beasts by their roots, of high-walled cities guarded by armored sentries in turrets, of marble temples and humming market-places. So full it seemed, so sonorous, that it might have been a review of ancient, forgotten nations and dynasties that had become the shadow of a name. And as they both heard it, through their minds there ran a jumble of antique pictures-Araby, hot and perfumed, turbulent and wise; the domed cupolas of Persia when Omar sang and Labid made sonnets for a king; the swart Egyptians raising tier on tier the fabric by Ghizeh on the Nile; captains of Tyre and Sidon, clad in purple and linen and gold and followed by a hundred thousand men; the Tartary of the Great Khan; the men of Alexander crying at their vision of the sea!

The music changed suddenly. Gone was the dignity and the measured movement. It rose to a quick, savage clamor, as the music at a sacrifice might rise as the consummation approached. It might have been the chant of victors foreseeing the outcome of a battle, or of subjects at the sight of a beloved monarch entering into his own. The violins took on a fierce emphasis. More than ever the harp's quick thrumming suggested hammering drums. Lalage gripped Connor with both hands.

'I'm afraid," she cried. "Oh, Hewlett, I'm terrified." He looked down at her, as she was looking up at him, and he saw suddenly how dilated her eyes

> out. They saw through the firelight that flickered faintly, and that showed the room up dimly and in heavy shadows, the door swinging open slowly. It stayed so for a moment, and as they looked toward it, in their line of vision came the table with the Chinese Something tall and white glided through the door. Lalage gave a choking scream.
> "The Queen!" she said. "The

were, and how her nostrils twitched with fear. And at that moment the light went

Queen that Thorne saw!" Connor made a movement

She caught forward. him again. She clung to him desperately, dragged on him with all

her weight.
"Don't," she pleaded, "don't!"

The figure came toward them slowly, and it did, even Connor's iron nerve wa seemed

A could see it was, a tall woman, bronze like a statue,

swathed in a white robe which covered her right arm and left her brown left arm bare to the shoulder. Golden brown her face was too, high, hawklike, hard, a face

to command and be obeyed, and with features as regular at the Victory's of Samothrace. Fine, despite the harshness, was the sweep of jaw from ear to chin, the little mouth, the chiseled nose. Fine, too, was the mass of black hair gathered in a single loop after the Greek fashion-and the full throat and the long, brown foot, bare, with heavy anklets Softly she came into the room, gliding as though no fool of hers touched the ground, and loudly the music played its barbaric chant of victory and success. Connor gaze at her and his heart stopped beating. Lalage whimpered

tall and white glid-

the door. La

"Take me in your arms, Hewlett," she whispered to him "Oh, Hewlett, take me in your arms." He swept her 10

His eyes event back to the oncoming figure, for he could not take them away from it, do what he would, and b could not move from that spot, much as he willed it

shaking, and cold wind blow through the roots of his hair. woman, he

terror protec Whati The

table girl in from 1 and as der. Even with the greatest thing he desired in this world in his arms, he could not realize it, as long as that terrible figure advanced toward them, and the ancient, dead music played. A queen every inch of her, he thought subconsciously, as he watched the thing in the white robe with the broad gold girdle. Terrible as an army with banners, Solomon had said, even though beautiful as Tirzah and comely as Jerusalem. Terrible had she been as an army with banners when she came to Solomon to prove him with hard questions, and to commune with him over all that was in her heart; but more terrible than ever was she now, when she came from her resting place in the South, down the centuries. Her captains were dust and their army a little glint of metal on the plain, but she came armed with the

"My God! She's dead!" he said to himself. And the terror in the room was driven out of his mind by this new fear that stabbed him to the quick. He dropped to his knees and laid her on the floor. He felt for the pulse in her wrist. It was still beating faintly, though ever so faintly.

He knelt for a minute there—for two minutes it might be, and it might be three. His own heart seemed to stop beating, so faintly did it pump the blood. Dead were the nerves within him, and his brain was numb. In the air he was never afraid, even with shrapnel screaming about him, for there were physical facts to combat and outwit, but now—there was this in the room, and the one woman he loved was dying in terror before him, and upon his own back sat a grisly horseman of fear.

The harp and the violins had risen to a high crescendo

The harp and the violins had risen to a high crescendo of frenzied triumph, and he knew that if he raised his head those phantom eyes would look upon him with all

their terrible command.

Unconsciously he began planning what to do, as he might plan in his biplane, and it swooping downward on the wing. One could not fight a ghost, and neither could one outwit it, armed as it was

with all the secrets of the grave. There was only one weapon, and his heart rang exultantly at the thought of it. There was only one weapon, but so powerful was it that before it evil spirits must scatter as the shadows flee away. He picked her up in his arms.

"In the name of God!" he cried loudly,

and his voice rang through the room with the brazen note of Michael's trumpet. "In the name of God!"

She was on his left arm close to his side, and he swung around with his right extended like a knight preparing to do battle with a foe.

Proudly he swung, and fearlessly. But before his eyes there was nothing. The room was empty where before, the vision had advanced upon him. firelight flickered and threw yellow and black and red shadows. The thrumming harp was silent, and the singing violins had died. And through the window came again the eternal hum of New York, the barking motor horns and the clatter and crash of

cars, the clumping of horses, the vague voices on the Avenues.

Connor went swiftly to a couch and laid Lalage on it, and unconsciously, shaking still, went to the electric switch beside the jamb of the door and snapped it on. The light went up instantly. He gasped in amazement a moment and flew back to the couch. Her eyelids were fluttering and a little color had come into her cheeks. He must call somebody, he said to himself, and suddenly he remembered that her maid was in the house, the new maid she had engaged that forenoon. Savagely he thrust at the bell. He waited an instant. There was no answer. He rang again.

"Blast that girl!" he swore viciously.

He sprang up and rushed to the door. He grasped the knob to open it but it would not give. He rattled it. It seemed securely locked, but no key was in the door. Impatiently he stood back and flung his shoulder terrifically against it. The upper panel splintered and broke. He put



A little gasp came from the girl in his arms, and she became limp and nearly slipped from his grasp.

terrors that the dead have, and against which there is no protection. What had she come for, Connor asked himself. What?

The music ceased suddenly, and she stopped before the table with the Chinese box. A little gasp came from the girl in his arms, and she became limp and nearly slipped from his grasp. He caught her to him more tightly still, and as he did so he felt her head fall limply on his shoulder. He looked at the whiteness of her face.

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e could and be illed it his hand through. The key was on the other side and the door was locked. He threw it open.

"Hewlett!" he heard cried agonizingly.

She was sitting up on the couch, white, distraught, her arms out to him. In a moment he was holding her close and

"It's nothing, honey," he was saying. "It's all over.

It's gone."

She was looking into his eyes searchingly, and feeling his arms and shoulders with her fine white hands.

"Are you all right, Hewlett?" she gasped.

Are you all right, dear?"

He said nothing but clasped her more closely, for how long he knew not, unable to grasp it, this thing to him more incomprehensible than the vision in the room and more desired than the other was terrible. She raised her head at last and gazed fearfully about her.

"It's not there, Hewlett," she whispered fearfully. "It's

gone, the crown!

And as he followed her eyes he saw the little table in the middle of the floor, bare beneath the electric lights, softly played on by the changing hues of the fire; and he noticed that there was no longer on it the shallow Chinese box, twinkling with inlaid ivory and gold.

HE Dollar Doctor had his brown and dinted bowler on A as he sat in front of them in the drawing-room with the smashed door. He was too intent to take it off. He was concentrating until his face was nothing more than two glittering gray eyes in a tense mask.

"Don't mind the music and don't mind the light," he told Connor. "Don't think of it as a ghost. How tall was

the woman?"

"A very tall woman," Connor replied. "Six feet tall.

I could look at her, eye to eye."

"Heavily built?"

"Powerfully built woman."

"Did you ever see 'Macbeth' in the theater? Would that type of woman make a good Lady Macbeth?"

"A splendid Lady Macbeth," Connor told him. He broke out impatiently. "Hang it! It wasn't a woman. It was a spirit, I tell you. Think of that music. Think of the light."

"I am thinking of it," the doctor chuckled. "I'll never forget it. Now listen to me, laddie: did you notice her

cheek-bones?"

"Very high cheek-bones," Connor told him.
"Good!" The doctor trotted toward the telephone. In

low tones they heard him call Spring 3100.
"Police Headquarters!" Connor said disgustedly.

Followed the pur of conversation, and then another number, Orchard 8591. Another buzz of conversation. The doctor trotted back, rubbing his hands. "Bless my soul!" he said. "My hat's on."

"Godfather,"-Connor rose and looked at him with affectionate contempt,-"when you called up Headquarters, did you tell them to arrest just any spook, or specifically the Queen of Sheba's?"

"I didn't tell them to arrest anybody," the doctor laughed. "I asked my friend the commissioner to abolish the dead line for two hours while I sent out every crook on the East Side to track down the two greatest thieves in the world."

"But, Doctor Tilden-" Lalage interrupted.

"One moment!" The doctor trotted out to the hall and rang the elevator bell. He came back a minute after with the operator.

"Now, boy," he said, "how long is it ago since the little musical party left?"

"The three gentlemen with the violin cases and the harp? About fifteen minutes, sir.'

"Who were they calling on?"

"They were calling for a lady on the sixth floor. They

said she expected them and I didn't announce them on the telephone.

"Did they come back with the lady?"
"Yes sir. They came down with a lady I didn't know, I think probably she was visiting somebody on the sixth

"A small lady?"

"No sir; a big, tall lady. She had a big opera cloak on and she was carrying a little box in her hand, a sort

"A colored lady?" the doctor queried.

"Oh, Lord! no sir! A most beautiful white lady. She

looked like a queen."

"Like the Queen of Sheba!" The doctor grinned maliciously. He turned to Connor. "Now, laddie, I've got some work for you."

HE doctor settled himself back in his chair and lighted, with wax vestas he imported from London, one of the cigarettes that Popoloppoulos of Athens made for him expressly. He drew out a gold repeater incrusted with gems, a present from a Russian archduke, on a chain of what appeared to be a shoestring.

"It's ten minutes past ten," he said. "By twelve o'clock you ought to have your crown back, if this good-for-nothing

godson of mine handles his end of it adroitly."

"I don't want it back," Lalage shivered. "There's a curse on it. I wont want ever to see it again."
"Listen," the doctor smiled: "when you think about this

crown, you believe it belonged to the colored lady who visited King Solomon?"

"There's only one Queen of Sheba," Connor growled.
"Did you ever hear of the Prince of Egypt?" the doctor asked, "or the Duke of Asia?"

Gipsy names," Connor nodded.

"Exactly. When I heard of this crown of poor Thorne's, I had a suspicion that the Queen of Sheba was a gipsy title, so I sent down to Wading River for Michael Pashengro, the gipsy king, who is camping down there. I once did a cataract for a child of his, and he never forgot it. God knows how much stolen goods he has tried to give me for the last fifteen years! He came to New York on horseback and told me the legend. The Queen of Sheba was a famous gipsy dancer who made a tour in the Orient to the courts of all the rulers. Her crown is well known to the gipsies. It's a circlet of silver with four great jewels. And it was lost when she was murdered by Turcomans in the Himalayan passes. Thorne got it from a Turcoman chief. Now do you see?"

A queer little gasp came from Lalage's throat, a mixture of disappointment and relief. Connor slapped his thigh as

the light broke in on him.

"Well, I'm dashed!" he shouted.

High and shrill and piercing came a whistle from without. It cut through the air like the whine of a bullet. It repeated itself twice. The doctor turned to Connor.

"Get your hat and coat and go downstairs," he directed. "Outside there's one of those low gray motors like roller skates. The driver is a young man in an unfortunate profession. He dresses like a fashion plate and looks like a poet lately fed. He's the head of the gun-man guild in this city and his name is Kerrigan."

"Not Killer Kerrigan!" Connor said aghast.
"I'm afraid so," the doctor apologized. "It's too bad about him. Some day, when I get his consent, I'm going to operate on his brain, and then he will become mayor of the city. Hurry up. He doesn't like to be kept waiting. He'll take you to the people we want. Bring them back. And bring them back with that box."

"Nice friends you've got," Connor muttered as he rushed out. The doctor looked shamefaced. "Kerrigan's really a nice boy," he told Lalage, "only he will shoot people. Now, my little girl,"— (Continued on page 150)

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But T town t sons in regarde It w The story of two American he men named Smith,—men with hair on their chests and fire in their hearts,—by the author of that Red Book success "Scum o' the Seas."

May



The two Smiths pulled triggers and manipulated feeds and learned how to take the gun to pieces and put it together again.

### The TWO SMITHS

By ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT AMICK

ROM the Klondike to Colón they were known to intimates as Jim and Bill, or to mere acquaintances as "the two Smiths." And in thirty years of partnership, through fair and foul, they had come to think alike, to talk alike, to act alike and to look alike. They were so nearly the same age that they celebrated their fiftieth birthday together and had much difficulty in convincing the skeptical that they had not made a mistake of ten years in their reckoning; for they appeared as men of forty—a battered forty, as befits great adventurers and those who have drunk of life's cup with free draught. The celebration took place in Tucson, whither they had gone after disposing of a copper prospect in the hinterland. But Tucson was now a metropolis very unlike the wild town the two Smiths had first known. And many persons in Tucson, including the sheriff and chief of police, regarded the two Smiths with disfavor.

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It was at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the

celebration, as the two Smiths were walking somewhat hilariously down the main street of Tucson, watched by a cynical deputy, that a small man with a large belly and much watch chain also observed them—with more or less sympathy and understanding, be it noted; for to those of the fraternity of alcoholism all unfortunate members of that sorry lodge are as open books, be their degrees the first or the last. He asked a man on the street, smilingly, who the strange twain were.

who the strange twain were.
"Them? Humph! Where was you dragged up?" the stranger replied, evincing surprise at such ignorance.
"Them's the two Smiths!"

Observing that his answer was not appreciated at full worth, he condescended to add:

"That's Bill and Jim Smith, partners for God knows how long. The two Smiths, we calls 'em, because they're always together, come rain or shine. If one's in the calaboose for raisin' a row, look in the next cell for the other.

If one is on trial for shootin' a citizen, look in the dock for t'other. If they're in big luck and buyin' a town, look for the names of both on the deeds. Come hard luck or good, look for two Smiths-never for one! But bet on this, both ways and down the middle, that they're honest and will do anything they say they'll do! That's the two Smiths, always."

THEN he went his cryptic way, leaving the man with eyes that were too small and belly that was too large, to ponder-but not for long, because he came from New York, whence come; many diverse men of many devious but quick ways. So the two Smiths were still celebrating when the man from the great entrepôt of America tapped mysteriously on a door in an obscure part of Tucson, was admitted and entered. He closed the door behind him, carefully rubbed his hands and spoke to a man who got up from a rude sofa, ran his fingers through his straight though tousled hair, said, "Por amor de Dios, que hay, señor?" and then recovering from the annoyance of a disturbed siesta added in broken English: "Why do you deesturb? Ess it poleece?"

"Not at all," declared the disturber. "These rube cops

don't amount to that!"

He snapped a thumb against a finger in a derisive ges are and added ingratiatingly: ""I've good news. Ge ture and added ingratiatingly: me? You say you can't get the goods over the Border without help, and that you are suspected and watchedthat you need Americans to find a way to land the stuff safely across the line, and that it takes men who aint afraid of a chance. Well, I've got the very men you want—the two Smiths; and they're here in Tucson right now!"

"The two Smeeths? You say you have thee men—yes? And you have arranged—yes?"

The fat man scowled, with a thoughtfulness that might

have alarmed a less astute observer.

"No, I haven't," he said. "That must be up to you. But I think these two men would take a chance in a game

The Mexican scowled and shrugged. The gesture, rather

than the scowl, seemed to anger his companion.
"Look here!" he exclaimed, laying a pudgy finger on the other's coat-lapel. "You say you don't dare take a chance. You've induced me to ship three cases of ammunition and three of the new Marburg machine-guns down here. It was a square deal. We were to get a nice clean-up from the lot. You put off paying for them, or accepting them, until you could find a way to get them across the line. Get me so far?"

'Si, señor."

"Well, I've waited a week for you to do something. You say you can't because you are watched too closely. I tell you I think I've got two men that can get away with the stuff. If they can't, from all I hear, nobody can. I know the type. They're the kind that, if offered enough, would, as a certain governor said, 'tackle hell with a garden sprinkler.' Do you want to try these men out or don't you?"

The Mexican looked dubious. It exasperated the fat man, who now banged the palm of his hand on a somewhat littered table and announced with venomous decision: "You do or you don't! That's not my business. But if I don't get the certified check for the goods within the next twenty-four hours, I'll ship that whole outfit back to New York and call it quits. That goes! I'll

stand no bluff, either, Señor Juan Estebán."
Save for one momentary flash of hot anger, the Mexican displayed no temper, and then as if falling to diplo-macy as his sole recourse, he began to offer objections in suave terms.

"Ah, señor!" he exclaimed deprecatingly. "Eet is un-ost. These machine-guns are new and—most deeficult

as well as terreeble. You were to teach me how they work. Yes? And I dare not leave the house to learn! What good to the great General Pancho are these if he knows not how these guns shoot, eh?'

The salesman wrinkled his brow for a moment as the

logic of the argument struck home.

"Then it's up to you to come to some terms with the two Smiths more than ever," he insisted, moving restlessly round the narrow room in the meantime. Suddenly he too changed to persuasion. "I know as well as any man that these new guns are intricate and difficult," he said, confronting his purchaser. "That's the main objection to 'em, and that's why you get them so cheap; but they're the deadliest shooting-iron of the kind ever invented. You could wipe out an army with 'em! You say you don't dare take a chance because you're watched by Government detectives. All right! Here's what I'll do to play fair with you. You make a deal with the two Smiths, and if you can get 'em to agree to tackle the job, I'll teach 'em how to manage the guns somewhere between here and the Border. They've got the reputation of making good on anything they promise. I'll feel 'em out, and get 'em here to-night. If you come to an agreement with em, you pay me for the order, and you can slip out and across the line and save yourself. I'll go with them to some place where I can show 'em all that's necessary. They smuggle the stuff across in their own way, and meet you at some place you agree on, on the other side, of course, and then they can teach you how to handle the machines as well as I could. Isn't that fair enough? You've got to have help, because you admit it yourself. I don't see any other way. And anyhow, if you don't do something, that stuff all goes back in just twenty-four hours, and the deal is off."

ESTEBÁN, playing for time, tried other arguments, but they were equally unsuccessful. The arms-dealer was obdurate. They were interrupted by a signal-knock at the door, and another Mexican entered. Estebán turned to him in his perplexity and spoke in Spanish. Did the newcomer by any chance know anything about the two Smiths? The newcomer did, and waxed eloquent over their exploits. Yes, they were astonishingly fearless and resource-ful. Yes, the very men for the job. Also a mysterious man with a gold badge had been making inquiries concerning the present whereabouts of one Señor Juan Estebán. The señor must go quickly, lest he be detained from his great work of emancipation. It was for this that his friend and compatriot had come for a daylight visit.

Almost in a panic, Estebán turned to the salesman and exclaimed in English: "Good, señor! I accept. Have the two Smiths here at ten o'clock to-night. Tell them how

to knock upon the door."

The two Smiths had lost heavily in a quiet gamblinggame, for which, this being a celebration, they cared not much. Besides, in a long career passed in many camps, they were accustomed to losing, hoping, with careless optimism, for "better luck next time, pardner!" They were ripe for temptation at that moment when the arms agent approached them and with oily suggestions and ingratiating words induced them to give ear. And at ten o'clock that night, after long and devious ways of caution, they gave the signal on the door of the obscure house where

Señor Juan Estebán, Mexican patriot, was concealed.

The meeting was almost brotherly in its simplicity. The señor was very polite and very humble. He regretted that he could speak no English, and was gratified at their knowledge of Spanish-very much so, indeed. He complimented them upon their fluency in the tongue. Also he trusted them implicitly. They were gentlemen of their word, he had heard; therefore they had been specially selected. Quite well they understood, he hoped, that they were doing something for liberty. Viva la Republica!



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There was a wild scream of terror and anguish as the knife, thrown underhand, swept upward through the illustrious General's throat.

Their host paused to see what effect his eloquence, florid and flashing, so potent when used to sway his

Latin countrymen, was having upon the two Smiths. Somehow they did not appear too highly impressed. Bill was actually beginning to shift restlessly.

"But you haven't told us yet what you want us

to do!"

"Ah! So I have not!" said the Mexican, as if for the first time aware that he had neglected so important a detail. "I wish to enlist your services, the services of two such valorous men, to take some machine-guns across the Border."

"To take guns across the Border? What? Do I get you right?" demanded Bill, half rising from his chair. "If you think we're the sort that would get guns into Mexico to shoot down our own coun-

trymen—some of 'em are already in there—" he began, but was hastily interrupted by the señor, who threw his hands upward in expostulation and vented fervid disclaimers.

"To shoot your countrymen, the brave Americans? Señor Smith, you must be mad! Surely you have heard of the great General Pancho?"

The two Smiths admitted their ignorance of General

"General Pancho, the great liberator," said their host reverently, "believes in and loves Americans. That is why he is hated by those vile dogs who have murdered Americans. In due time his army will join the American forces, but—your government has not understand. The guns you bring will fight for Americans, not against them! You will be doing you own country great service. If your own government really knew the situation—"

And thus, speciously, and with many mysterious hints leading them to believe that he was the sharer of state secrets, and actually playing upon their patriotism, he convinced them of the nobility of their task. And great was to be their reward for something that by this time they would have almost volunteered to do. If the two Smiths would get the shipment to the Rancho Cerro Gordo, and there teach their very humble admirer how to manipulate the new machine-guns that were to decimate the scum usurpers of liberty, fighting under the blood-stained banners of the latest tyrant, they would be paid in American gold the munificent sum of five thousand dollars!

The partners looked at each other and gasped. Five

thousand? It was like finding money!

"If we could pull this off, Jim," said Bill in English, "we could do a heap of things. Lord Almighty! Why, with five thousand and what we've got left, we could slip back to that Arripa prospect we had to pass up because we didn't have the mazuma, open her up and become—"

didn't have the mazuma, open her up and become—"
"Millionaires!" Jim exclaimed as the dream expanded.
"And besides, as I understand it, this feller's fightin' on the side of the poor devils that have always got the worst of it, as well as for Americans. He must be on the level, from the way he trusts us, because me and you are the only ones that will sabe the guns we tote across. Eh? Looks good to me. I'm for it!"

Estebán's eyes were fixed blankly on the flame of the lamp, as was proper for one who did not understand English. He saw no visions.

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own coundy in there—" he began,
the señor, who threw his
and vented fervid disn, the brave Americans?
!! Surely you have heard
their ignorance of General

They almost ran, the guide and
the guided. . . . They came
closer to the languorous noises
of the encampment that encircled the ancient town.

"Maybe we ought to get some of it in advance, though," Bill suggested.

"What for? We got money enough for an outfit," protested Jim. "I think this little feller is all right."

Estebán's eyes did not in the least betray him. They were still fixed in that abstracted stare when the partners, reverting to Spanish, sometimes in chorus, sometimes singly, accepted his proffer. He offered them, with a gentleman's delicacy, money if they stood in need, and seemed surprised when they did not accept it. He was almost tearful when they declined, and assured them of his profound respect and brotherly affection. They too were liberatores!

He gave them brotherly pats on their broad shoulders and his "Vaya V. con Dios" on the following night, when all plans were perfected and final instructions given for the rendezvous at the ranch. Undoubtedly they were "going with God!" The two Smiths had embarked on an enterprise.

It became bruited around Tucson, mysteriously, that the partners, who after the brief celebration had reverted to strict teetotalism, had been backed by the fat Easterner in a new mining enterprise in some indefinite field; hence there was not much surprise when a small string of pack-burros plunged northward one day and disappeared; but certain men in Tucson were perplexed by their inability to learn at what hour, and why, Don Estebán had departed—men who might have been interested could they have seen the two Smiths, under able instruction, studying the mechanism of a machine-gun in a distant and secluded arroyo.

The two Smiths laid themselves upon their bellies on the sands of isolation and pulled triggers and manipulated feeds and learned how to take the gun to pieces and put it together again—what to do if sand got into the breech, how frequently to oil this and that part, and to keep the water-jackets full. Their lesson learned, they saw the ths

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salesman aboard a train that stopped at a water-tank. He waved them a cheerful and smiling good-by. He could afford to. He had received and cashed the certified check. What eventually became of the two Smiths was none of his business.

To such frontiersmen, seasoned, wise, habituated to numerous wiles and totally without fear, the crossing of the international boundary was merely a wait for a seasonable hour. A drowsy sentry abruptly pulled up his horse in a cloudy dawn, after a black night, on a riverbank, and swore fluently when he saw the unmistakable trail made by a burro-train leading down to the water.

And his report, passing upward, caused much bad language; but this had not the slightest effect upon the two Smiths, who were plugging along toward the distant Cerro Gordo Ranch. With no hardships other than those to which they were duly seasoned, such as an occasional centipede or scorpion in the blankets, and one or two brief and unexpected conflicts with pugnacious rattle-snakes, they reached to within two short days' travel of their destination. And it was there that they encountered their first distress; for the water-hole upon which they had depended was but a hollow, armored with dried mud.

To man and beast familiar with deserts, there is no terror equal to that of thirst. For a long time that night the partners sat ominously quiet and brooding, each fearing to discuss the future, lest he discourage the other.

"We could shoot half the train and save them misery, and maybe pull through with the rest; but I'd hate to have to kill the poor animals, Bill!" said Jim at last.

"Yes, but that would mean leaving a lot of the stuff behind; we promised we'd get it through," replied Bill.

"Yes, we promised," was the quiet response, as if that made it irrevocable.

"And of course those poor devils down there, making the best fight they can for their country and what they believe is right, are—are depending on us and will need it all," muttered Bill. mysterious, brooding waste, waiting in profound silence and speculation for what the invaders might do. Reluctant, astonished and weary, the pack-animals bestirred themselves and gulped the little ration of water.

The partners walked at intervals that day, to spare the saddle-ponies; and toward night, and another dry camp, they fell to vague, half-broken sentences always couched in generous regard for each other. Now one would say: "Of course we'll pull through if we can keep goin." And the other would assert: "The burros seem to be standing it better'n the cayuses. Sure we'll pull through." Or again: "We've got to make good; we said we would."

They stinted themselves of water through the following day, being determined to get the whole train through alive. They progressed doggedly, but ever more slowly; and then, when a blurred uprise, as of distant buildings, crept above the flat horizon, they dared not speak of it lest it be but mirage and the finish. But it increased its solid tenure of the land, and Jim had to talk.

"If we can only stick it out, we're bound to reach the ranch," he said tentatively, like a man doubting his eyes.

"And if that is the ranch ahead of us," muttered Bill, between his parched lips, "we'll make it—yet—and—and—get the guns through and—and—"

His voice trailed away into a whisper; but he knew by his partner's face that what he feared to be a mirage had been seen by the other also. He shut his teeth savagely and emptied his canteen into the necks of the stumbling brigade of animals. Jim shut his teeth and did likewise.

The sun was almost down when they reached the goal. Somehow the animals had survived and with quickened nostrils knew that could they but reach it, moisture was near. A staggering, plunging cavalcade drew up outside the crumbling, broken adobe wall that surrounded the scattered buildings of the Rancho Cerro Gordo. Some sinister air of desertion and desolation pervaded it. Terrified, as by an apparition of death, the partners stopped



we can do is to do our best to make all good—or not

good at all."
"That's the way it looks to me—all or nothing. We gave our words." And Bill reached for his blankets as if

the argument was conclusively finished.

By common though unvoiced agreement, as became men who had lived together so long and had learned to read each other's minds, they were awake while the night was still but a purple blanket of velvet, and the land but a

the burros and surviving saddle-horse in front of a closed gate, and croaking like ravens, shouted as best they could, but failed to gain a response.

"It don't look right to me, Jim," said Bill huskily.

"Nor to me," replied Jim in a scarcely more audible tone. "Think we'd better go in and nose around some?"

"Got to! Can't go farther without water, no matter who's in there. We're goners if we can't get in."

He pulled off the rag that had been wound round the

mechanism of his rifle and took the cork out of the muzzle, as he talked. Bill did likewise. Without further hesitancy they climbed over the rubble of a breach in the wall, and the string of burros followed them. An overturned cart lay in the middle of the yard, and there were significant holes in it. The doors of the buildings were all open, and those of the main house had been battered down.

By common impulse, they entered the house. A dead man lay on the floor; at the foot of a little shrine the candles of which had long expired, lay the body of a woman, hands outstretched, even as she had died, in supplication.

"Must have been dead more'n a week-all drying up!"

Bill commented.

"Poor cuss!" said Jim, suddenly taking off his hat.
"Yes, poor cuss!" added Bill, doffing his own hat.
Apparently their pity and horror did not extend to the dead man, as if it were nothing that a man should die, that being merely his luck. The two Smiths had seen many men die, some of them by the Smiths' own efforts, but

with a woman it was quite different. Also-that overturned cart, the battered doors. "I'm afraid they didn't get a fair show!" said Bill, and carefully, as if fearing to disturb the dead, he tiptoed toward the door. Jim cautiously tiptoed after him.

"There it is, water!" Jim croaked, and ran heavily up a path that led to a tank below a spring, then stopped by its edge. Bill gained his side and also looked. A dead man lay in the water, his face quite mussily shot away; A dead and they observed that his hands were tied behind him.

"No, these folks didn't have a chance," Jim said, but Bill was already half up the hillside following the water-He turned and called: "Here's the spring, Jim, and it's clean."

WHEN Jim reached him, he was lying on his chest and luxuriously drinking from a sunken tub, and for a long time they were contented merely to gulp a little, rest a few moments and drink again. They re-turned more buoyantly downward to their burros and ponies, hurriedly threw off the hitches and the heavy packs and led the thirst-tortured animals in turn up the hillside, caressing them as they watched them gulp the cool water.

"Close shave," said Bill.
"Very close," said Jim.

They were overjoyed to find a few bales of hay for their

animals before they prepared their own fare.

"Getting late; but—don't seem quite right to—to leave 'em there—like that, does it, Jim?" Bill said between puffs of his cigarette after they had finished their supper.

"Just what I been thinkin' about, Bill."

"I saw a couple of shovels and some picks down there in that shack to the left. I'll get 'em, eh?"

"How about that tree up there? Nice place, aint it? Most likely she was fond of it, being the only tree here.

"Most likely."

The night was warm. They stripped to their waists, and very soon the moonlight glistened from the rivulets of sweat that trickled down great ridges of muscles on

their broad, lean backs. They paused but once. "Looks to me like it's kind of hard to decide," said Bill. "About this grave, I mean. I sort of reckon one of the dead fellers is the woman's husband, and—most likely she'd like to be with him. Hang it all! Which feller do you calculate it was?

Jim wiped the sweat from his forehead and appeared

vastly troubled and perplexed.
"I sort of think it must have been the feller in the house," he mumbled.

"Nope. Looks to me like they shot the boss of the house out there by the cistern, first. He'd be her man."

"Maybe; but-Lord! It'd be rotten luck to separate the right ones and put the wrong ones together, and get things all mixed and fussed up, like."

"We could make it big enough for all three and put her in the middle, couldn't we? I don't reckon as how the right two'd object too much, seeing as how they all went

out fighting together, eh?"

They laid the woman away reverently with her fellowvictims by her side, and even essayed a rude prayer over the mound. Although the night was waning, they did not rest until they had found the material to make a crude cross, upon which, after due consideration, they

Here lies a Mexican woman found dead at the foot of a shrine. Lord have mercay on her soul.

Then, by afterthought:

P. S. Also two men, one of which maybe was her husband, but which no one can tell, so we had to plant them all together. JAMES SMITH. WILLIAM SMITH.

FULL week elapsed before the Señor Estebán ap-A peared—in the night! They were asleep when he arrived, and so they did not notice that he grinned most knowingly, as at something very familiar, when he entered through the broken walls, nor that he gave an amused chuckle and lifted his eyebrows whimsically when he paused beside the grave that they had now decorated with a crude border. He was not an expert on graves, although very familiar with their causes. Graves, so far as he could judge, were a waste of effort.

His brief meditations were stopped by a heavy snore,

then a quick stir and a voice: "Who's there?"

"Ah, Señor Smeeth, it is I, Señor Esteban! Your friend awake?" He spoke in his soft Spanish.

The two Smiths sprang from their blankets, and heeding his plaint of exhaustion, hastened like twin Samaritans to minister to his comfort. Not until he had fed to repletion, would they let him talk. His tale was dramatic and well told. And thus it ran:

After leaving them in Tucson, he had undergone great difficulties in making his escape; the cursed gringo officers had nearly caught him; he had wandered for days across the wastes, parched, hungry, athirst; by the benevolent mercy of God he had been found by other patriots, who nursed his feeble remnant of life back to full flame and told him that the barbarous agents of the latest tyrant crushing his beloved Mexico beneath the heel had laid waste all the northern province and sacked the Rancho Cerro Gordo. By valor and endurance alone had he survived to carry the news to the great and illustrious General Pancho, the Liberator, whom God and the Virgin bless for his many kindly and courageous deeds, and had told him that two very dear amigos, almost brothers of his, were even now in peril because they would rendezvous at that ranch.

The General had wept over their plight. He dared not send an army northward, for he was outnumbered. He would have come himself, alone, had he not been overcome by reason and sent his most trusted lieutenant to bring them to the place where he might clasp them in his arms and give them thanks and payment for all they had endured. Mexico would not forget them!

"But what I can't see," said Bill, scratching his head when this eloquence died of exhaustion, "is what we're

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to do now.

"We shall have to travel a hundred miles farther south, whither I shall lead you, and there meet the General and accept his reward," said Estabán. And then, seeing their interchanged glance of dismay, he added somewhat hastily: "The General told me to say that as a matter of justice your payment would be increased."

Nearly all roads were alike to the two Smiths. And a hundred miles was a small matter to them. They were indeed quite cheerful when they (Continued on page 120)

The paper proved to be a list of questions so per-sonal and searching that she gasped.

He has a way with him, has Alexander Hull—a way of writing a love-and-business story that is especially engaging. Here's one of them; and there are others coming.

### ANEW BOSS

By ALEXANDER HULL

> ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

floor, and Mary Anne Quinlin went into the office. Mr. Banks, the bookkeeper, Jimmie Trent, Alice Marsh and Miss Williams, having also scented the unusual and alarming in the manager's Saturday admonition, were there before

As she entered the outer office, the inner door opened and Mr. Breem himself came into the room, accompanied by another man who appeared to be many years younger.

Mr. Breem glanced at them with a blank expression. If he felt his failure deeply, he did not show if, except in the same tired lines that had been in his face ever since Mary had come into the office to work. He laid his hand lightly on the coat-sleeve of the man with him and said, in a flat, devitalized voice:

"This is Mr. Roger Atway. He has something to say

to you." Mr. Atway was a tall and broad-shouldered young man, and there was an air of thorough competence and confidence about him. There were fine, forceful lines in the modeling of his head; his hands were well shaped, with long, brown, muscular fingers, and his skin was deeply tanned with the fresh brown of outdoor life. His eyes were shrewd and piercing; they were of a rich coffee-brown in

color, and they were very kind. "Thank you, Mr. Breem," he said, turning to the older man. Then he looked at the others, his eyes coming to rest finally upon Mary Anne Quinlin herself. "I have taken over Mr. Breem's business," he began, "and I shall be managing it myself for the present. If you have found conditions and wages satisfactory, I shall be glad to have all you people stay on here with me. May I count on you?"

Mary heard a stir of relief among her companions that spoke upon that point more eloquently than words. His

gaze came to rest again upon her. She nodded.
"Good!" he said. "That's all for to-day, then. You
may have a holiday. I shall expect you as usual to-morrow morning."

He turned to go. Suddenly he paused and looked back. "By the way," he said, smiling faintly, "which one of you is the best stenographer?"

There was a moment's silence. Mary Anne Quinlin looked at Jimmie Trent and said nothing. Jimmie Trent "I hope so." The car came to a stop at the fifteenth looked at Alice Marsh and was likewise silent. Miss

ARY ANNE QUINLIN, brown of hair and eyes, slender of form, twenty-six years of age,-and showing each separate year of the twenty-six on this particular summer morning, because she was worried,-stepped into the elevator and forgot to say good morning to the elevator-man, Rand, with whom she rode twice a day full fifteen floors.

"Not speaking to your friends to-day, I notice," commented that person when the other passengers had left

at the ninth floor.

"Oh-I beg your pardon. Good morning!" she said, a sudden smile lighting her face and driving away five years in lines and shadows. "I'm worried; that's all."

"Anything wrong at home?"

"No," she answered, "I'm just wondering whether I've still a job-or not. Breem and Company failed, you know. The manager told us Saturday to report as usual Monday morning. And considering the fact that we all surely would have, it seems to me that had a sinister sound! I'm afraid I may have to stop riding with you. You must forgive me for not speaking. How is your little girl now?"

"Better. I saw you were worried. I hope it will be good news."

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Williams and Alice Marsh looked self-consciously out the window

Mr. Atway's glance traveled from one of them to the other. Presently he laughed. "That was rather mean, I suppose! Of course you wont answer. I shouldn't myself. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an examination to-morrow morning. I'd really rather do that, anyway. Whoever comes out first—provided I'm satisfied with his ability—will get at least double his present salary, and I'll make him-or her-my private stenographer. all now."

He smiled at them once more, and took Mr. Breem's arm, saying: "If you've time, we'll go over that business of Merritt's now. Mr. Breem." The inner-office door opened and closed again, and he was gone.

Mary looked at her companions a moment in silence. Suddenly Jimmie Trent snatched his hat from the rack. "What a relief!" he exclaimed. "Alice, come on! Let's you and me celebrate. I've four dollars of my last week's salary left. Let's go on a regular bat!"
"I'm with you!" said Alice, laughing.

"Well, it is a relief," admitted Mr. Banks, and they all went out together.

me! And I'm going to celebrate the holiday to-day in the Park."

"You'd better celebrate by getting ready for that examination," said Miss Williams with an emphasis which left no doubt as to her disposal of that day.

Next morning Mr. Atway called Mary into the office and dictated to her four test-letters. "When you've finished these," he said, "you will please answer the list of questions on this sheet of paper and return the whole batch to me.'

She took the paper and went out to her desk. It proved to be a list of questions so personal and searching that she gasped for a moment. Could she answer them? For a Could she answer them? little she was tempted to rebel. Yet there was her mother. to whom she sent money every two weeks, who needed it

badly and—she did want that place!
The questions ran: "Where were you born? When? Have you saved anything from your salary? If not, why not? Where does your family live? Where do you live? How long have you been working? Are you married? Engaged? Expecting to be soon?" That was a fair sample of them, and many of them seemed humiliating. Yet, as she pondered the matter, she could see the reasonableness of each of them, and finally

she answered them all.

Three weeks later Mr. Atway called her into his private office and told her that she had won and that the fifteen dollars a week which Mr. Breem had been paying her would be raised at once to thirty-five. Then he outlined the things that would be expected of her.

He proved to be cool, systematic and self-contained. Her required work was not difficult, and if he was exacting, he was also very patient. For several months she held her promotion without learning much more of him than just that. She took her work very seriously. It seemed to her that if she were to draw more than twice her former salary, she ought in all fairness to approximate twice her former work-a thing that was fortunately impossible, for she would have accomplished it if she had

It was quite four months after her promotion when Mr. Atway called her into his office one morning, and

"Miss Quinlin, I have a fight on.
I shall have a tremendous lot of writing to do for a few days. I shall be seeing people continually, stockbankers, business men. There's a crowd against me-Merritt, Thornton, the Seaside National and that outfit-and we're fighting for control of some stocks. It's very important to me, and I may have to keep you here evenings for letters and reports and such things. So if for a few days you will be kind enough to forget the matter of hours, I shall be very much obliged to you. If it were not that it must be kept strictly

secret, I might turn over part of the work to the other stenographers.

And they did forget the matter of hours! During the day there was a continuous stream of people entering and leaving his private office, and she saw and heard very little



"It must have been good news," remarked the elevatorman as they all entered the car together, joking with one another.

"The best ever, Rand!" said Jimmie Trent. "Everybody keeps his job, and somebody gets raised. I hope it's 386

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and little of what went on. But when the office was closed, it was a wholly different matter. Then she was able to obtain an insight into the things that had been done during the momentous conferences of the day. And then she worked, at fever heat, for three, four and five hours.

In spite of the rigor of the régime, there was an excitement that kept her up to it. She knew that big things were at stake. Mr. Atway did not seem excited or worried, however, and obviously he knew exactly what he was about. Each morning he came in smiling and fresh. At night he was obviously tired, but still kindly and patient, and still smiling.

At six o'clock he had sandwiches and coffee brought in from a restaurant fifteen stories below, and for a while they rested, and picnicked on the office window-ledges. He asked her sudden, penetrating questions about her people, her home, her life, her work, things of which he seemed to know a great deal-so much, indeed, that she suspected he must have followed up her answers to his examination-questions. In those few minutes she forgot entirely his wealth and distance; he seemed, for the time. to be free of all that and simply a very charming and interested companion.

As they finished the last mouthful of sandwich and the last drop of coffee, he sighed, dropped his leisurely manner abruptly and said: "Wellback to the grind once more!"

And he began dictating at once. It was after ten when he finally pulled out his watch, looked at it ruefully and then said, smiling at her: "If

you're as hungry as I am, Miss Quinlin, you're starved! What do you say to something to eat?" And once more, with her hesitating acceptance, his reserve dropped from him like a shed cloak. had dinner in a quiet restaurant, and afterward he drove her to her room in his car.

That, for ten days, was their unvarying program. just when it seemed to her that she never would be able to keep her eyes open for one more night's work, the strain ended as abruptly as it had begun. He came in late the eleventh morning, rang for her and when she came into his office, said: "Well, Miss Quinlin, we've won." Then he smiled faintly. "You see, I was a little too strong for My resources were a little larger than they suspected. I thought you'd like to know."
She replied: "Oh, I'm so glad."

He was standing by the window near his desk. "Would you like to see the spoils?" He pointed to the table.

Upon it lay a check payable to Roger Atway. It was for eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Ten days—eighty-five thousand a day! Beside the check lay a letter at which she had barely glanced.

"The letter," he said, waving toward it with a smile.

"Did you mean me to read it?"
"Yes."

She took it from the envelope and glanced through it hastily. It was an invitation to Mr. Atway for a week-end at Swarthmead, the Merritts' country-place, and it was signed, "Mrs. Thaddeus Merritt."

He laughed. "The fruits of victory," he remarked in



an amused tone. "All this-and what I was fighting for, besides. Complete control of my stocks! It was a good fight."

He stared out of the window for a moment. Then he

said, turning again to look at her:
"You've been mighty good these last few days, Miss Quinlin-and all the time. I've wanted to show my appreciation of that in some little way. I want you to take two weeks off and rest—in Florida. Take your mother with you. I've made reservations for you at a resort down there, and I'll see to the railway tickets and all that. It will do you good, and you need the change."

Her astonishment could scarcely have been "Why—why—you're too kind!" she gasped. "But Florida!

-I haven't the clothes, Mr. Atway!

"You wont need many at the place I've engaged for you," he said, smiling. "You didn't think I'd send you to the Royal Poinciana, did you? Really, this is very small repayment for the service you have given me. Money couldn't have bought that. I'm well aware that you have been spending your evenings, since I promoted you, in studying about business affairs, in devising little. ways to prevent the routine of things in the office annoying me. I haven't mentioned it, but I have appreciated it." It was high praise indeed, and her cheeks burned. "You'll go?" he asked suddenly.

"I—yes, of course I'll go. But you are too—"
"Mind now, no thanks!" he interrupted her laughingly. There followed two wonderful, incredible weeks in fairyland; then she was back at her work-glad to be.

It was during Mary Quinlin's vacation that Mr. Atway had his first week-end at Swarthmead. And following that, he was off every Saturday noon, almost without exception. Presently Mary began to notice his picture in the society columns, very frequently beside that of Miss Hélène Rinsford Merritt.

To Mary Quinlin, Miss Merritt was little more than a name and the newspaper portrait of a haughty-countenanced, expensively clad young lady of twenty-four or so years. Unquestionably her photographs declared her handsome, and yet Mary was hardly prepared to find her

so very strikingly beautiful and-hateful.

For one afternoon Miss Merritt came into Mr. Atway's office while he was dictating to Mary. As he waved the young society woman to a chair with the smiling request that she wait a moment, Mary stole a glance at her. Her face was cut with the cool, aloof, cameolike outlines of

the patrician. Her lips were very red and her eyes a fascinating gray-green. She was faultlessly clad in brown, furred and booted to match, and beneath her hat peeped a few burnished strands of coppery-red hair. Altogether she was perfect, with that perfection calculated to bring tears of envy to the eyes of a fellow-woman. And yet, while there was no envy in Mary's heart, she instantly disliked the girl, whom she judged to be fair, false and

Mr. Atway finished his letter. Then he said: "That's

all for to-day.'

She rose to go. He rose with her, and nodding to the beautiful girl, who turned from looking out of the window, he remarked: "Miss Merritt, this is Miss Quinlin, my very able assistant."

She felt Miss Merritt's amused and doubtful green eyes upon her, flushed slightly and was angry with herself for doing so. Apparently Miss Merritt was feeling democratically inclined that day, for she offered her hand and murmured patronizingly: "How do you do, my dear?"

And as she left them together, Mary heard her say: "So this is the den where you make all that money, and flimflam poor dear Papa, Roger?" (Continued on page 168)



When this nation went to war, the Government took action against "booze." Women have known it as an enemy for years. Here is a story, by a new writer, of the way one wife fought to win her husband from the saloon.



Peter had sent his son Johnny aloft, and Johnny had painted out the "First Chance" part with a smear of tar.

### The FIRST and LAST CHANCE

By ANNA E. W. ATTON

THERE was trouble in ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. FULLER should greet him with friendly familiarity. But his pleasant that trouble there was unusual; there had been trouble in that home the entire ten years of its existence. This is the state of the plant of t

trouble in that home the entire ten years of its existence. This, however, was a matter far beyond the ordinary inconvenience of insufficient food, little fuel and scanty clothing. Forty-eight hours before, the endless weary plaint of Adele Winters had merged into a shuddering cry of mortal anguish. For twelve hours that cry had proclaimed the supreme woe of womankind, and then a baby girl was born. The mother, having expiated her portion of the multiplied sorrows of the world, turned her face to the wall and was no more. The baby took up the protest against poverty and discomfort and wailed it forth faithfully for another twelve hours; and then she too traveled to the unknown.

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Morning of the day of burial had arrived. Thede Winters, husband of the dead woman, was ill at ease. He was not grieved. A less selfish heart than his might not have grieved over the passing of the complaining, slatternly Adele. He had married her ten years before, under the urge of nothing more lasting than a shallow fancy for certain little tricks of coquetry that were hers, a childish prettiness of face and form, and an appealing helplessness of manner. She had dropped the coquetries before the honeymoon was ended; and her prettiness had faded in a year. Her helplessness was real and remained, but it soon ceased to be appealing; stripped of the trifling graces with which she had embellished it, it became a weariness unspeakable; it stood for neglect and incompetency, for dirt, disorder and discomfort in the home. The clinging vine had become a weight, a drag, a handicap under which domestic happiness had slender chance to win

Thede himself had been no giant of endeavor. Time had been when he cherished a somewhat vague idea of a home of thrift and comfort, of a time when his fellows

familiarity. But his pleasant fancyings had been short-lived. The first year of their housekeeping, work had been scarce and times hard; life had been difficult, and he had learned with surprise and sullen, rebellious disappointment that effort does not always bring immediate reward. He loved neatness and order; his home was a dreary drift of confusion. He had been willing to work for what he desired to possess, but was unable to market his labor.

The result had been inevitable. Not finding a place among the busy, prosperous men he admired, he had gone where they were less busy and, with one exception, much less prosperous. He had gone to the saloon.

Sordid enough was the place he had chosen to consider a refuge from domestic unhappiness—a squat, ugly onestory building, with a square two-story sham front. When the building was new it was painted white; and it lay—like a spot of leprosy—on the edge of the town. Because of its location it was called "The Last Chance."

At one time a swinging sign, painted white like the building, had dangled over the wooden walk in front. On the side that faced the town had been painted the name by which the place had come to be known. On the opposite side, which greeted the traveler from the country road, the legend had read: "The First Chance." A storm had destroyed the swinging sign one night, and then Peter Schnoltz, who owned the place, had had both names painted, one above the other, in black letters a foot high near the top of the sham front.

After watching the smiles of the passers-by for three days, Peter had concluded something must be wrong; he had walked out into the road in front of his saloon and stood straddle-legged for a quarter of an hour considering the sign, and he had discovered its contradictory nature.

Thereupon he had sent his son Johnny aloft, and Johnny, following his father's directions, had painted out the "First Chance" part with a smear of tar.

IN the little Winters home three neighbor-women had taken charge of affairs; they bustled about with a sort of hushed importance, putting the meager furnishings in order and making such small preparations for the funeral as were

Thede was ashamed of the abject poverty of his house. The women had themselves prepared the bodies for burial, and in this intimate service they had, of necessity, discovered the utter destitution of the place. There were no sheets; there were no towels; and with each new lack his mortification grew deeper until it seemed to the man that

shame clung to his very garments.

Among the boys at the Last Chance, Thede was a personage. His caustic wit made it unsafe to treat him with other than respectful attention; two hundred pounds of bone and muscle backed his opinions; he spent his money with a freedom that could and sometimes did move his companions-two of them, at least-to tears of maudlin gratitude; he could make a story funnier than anybody else could make it; he sang, too, with a voice of surprising

These several qualities gave him prestige and large approval at the Last Chance; but here, in this wretched home,—where there were no sheets or towels,—he had told no stories and he had sung no songs. The tears that had been shed here were not tears of gratitude. had neglected his family like a drunken bum. His wife might as well have died in the poorhouse; she had died in a poorhouse-the poorest house he had ever known or seen or heard tell of.

Thede tramped out the back door into the chilly April sunshine and sat down on a broken-legged bench. yard in which he sat was a small space dotted with ashheaps and littered with tin cans and broken crockery.

From the sagging front gate to the broken-roofed shed near the alley, there was not one spot or object that spoke of aught save poverty and neglect.

Thede brooded miserably. For nine years he had salved his conscience with the soothing fallacy that society and not himself was to blame for the course he had chosen. Hadn't he tried? Hadn't he tried for a year? Hadn't he been refused work when he asked for it? Hadn't he been cold-shouldered by decent men when he tried to be friendly? And hadn't Adele neglected every duty that might reasonably be expected of her? For years this review of his wrongs had comforted him. But now, with that tragic figure lying there in the house, conscience would no longer

sleep His behavior toward his family, he realized, had been prompted and governed by utter, brutal selfishness. His earnings, which should have procured food, warmth and clothing for them all, he had appropriated to his own use and pleasure. He had deprived his household of the commonest necessities, that he might achieve, among a crowd of bar-

room loafers, a reputation

for generous, easy spending. He had flaunted his liberality at the saloon and had starved the helpless beings dependent on him. He had boasted his towering strengthand twice he had beaten the puny weakling that was his wife.

Memory was busy now. Episodes of his life came crowding, unbidden and unwelcome, into his mind. There was that time, a good while ago, that Adele had wanted to go some place—some kind of party, maybe, among the women of the neighborhood, and she had wanted a new lawn dress. She knew just the piece she wanted, and had brought home a sample of the goods for him to seeit was pink with a narrow white stripe, and it cost twentyfive cents a yard. He could see her eager, half-hopeful look as she asked him for the money to buy the cloth, and her slump of disappointment as he snarled a refusal.

He had denied her requests times aplenty since then, but memory elected to dwell on the instance of the pink lawn, rehearsing the small tragedy of the woman's disappointment until he was sick with the thought of it.

There had been another time some months later, when he had taken two drunken cronies home with him at mid-night and had compelled Adele to get up and sit with him and his friends-listening to their smutty jokes and drunken laughter-until four in the morning. He remembered exactly how she looked that night: a scared, weary little creature, too frightened to move or to protest or even to cry, with the birth of her baby only a month away And four years ago-or was it five?-the family had

become destitute in the midst of winter. There was no work to be had. One item after another disappeared from the family bill of fare until only one remained. The summer before, Adele had, by some passing notion of thrift, put away a good many jars of fruit for winter use, and on this fruit the family lived for three weeks. To the day of his death Thede would never forget the look of those berry-stained saucers setting about on the oilcloth-covered table. His two boys, Billy and Tommy, aged six

and eight, came in from the alley through the skeleton shed and came trotting down the board walk. They had been taken away by a neighbor at the beginning of the trouble and were just now returning. Thede had not thought of them before; and now, with their appearance, a new and overwhelming trouble arose. What on earth would he do with the boys, now that their mother

was gone? Their mother had cared for She had nursed them them. when they were babies. She had hushed their cries. She had tended them when they were sick, and she had washed them and fed them. How great had been the burden of their care he could judge somewhat by the panicky ter-ror which seized him at the mere thought of his having to assume the care and labor that Adele had borne.

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He called to the children, and they came and stood before him. They were silent. inoffensive little creatures, round - faced and round-eyed, with a fixed policy of watchful waiting. Between their mother's tears and their father's

violence they had made little distinction;

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both were unpleasant. And now, with no abatement of their usual caution, they stood to meet this latest doubtful move on the part of the grown-ups.

When he called to the boys, Thede had some vague idea of explaining to them somewhat of their mother's death. But he found-as many abler men have found-

that the explanation of death is most difficult. "Your mother," he began, "your mother went -she has gone—" Then floundering hopelessly, he gave it up and considered their clothes.

They were poorly clad for the season. Cotton overalls, hickory shirts and wool hats from which the division into brim and crown had vanishedthese completed their outfits. Their feet, from which the baby plumpness had scarcely disappeared, were red and chafed with the cold.

"Have you any other clothes besides these you have on?" Thede asked.

Each boy looked down at his own garments, then at those of his brother and then back at the father. They shook their heads.

Thede rose and led his sons, one by each hand,

into the house.

To the woman who seemed to be managing affairs he took this latest phase of poverty and humiliation.

"The boys," he said, "I guess have nothing decent to wear; but I wish you would wash 'em and make 'em as tidy as you can for their ma's funeral."

This woman knew death and poverty. in' the baby, this makes the forty-seventh corpse I've laid out in my time!" she had remarked to her two assistants that morning as she curled the thin, soft hair around the dead woman's face.

She laid a firm, friendly hand on the man's arm, and said: that." "Don't you worry, Mr. Winters; we'll 'tend to

Thede returned to the back yard, comforted-for the

hour at least—by the friendly voice and hand.
"You girls," said the woman when the door had closed
after Thede, "had better get out amongst the neighbors and see if you can rustle up some clothes for the children whilst I get the dinner."

At half-past one everything was in order. Dinner of boiled meat and vegetables had been eaten. The dishes were washed and the drop-leaf table was covered with a red cloth and pushed back against the wall. Benches for the accommodation of the funeral guests were made of planks resting on the chairs. The fire was replenished, and the floor was swept again. A formal hush fell upon the three women, and they communicated only in whispers or in very low tones.

Thede sat in a corner of the room in which the coffin stood. He held Billy on his lap, and Tommy stood close beside him. The children wore the clothes that the "girls" had "rustled," and sorry little caricatures they were.

Tommy's modest wardrobe was augmented by coat and The coat was a world too large; the skirt hung nearly to his ankles; the shoulders sagged on his slender little frame, and the sleeves covered the very tips of his fingers. The shoes were a pair of tiny French-heeled slippers, fashioned for the ballroom and gay with buckles These with a pair of mismated stockings completed his mourning attire. His small body, engulfed in the huge coat, with the brave little shoes and an inch of faded blue overalls visible below, looked like some unusually weird scarecrow.

Billy had fared no better. His small torso was buttoned into a jacket so tight that it threatened its wearer with strangulation, and kept his arms stuck out pretty much at right angles with his body. No shoes had been obtained for him, but he wore on his feet a pair of storm rubbers so large that he could lift a foot from the floor only at the peril of losing a rubber.

Thede, in his youth, had been fond of wearing good clothes. When he beheld his children dressed in the outlandish things that had been given them, he suffered



actual physical nausea. Neighbors began to arrive: women, half-grown boys and girls, children. Two men, awkward and self-conscious, sidled in and found seats near the door; and after them came a young divinity student who was to pronounce whatever eulogies he might upon the dead woman, and incidentally to gather experience and confidence for himself.

The young minister announced a hymn, and when the last quavering note was finished, he read from the Bible the words of that other preacher, who long, long ago, de-clared that all is vanity. There was little in the present occasion to suggest the vainglorious spirit, but the young preacher liked his sermon on the vanities. It was full of rounded periods and rolling words.

As the funeral went on, the sky became overcast and the first thunder of the season rumbled in the west. Children became restless, and a woman with a three-weeks-old babe scurried out to her own home. The minister hurried somewhat with the sermon and omitted several of

the less sonorous passages.

When the funeral had progressed to what might be called the crisis, Thede led his two little boys to the side of the coffin and lifted first one and then the other for a last look at their mother. Each gazed for a moment with wonder at the unfamiliar features, and then Thede himself looked long and earnestly at the white face and the thin little body of the woman who had been his wife, and at the tiny form by her side. Then he went back to his place, while the lid of the coffin was fastened down.

HALF a dozen blocks from the Last Chance was located 1 a big implement-factory, the industrial nucleus round which the little settlement was clustered. The plant employed perhaps five hundred men, and it was principally from the patronage of these employees that old Peter Schnoltz had built up the flourishing business of his saloon. Among other shrewd devices to attract trade, Peter had conducted a small banking business for his customers. Old Peter had been dead for fifteen years at the time of which we write; but his son Johnny maintained the place and its customs as they had been.

On Saturday night two weeks after the funeral, Thede walked into the Last Chance. He gave Johnny a check that he wanted cashed. Johnny put the check-which called for fifteen dollars and represented seven and a half days' work performed by Thede—into the money-drawer and took out a five, a two and five one-dollar bills, and the remainder of the check's value in silver. Experience had taught him that when a man presented a check at the saloon, the money tendered therefor should be in such form as to make it appear like a large sum. Also, it should contain plenty of small change for immediate spending.



Thede took his dinner-pail from the floor. "No," he said, "I aint gonna stay a coupla hours, and I don't want no drink on the house oncet already—nor first, nor yet. . . . . You boys will have to quench your ragin' thirst—both for money and licker—at some other livin' fount."

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He executed something of a flourish as he placed the money on the bar before Thede. The jingle of silver and the rustle of bills were not lost upon the half-dozen men idling about the room. All were "friends" of Thede's; all had given him boisterous greeting when he entered. And now, as Thede stood before the bar, Mr. Simon Tully, his most particular "friend," lounged up and stood near. Two others followed; and Johnny, after passing the money to Thede, stood all attention.

But no order was forthcoming. Thede reached for the bills, folded them neatly, put them into a purse and returned the purse to his pocket. Then with his right hand he scraped the silver from the bar into his left, dropped it slowly from the left back into the right, counting it as

he did so; then the silver followed the purse.

There was a finality about the move that gave rise to a vague fear in the bosom of Mr. Tully. His greedy little red eyes watched Thede's every move as he put away his money. "Gonna stay and spend a coupla hours with the boys, I reckon, aint you, Thede?" he remarked, striving to keep the anxiety out of his voice.

Johnny, too, came awake at this. "Have a drink on the house oncet already, Thede," he urged nervously, fill-

ing a glass and placing it before his guest.

Thede didn't even look at the glass. He looked instead at Johnny, curiously, as though something unusual had just occurred to him; and it had. In all the nine years he had patronized the Last Chance, he had never before been invited to "have a drink on the house oncet already." Why should he be so invited now?

Thede took his dinner-pail from the floor. "No," he said, "I aint gonna stay a coupla hours, and I don't want no drink on the house oncet already-nor first, nor yet," he added in scornful mimicry of Johnny's Teutonic

idiom.

"I've got no woman to stay home with my kids now," he went on, "so I 'low to stay with 'em myself. You boys will have to quench your ragin' thirst-both for money and licker"-this with malicious impudence at Johnny-"at some other livin' fount. My roll is sewed up tighter than a jug for a spell."

FOR thirteen months Thede walked the path of sobriety and order. For thirteen months his children enjoyed a measure of comfort and plenty they had not known be-fore; and during this time Thede himself acquired clear eyes and skin, decent apparel and a neatly barbered head. His evenings were occupied with the housework, which he did with care. But Sundays were long, and loneliness made him find companionship in the boys. He took them on long excursions in the woods and taught them both to swim. They learned quickly, and became as agile as eels in the water. Watching the shining, active little bodies, the father pridefully allowed that the boys were somewhat superior to most boys of their ages.

September came, and the boys, dressed in new clothes from top to toe, started to school. While their mother lived, school had been an intermittent diversion for the children, rather than a regular business. The most trivial matter—a postponed wash-day, a delayed trouser-patch, a fit of temper on the part of one of the boys—was deemed sufficient cause for detaining both children at home.

All this was changed now. On Wednesday of the first week Billy, to whom school was irksome, exploited a tantrum. With clenched fists and stiffened muscles, holding his breath until his face was purple, he gasped that he didn't want to go to school, wouldn't go to school.

His father regarded him for a moment with astonishment and dismay; and then, clearing his son's deck for action, so to speak, he met the issue squarely. The conflict was short, sharp and absolutely decisive. A pained and chastened Billy tumbled into his clothes, gulped his breakfast and to away to school.

Fall merged into winter, and still Thede held to the course of rectitude. He remained steadfastly away from the Last Chance. He taught the boys their lessons at night, and admonished them gravely to be studious and obedient at school.

But these days, however pleasant and profitable to the children, were weary enough for Thede. He was sick of housework, and lonesome to desperation for adult companionship. Just how long he would have remained on this high plane of virtue unaided must forever be a matter of conjecture; for in May he brought home the second Mrs. Winters.

S HE was a plain, pleasant-faced woman, with soft brown hair and comprehending blue eyes. She had been a "practical" nurse, and she had about her the quiet sureness that comes from having the care of the sick and weak.

The honeymoon was rather a strenuous time. Within twenty-four hours after the arrival of the bride, the faded wall-paper was stripped from the walls and buckets of paint littered the place. Within ten days the work of renovating was finished. The windows were clean and shining; the floors were scrubbed; the walls blossomed with morning glories, wreathed in attractive design.

When all was complete there came one day a huge vanload of the bride's own belongings. The pitiful equipment which hitherto had sufficed in the house of Winters was assembled in a forlorn little huddle in the back yard; and from there, presently, it was removed by a junk-dealer.

Then the house was furnished—not to say adornedwith the goods from the van. There were bright-colored carpets; there were lace curtains which, when hung, trailed their snowy lengths some dozen inches on the floor; there were rocking-chairs shiny with varnish; there was a mirror with a gilt frame, and a parlor table—covered with a chenille cloth—on which lay an album of autographs, one of photographs, a Bible and a seashell. Bedroom and kitchen likewise blossomed freshly.

The boys said nothing when they came home from school that day, for they were silent little creatures by nature, but their faces showed a solemn delight that did not fade for many days. They liked their new mamma; she was friendly and kind; she did not gush and was not offensively familiar; she had made cookies twice since she came—delicious, snappy, sugary cookies; and she prepared meals such as they had never tasted before. No wonder they liked her! What male creature wouldn't?

Thede came home at a quarter after six that day. He had hurried to get home. It was Saturday night, and he had a check for fifteen dollars-which was three dollars more than he had ever earned in a single week before in his life. He had been sober for nearly fifteen months, and the superintendent of the factory wherein he was employed had on the previous Monday, not without misgivings as to the wisdom of his course, placed him in charge of a dozen men employed about the yard.

Thede had been pleased at the importance of his job; he would have to give it up, of course, as soon as the big Swede should have finished his spree and returned to claim his place; but in the meantime he, Thede Winters, would make a record. And partly because of the novelty of having a position of authority, and partly because he was naturally industrious and efficient, by Saturday night he and his gang had accomplished an amount of work that Ole would have required ten days to perform.

An hour before quitting-time the superintendent had approached Thede. "How do you like the job?" he had inquired after the direct manner of superintendents. Thede's heart had back-fired half a dozen times, and he

had suddenly ceased to perspire.

"All right," he had replied; his voice was treacherous and he dared trust it no farther.

"You can have this job to keep, if you want it," the

boss had stated. "Ole has been off for a week now, and this is not the first time. This is a responsible job, and I want a man I can trust. I want a man that will be here every working-day in the week and every week in the year. Can you do that?"

"I'll be here," Thede answered thickly.
"All right," the boss had said. "I will depend on you; your wages will be fifteen dollars a week."

It had been as simple as that. He was no longer a common laborer; he didn't even get his pay-check in the line of common laborers. He himself was a boss

So Thede had hurried home. He had news to tell; and so intent was he upon arriving, that he noticed nothing unusual about the place until he was well within the kitchen door. Then he beheld the change that had been wrought in his house since morning, and for the second time within an hour his heart began that crazy pounding. From where he stood he could survey almost the whole

of his small domain. His astonished gaze traveled to the bedroom and rested on the smooth white beds, the dresser, the pretty carpet and the white curtains swaying in the summer breeze. Then he scanned the living-room, clean, decent and comfortable, and lastly the kitchen, the big black stove, and the table spread invitingly with the flowered dishes and the fragrant supper.

The boys laughed delightedly at their father's surprise, an unusual demonstration for the silent little lads. His wife stood smiling by the table. She wore a white dress, and she had a red rose pinned in her hair.

"What-what happened, honey?" he said at last when he remembered to say anything.

"The furniture in the rooms that I lived in was my own. I had it brought here," Mrs. Winters replied. "I am glad if you like it. We will have supper now. Come,

When all were seated at the table, Thede offered his

surprise. He fished the check from his pocket and tossed it with elaborate carelessness upon his wife's plate. She took it up, glanced at it and laid it down-took it up again, looked at it sharply, then at Thede, then at each of the boys and then back at the check. The boys followed her gaze, and when she again lifted her eyes to her husband's face, they too regarded their father.

"Why, is this right?" she asked, considering the check. He told what had happened. His wife's face glowed with pride and happiness; the boys listened with mingled admiration and awe; while Thede, with the superb egotism of man, related every smallest detail of the matter.

Thede's little world was all before him. From east to west, not another person could be found who entertained an atom of interest in his happiness or his sorrow, his success or his failure, his life or his death-unless, indeed, we except the superintendent at the factory.

The weeks that followed were the happiest Thede had ever known. He was interested in his work-and a miracle had been wrought in his home.

T was the first Saturday in October that Thede came home drunk. He was home before seven and had taken only a few drinks; but he talked loudly and constantly, was overaffectionate to his wife (Continued on page 172)

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ng pain curled round his body. . . . . Among the many excellent attributes to the paters, strength and thoroughness were noticeable if not predominant qualities,



### CHAPTER XXVIII

IM CARVEL held out his hand, and the snarl that was in Baree's throat died away. The man rose to his feet; he stood there looking in the direction taken by Bush McTaggart, and he chuckled in a curious, exultant sort of way. There was friendliness even in that There was friendliness in his eyes and in the shine of his teeth as he looked again at Baree. About him there was something that seemed to make the gray day brighter, that seemed to warm the chill air-a strange something that radiated cheer and hope and comradeship.

Baree felt this. For the first time since the two men had come, his trap-torn body lost its tenseness; his back sagged; his teeth clicked as he shivered in his agony. To this man he betrayed his weakness. In his bloodshot eyes there was a hungering look as he watched Carvel-the self-confessed outlaw. And Jim Carvel again held out his

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hand—much nearer this time.
"You poor devil," he said, the smile going out of his "You poor devil!"

The words were like a caress to Baree—the first he had known since the loss of Nepeese and Pierrot. He dropped his head until his jaw lay flat in the snow. Carvel could see the blood dripping slowly from it.

"You poor devil!" he repeated. There was no fear in the way he put forth his hand. It was the confidence of a great sincerity and a great

compassion. It touched Baree's head and patted it, and then-slowly and with a bit more caution-it went to the trap fastened to Baree's fore-In his half-crazed brain Baree was fighting to understand things, and the truth came finally when he felt the steel jaws of the trap open, and he drew forth his maimed foot. He did then what he had done to no other creature but Nepeese. Just once his hot tongue shot out and licked Carvel's hand. The man laughed. With his powerful hands he opened the other traps, and Baree was

For a few moments he lay without moving, his eyes fixed on the man. Carvel had seated himself on the snow-covered end of a birch leg and

was filling his pipe. Baree watched him light it; he noted with new interest the first purplish cloud of smoke that left Carvel's mouth. The man was not more than the length of two trap-chains away-and he grinned at

"Screw up your nerve, old chap," he encouraged. "No bones broke. Just a little stiff. Mebby we'd better—

get out."

He turned his face in the direction of Lac Bain. suspicion was in his mind that McTaggart might turn back. Perhaps that same suspicion was impressed upon Baree, for when Carvel looked at him again, he was on his feet, staggering a bit as he gained his equilibrium. In another moment the outlaw had swung the pack-sack from his shoulders and was opening it. He thrust in his hand and drew out a chunk of raw red meat.

"Killed it this morning," he explained to Baree. "Year-ling bull, tender as partridge—and that's as fine a sweetbread as ever came out from under a backbone. Just

you try it!"

He tossed the flesh to Baree. There was no equivocation in the manner of its acceptance. Baree was famished, and the meat was flung to him by a friend. He buried his teeth in it. His jaws crunched it. New fire leaped into his blood as he feasted, but not for an instant did his reddened eyes leave the other's face. Carvel replaced his pack. He rose to his feet, took up his rifle, slipped on his snowshoes, fronted the north and said:

"Come, boy; we've got to travel." It was a matter-of-fact invitation, as though the two had been travelingcompanions for a long time. It was perhaps not only an invitation, but partly a command. It puzzled Baree. For a full half-minute he stood motionless in his tracks, gazing at Carvel as he strode northward. convulsive twitching through Baree; he swung his head toward Lac Bain; he looked again at Carvel; and a whine that was acarcely more than a breath came out of his throat. The man was just about to disappear into the thick spruce. He paused and looked back.

"Coming, boy?" Even at that distance Baree could see him grinning affably; he saw the

#### The Story

THIS exciting romance of the North Woods centers about the wolf-dog Baree and his mistress Nepeese, a beautiful half-breed girl. Tragedy beautiful half-breed girl. Tragedy comes to Nepeese when McTaggart, the brutal Factor at Lac Bain, sees har and tries to carry her off. Her father Pierrot is killed in defense of her, and her pet Baree is wounded in the same fight. To escape the Factor, Nepeese plunges over a deep chasm and disappears.

Baree recovers and searches long for Nepeese; and then he is caught in some steel traps set by McTaggart—who finds him and leaves him to die by inches, out of revenge for his defense of Nepeese. But he is found by a forest-wanderer named Carvel.

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outstretched hand, and the voice stirred new sensations in him. It was not like Pierrot's voice. He had never loved Neither was it soft and sweet like the Willow's. Pierrot. He had known only a few men, and all of them he had regarded with distrust. But this was a voice that dis-armed him. It was lureful in its appeal. He wanted to answer it. He was filled with a desire, all at once, to follow close at the heels of this stranger. For the first time in his life a

craving for the friendship of man, possessed him. He did not move until Jim Carvel entered the spruce. Then he followed.

That night they were camped in a dense growth of cedars and balsams ten miles north of Bush McTaggart's trap-line. For two hours it had snowed, and their trail was

covered. It was still snowing, but not a flake of the white deluge sifted down through the thick canopy of Carvel had put up his small silk tent and had built a fire; their supper was over, and Baree lay on his belly facing the outlaw, almost within reach of his hand. With his back to a tree, Carvel was smoking luxuriously. He had thrown off his cap and his coat, and in the warm fire-glow he looked almost boyishly young. But even in that glow his jaws lost none of their squareness, nor his eyes their clear alertness.

"Seems good to have some one to talk to," he was saying to Baree, "—some one who can understand an' keep his mouth shut. Did you ever want to howl an' didn't dare? Well, that's me. Sometimes I've been on the point of bustin' because I wanted to talk to some one

an' couldn't."

He rubbed his hands together and held them out toward the fire. Baree watched his movements and listened intently to every sound that escaped his lips. His eyes had in them now a dumb sort of worship, a look that warmed Carvel's heart and did away with the vast lone-liness and emptiness of the night. Baree had dragged himself nearer to the man's feet, and suddenly Carvel

leaned over and patted his head.

"I'm a bad one, old chap," he chuckled. "You haven't got it on me—not a bit. Want to know what happened?" He waited a moment, and Baree looked at him steadily. Then Carvel went on, as if speaking to a human: "Let's see—it was five years ago, five years this December, just before Christmas time. Had a dad. Fine old chap, my dad was. No mother—just the dad, an' when you added us up, we made just one. Understand? And along came a white-striped skunk named Hardy and shot him one day because Dad had worked against him in politics. Out-an'-out murder! An' they didn't hang that skunk! No sir, they didn't hang him. He had too much money, an' too many friends in politics, an' they let 'im off with two years in the penitentiary. But he didn't get there. Nos'elp me God, he didn't get there!"

Carvel was twisting his hands until his knuckles cracked. An exultant smile lighted up his face, and his eyes flashed back the firelight. Baree drew a deep breath-a mere coincidence; but it was a tense moment for all that.

"No, he didn't get to the penitentiary," went on Carvel, looking straight at Baree again. truly knew what that meant, old chap. He'd have been pardoned inside a year. An' there was my dad, the biggest half of me, in his grave. So I just went up to that white-striped skunk right there before the judge's eyes, an' the lawyers' eyes, an' the eyes of all his dear relatives an' friends—
and I killed him!
And I got away.
Was out through a window before they woke up, hit for the bush - country and have been

eating up the trails ever since. An' I guess the Lord was with me, boy. For He did a queer thing to help me out summer before last, just when the Mounties were after me hardest an' it looked pretty black. Man was found drowned down in the Reindeer Country, right where the thought I was cornered; an' the good Lord made that ma look so much like me that he was buried under my name So I'm officially dead, old chap. I don't need to be afraid any more, so long as I don't get too familiar with peop for a year or so longer, and way down inside me I've like to believe the Lord fixed it up in that way to help mout of a bad hole. What's your opinion? Eh?"

He leaned forward for an answer. Baree had listened Perhaps, in a way, he had understood. But it was another sound than Carvel's voice that came to his ears now. Will his head close to the ground he heard it quite distinct He whined, and the whine ended in a snarl so low the

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Carvel just caught the warning note in it. He straightened. He stood up then, and faced the south. Baree stood beside him, his legs tense and his spine bristling.

After a moment of deep silence Carvel said: "Relatives of yours, old chap. Wolves."
He went into the tent for his rifle and cartridges.

#### CHAPTER XXIX

BAREE was on his feet, rigid as hewn rock, when Carvel came out of the tent, and for a few moments Carvel stood in silence, watching him closely. Would the dog respond to the call of the pack? Did he belong to them? Would he go now? The wolves were drawing nearer. They were not circling, as a caribou or a deer would have circled, but were traveling straight—dead straight for their camp. The significance of this fact was easily understood by Carvel. All that afternoon Baree's feet had left a blood-smell in their trail, and the wolves of the safety on his rifle sounded with metallic sharpness. For many minutes they heard nothing but the crack of the Suddenly Baree's muscles seemed to snap. sprang back and faced the quarter behind Carvel, his head level with his shoulders, his inch-long fangs gleaming as he snarled into the black caverns of the forest beyond the rim of firelight.

Carvel had turned like a shot. It was almost frightening, what he saw: a pair of eyes burning with greenish fire, and then another pair, and after that so many of them that he could not have counted them. He gave a sudden gasp. They were like cat-eyes, only much larger. Some of them, catching the firelight fully, were red as coals; others flashed blue and green, living things without bodies. With a swift glance he took in the black circle of the forest. They were out there too; they were on all sides of them, but where he had seen them first they were thickest.

In these first few seconds Carvel had forgotten Baree, awed almost to stupefaction by that monster-eyed cordon

of death that hemmed them in. There were fifty, perhaps a hundred, wolves out there, afraid of nothing in all this savage world but fire. They had come up without the sound of a padded foot or a broken twig. If it had been later, and he had been asleep, and the fire out-

He shuddered, and for a moment the thought got the best of his nerves. He had not intended to shoot except from necessity, but all at once his rifle came to his shoulder, and he sent a stream of fire out where the eves were thickest. Baree knew what the shots meant, and filled with the mad desire to get at the throat of

one of his enemies, he dashed in their direction. Carvel gave a startled yell as he went. He saw the flash of Baree's body, saw it swallowed up in the gloom, and in that same instant heard the deadly clash of fangs and the impact of bodies. A wild thrill shot through him. The dog had charged alone—and the wolves had waited. There could be but one end. His four-footed comrade had gone

straight into the jaws of death!

He could hear the ravening snap of those jaws out in the darkness. It was sickening. His hand went to the automatic at his belt, and he thrust his empty rifle butt downward into the snow. With the big thirty-eight before his eyes, he plunged out into the darkness, and from his lips there issued a wild yelling that could have been heard a mile away. With the yelling a steady stream of fire spat from the automatic into the mass of fighting beasts. There were eleven shots in the automatic, and not until the plunger clicked with metallic emptiness did Carvel cease his yelling and retreat into the firelight.



almost lost, but that was out in the open Bar-To-night he had a fire, and in the event ren.

of his firewood running out, he had trees he could climb. His anxiety just now was centered in Baree. If the dog went, it would leave him alone again. So he said, making his voice quite casual:

"You aren't going, are you, old chap?"

If Baree heard him, he gave no evidence of it. But Carvel, still watching him closely, saw that the hair along his spine had risen like a brush, and then Carvel heardgrowing slowly in Baree's throat—a snarl of ferocious hatred. It was the sort of snarl that had held back the Factor from Lac Bain; and Carvel, opening the breech of his gun to see that all was right, chuckled happily. Baree may have heard the chuckle. Perhaps it meant Baree may have heard the chuckle. something to him, for he turned his head suddenly and with flattened ears looked at his companion.

The wolves were silent now. Carvel knew what that meant, and he was tensely alert. In the stillness the click

He listened, breathing deeply. He no longer saw eyes in the darkness; nor did he hear the movement of bodies. The suddenness and ferocity of his attack had driven back the wolf-horde. But the dog! He caught his breath and strained his eyes. A shadow was dragging itself into the circle of light. It was Baree. Carvel ran to him, put his arms under his shoulders and brought him to the fire.

For a long time after that there was a questioning light in Carvel's eyes. He reloaded his guns, put fresh fuel on the fire, and from his pack dug out strips of cloth with which he bandaged three or four of the deepest cuts in Baree's legs. And a dozen times he asked, in a wondering sort of way:

"Now, what the deuce made you do that, old chap? What have you got against the wolves?"

All that night he did not sleep, but watched.

Their experience with the wolves broke down the last bit of uncertainty that might have existed between the man and the dog. For days after that, as they traveled slowly north and west, Carvel nursed Baree as he might have cared for a sick child. Because of the dog's hurts he made only a few miles a day. Baree understood, and in him there grew stronger and stronger a great love for the man whose hands were as gentle as the Willow's and whose voice warmed him with the thrill of comradeship.

And Carvel, on his part, made at last a discovery that interested him deeply. Always, when they halted on the trail, Baree would turn his face to the south; when they were in camp it was from the south that he nosed the wind most frequently. This was quite natural, Carvel thought, for his old hunting-grounds were back there. But now and then, looking off into the far country from which they had come, Baree would whine softly, and on that day he would be filled with a great restlessness. More and more, Carvel came to understand that some mysterious call was coming to him from the south.

It was the wanderer's intention to swing over into the country of the Great Slave, a good eight hundred miles to the north and west, before the mush-snows came. From there, when the waters opened in springtime, he planned to travel by canoe westward to the Mackenzie and ultimately to the mountains of British Columbia. These plans were changed in February. They were caught in a great storm in the Wholdaia Lake country, and when their fortunes looked darkest, Carvel stumbled on a cabin in the heart of a deep spruce-forest, and in this cabin there was a dead man. He had been dead for many days and was frozen stiff. Carvel chopped a hole and buried him.

THE cabin was a treasure-trove to Carvel and Baree, especially to the man. It evidently possessed no other owner than the one who had died; it was comfortable and stocked with provisions; and more than that, its owner had made a splendid catch of fur before the frost bit his lungs and he died. Carvel went over it carefully and joyously. They were worth a thousand dollars at any post, and he could see no reason why they did not belong to him now. Within a week he had blazed out the dead man's snow-covered trap-line and was trapping on his own account.

This was two hundred miles north and west of the Gray Loon, and soon Carvel observed that Baree did not face directly south in those moments when the strange call came to him, but south and east. And now, with each day that passed, the sun rose higher in the sky; it grew warmer; the snow softened underfoot; and in the air was the tremulous and growing throb of spring. With these things came the old yearning to Baree, the heart-thrilling call of the lonely graves back on the Gray Loon, of the burned cabin, the abandoned tepee beyond the pool—and of Nepeese.

In April Carvel shouldered his furs up to the Hudson Bay Company's post at Lac la Biche, which was still farther north. Baree accompanied him halfway, and then—at sundown one night—started back over the hometrail. At the end of a week Carvel returned to the cabin and found him there. They lived in the cabin until May. Then Carvel found the first of the early blue-flowers.

That night he packed up.

"It's time to travel," he announced to Baree. "And I've sort of changed my mind. We're going back—there."

And he pointed south.

#### CHAPTER XXX

A STRANGE humor possessed Carvel as he began the southward journey. His time was valueless, and as he had no fixed destination, he began to experiment.

For the first two days he gave over the trail to Baree, and fifty times during those two days he marked the dog's course by compass. It was due southeast. On the third morning Carvel purposely struck a course straight west. He noted quickly the change in Baree—his restlessness at first, and after that the dejected manner in which the dog followed him. Toward noon Carvel swung sharply to the south and east again, and almost immediately Baree regained his old eagerness and ran ahead of his master.

After this, for many days, Carvel followed the trail of

the dog.

"Mebby I'm an idiot, old chap," he apologized one evening. "But it's a bit of fun, after all—an' I've got to hit the line of rail before I can get over to the mountains, so what's the difference? I'm game—so long as you don't take me back to that chap at Lac Bain. Now, what the devil! Are you hitting for his trap-line, to get even? If that's the case—"

A week later Baree answered Carvel's question by swinging westward to give a wide berth to Post Lac Bain. It was midafternoon when they crossed the trail along which Bush McTaggart's traps and deadfalls had been set. Baree did not even pause. He headed due south, traveling so fast that at times he was lost to Carvel's sight. A suppressed but intense excitement possessed him, and he whined whenever Carvel stopped to rest—always with his nose sniffing the wind out of the south.

Something greater than mere curiosity began to take possession of Carvel. A whimsical humor became a fixed and deeper thought, an unreasoning anticipation that was accompanied by a certain thrill of subdued excitement. By the time they reached the old beaver-pond the mystery of the strange adventure had a firm hold on him. From Beaver Tooth's colony Baree led him to the creek along which Wakayoo the black bear had fished, and thence straight to the Gray Loon.

It was early afternoon of a wonderful day. It was so still that the rippling waters of spring, singing in a thousand rills and streamlets, filled the forests with a droning music. In the warm sun the crimson bakneesh glowed like blood. In the open spaces the air was scented with the perfume of blue-flowers. In the trees and bushes mated birds were building their nests.

Then they came to the clearing, and once more Baree stood like a rock. Carvel saw the charred ruins of the burned cabin, and a moment later the two graves under the tall spruce. He began to understand as his eyes returned slowly to the waiting, listening dog. A great swelling rose in his throat, and after a moment or two he said softly and with an effort:

"Boy, I guess you're home."

Baree did not hear. With his head up and his nose tilted to the blue sky, he was sniffing the air. What was it that came to him with the perfumes of the forests and the green meadow? Why was it that he trembled now as he stood there? What was there in the air? Carvel asked him-

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### A pleasing Overture

The happy introduction to harmonious living.

"A good soup means a good dinner," so the epicures declare. And everybody knows that it goes a long way toward making any meal a success. But it does much more than that. Good soup promotes good digestion. And this means better health, keener thinking, more effective work. In building up all-around vigor and vitality, there is no surer reliance than good soup eaten every day.

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self, and his questing eyes tried to answer the questions. Nothing! There was death here, death and desertion—that was all. And then, all at once, there came from Baree a strange cry,-almost a human cry,-and he was gone like the wind.

Carvel threw off his pack, dropped his rifle and followed Barre. He ran swiftly-straight across the open, into the dwarf balsams and, into a grass-grown path that had once been worn by the travel of feet. He ran until he was panting for breath, and then he stopped and listened. He could hear nothing of Baree. But that old, worn trail led on under the forest trees, and he followed it.

Close to the deep, dark pool in which he and the Willow had disported so often, Baree too had stopped. He could hear the rippling of water, and his eyes shone with a gleaming fire as he quested for Nepeese and sought their old hidingplaces; but at last the realization was borne upon him that she was not there.

He went on, to the tepee. The little open space in which they had built their hidden wigwam was flooded with sun-shine that came through a break in the forest to the west. The tepee was still there. It did not seem to Baree very much changed. And rising from the ground in front of the tepee was what had come to him faintly on the still airthe smoke of a small fire. Over that fire was bending a person, and it did not strike Baree as amazing, or at all unexpected, that this person should have two great shining braids down her back. He whined, and at his whine the person grew a little rigid and turned slowly.

Even then it seemed quite the most natural thing in the world that it should be Nepeese and none other. He had lost her yesterday; to-day he had found her. And in answer to his whine there came a sobbing cry straight out of the

soul of the Willow.

Carvel found them there a few minutes later, the dog's head hugged close up against the breast of the Willow; and the Willow was crying-crying like a little child, her face hidden from him on Baree's neck. He did not interrupt them, but waited; and as he waited, something in the sobbing voice and the stillness of the forest seemed to whisper to him a bit of the story of the burned cabin and the two graves and the meaning of the call that had come to Baree from out of the south.

#### CHAPTER XXXI

THAT night there was a new camp-fire in the open. It was not a small fire, built with the fear that it might be seen by other eyes, but one that sent its flames high. In the glow of it stood Carvel. And as the fire had changed from small smoldering heap over which the Willow had cooked her dinner, so Carvel, the officially dead outlaw, had changed. The beard was gone from his face; he had thrown off his caribou-skin coat; his sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, and in his eyes was a new light.

His eyes were on Nepeese. She sat in the firelight, leaning a little toward the blaze, her wonderful hair glowing warmly in the flash of it. Carvel did not move

while she was in that attitude. seemed scarcely to breathe. The glow in his eyes grew deeper-the worship of a man for a woman. Suddenly Nepeese turned and caught him before he could turn his gaze. There was nothing to hide in her own eyes. Like her face, they were flushed with a new hope and a new gladness. Carvel sat down beside her on

"To-morrow or the next day I am going to Lac Bain," he said, a hard and bitter note back of the gentle worship in "I will not come back until I

have-killed him."

The Willow looked straight into the fire. For a time there was a silence broken

### MR. CURWOOD

is already at work on another romance of the Great North. It will be announced soon.

only by the crackling of the flames. For she had told him the whole story: her flight, her plunge to what she had thought was certain death in the icy torrent of the chasm, her miraculous escape from the waters-and how she was discovered. nearly dead, by Tuboa, the toothless old Cree whom Pierrot out of pity had allowed to hunt in part of his domain. Carvel felt within himself the tragedy and the horror of the one terrible hour in which the sun had gone out of the world for the Willow, and in the flames he could see faithful old Tuboa as he called on his last strength to bear Nepeese over the long miles that lay between the chasm and his cabin; Carvel caught shifting visions of the weeks that followed in that cabin, weeks of hunger and of intense cold in which the Willow's life hung by a single thread. And at last, when the snows were deepest, Tuboa had died. A deep breath rose out of Carvel's chest, and he said, staring deep into the fire:

To-morrow I will go to Lac Bain." For a moment Nepeese did not answer. She too was looking into the fire. Then

she said:
"Tuboa meant to kill him when the spring came, and he could travel. When Tuboa died, I knew that it was I who must kill him. So I came, with Tuboa's gun. It was fresh-loaded—yesterday. gun. It was fresh-loaded—yesterday. And M'sieur Jeem—" She looked up at him, a triumphant glow in her eyes as she added almost in a whisper: will not go to Lac Bain. I have sent a messenger."

"A messenger?"

"Yes, Ookimow Jeem—a messenger. Two days ago! I sent word that I had not died, but was here waiting for him—and that I would be Iskwao now, his wife. Oh, he will come, Ookimow Jeemhe will come fast. And you shall not kill him. Non!" She smiled into his face, him. Non!" She smiled into his face, and the throb of Carvel's heart was like a drum. "The gun is loaded," she said softly. "I will shoot."

"Two days ago!" said Carvel. "And from Lac Bain it is—"

"He will be here to-morrow," Nepeese answered him. "To-morrow, as the sun goes down, he will enter the clearing. know. My blood has been singing it all day. To-morrow, to-morrow—for he will travel fast, Ookimow Jeem. Yes, he will come fast."

Carvel had bent his head and pressed the soft braid of her hair to his lips. The Willow, looking again into the fire, did not see. But she felt—and her heart was beating like the wings of a bird.

"Ookimow Jeem!" she whisperedbreath, a flutter of the lips so soft that

Carvel heard no sound.

HAD old Tuboa been there that night it is possible that he would have read strange warnings in the winds that whispered now and then softly in the treetops. It is barely possible that old Tuboa, with his ninety years behind him, would have learned something, or that at least he would have suspected a thing which Carvel in his youth and confidence did not see. "To-morrow—he will come to-morrow!" The Willow, exultant, had said that. But to old Tuboa the trees "Why not tomight have whispered: night?"

It was midnight when the big moon stood full above the little open in the forest. In the tepee the Willow was sleep-In a balsam shadow back from the fire slept Baree, and still farther back in the edge of a spruce-thicket slept Carvel. Dog and man were tired, and they heard

no sound.

But they had traveled neither so far nor so fast as Bush McTaggart. Between sunrise and midnight he had come forty miles when he strode out into the clearing where Pierrot's cabin had stood. from the edge of the forest he had called; when he found no answer, he and now. stood under the light of the moon and listened. Nepeese was to be waiting. Somewhere near where he stood, Nepeese was waiting for him-waiting for him! Once again he called, his heart beating in a fierce anticipation as he There was no answer. listened. then for a thrilling instant his breath stopped. He sniffed the air—and there stopped. came to him faintly the smell of smoke.

Prompted by the first instinct of the forest-man McTaggart turned to front the wind-but the faintest breath under the starlit skies. He did not call again, but hastened across the clearing.

It was the forest-man's instinct, too, that added the element of caution to his advance—that, and the utter stillness of the night. He broke no sticks under his He disturbed the brush so quietly that it made no sound. When he came at last to the little open where Carvel's fire was still sending a spiral of sprucescented smoke up into the air, it was with a stealth that failed even to rouse Baree.

Perhaps, deep down in McTaggart, there smoldered an old suspicion; perhaps it was because he wanted to come to her while she was sleeping. The sight of the tepee made his heart throb faster. It was light as day where it stood in the moonlight, and he saw hanging outside it a few bits of woman's apparel. He advanced soft-footed as a fox and stood a moment later with his hand on the cloth flap at the wigwam door, his head bent forward to catch the merest breath of sound. He could hear her breathing. Then, still very could hear her breathing. quietly, he drew aside the flap at the door.

could not have been sound that roused Baree, hidden in the black balsam shadow a dozen paces away. Perhaps it was scent. His nostrils twitched first; then he awoke. For a few seconds his ine

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eyes glared at the bent figure in the tepee door. He knew that it was not Carvel.
The old smell—the man-beast's smell filled his nostrils like a hated poison. He sprang to his feet and stood with his lips snarling back slowly from his long fangs. McTaggart had disappeared. From inside the tepee there came a sound, a sudden movement, a startled ejaculation of one awakening from sleep, and then a cry-a low, half-smothered, frightened cry. And in response to that cry Baree shot out from under the balsam with a sound in his throat that had in it the note of death.

In the edge of the spruce-thicket Carvel rolled restlessly. Strange sounds were arousing him, cries that in his exhaustion came to him as if in a dream. At last he sat up, and then in sudden horror leaped to his feet and rushed toward the tepee. Nepeese was in the open, crying the name she had given him-"Ookimow Jeem, Oookimow Jeem, Ookimow Jeem!" She was standing there white and slim, her eyes with the blaze of the stars in them; and when she saw Carvel, she flung out her arms to him, still crying:

"Ookimow Jeem-oh, Ookimow Jeem!" In the tepee he heard the rage of a beast, the moaning cries of a man. He forgot that it was only last night he had come, and with a cry he swept the Willow to his breast, and the Willow's arms tightened round his neck as she moaned:

"Ookimow Jeem-it is the man-beastin there! It is the man-beast from Lac Bain—and Baree!"

Truth flashed upon Carvel, and he caught Nepeese up in his arms and ran away with her from the sounds that had grown sickening and horrible. In the

spruce-thicket he put her feet once more to the ground, and then turned back.

WHEN Carvel returned to the fire alone, with his automatic in his hand, Baree was in front of the tepee waiting for him. Carvel picked up a burning brand and entered the wigwam. When he came out, his face was white. He tossed the brand in the fire and went back to Nepeese. He had wrapped her in his blankets, and now he knelt down beside her and put his arms about her.

"He is dead, Nepeese."

"Dead, Ookimow Jeem?"
"Yes. Baree killed him." "Yes.

She did not seem to breathe. Gently, with his lips in her hair, Carvel whispered his plans for their paradise.

"No one will know, my sweetheart.
To-night I will bury him and burn the
tepee. To-morrow we will start for
Nelson House, where there is a missioner. And after that we will come back-and I will build a new cabin where the old one burned. Do you love me, Ka Sakahet?"
"Oui—yes, Ookimow Jeem, I love

vou."

Suddenly there came an interruption. Baree at last was giving his cry of triumph. It rose to the stars; it wailed over the roofs of the forests and filled the quiet skies-a wolfish howl of exultation, of achievement, of vengeance ful-filled. Its echoes died slowly away, and silence came again. A great peace whispered in the soft breath of the tree-tops. Out of the north came the mating call of a loon. About Carvel's shoulders the Willow's arms crept closer. And Carvel, out of his heart, thanked God.

THE END

#### (Continued from THE UNPARDONABLE SIN page 28)

flare of joy in his mother's heart. could not be impatient for the Doctor's arrival if he were guilty of the girl's mur-She laughed aloud and seizing his hand. wrung it. He stared at amazed

'What's the matter, Mother?"

She only smiled, reproaching herself for the treachery of her suspicion. She wanted to tell him of it and beg his for-But the confession was imposgiveness. sible in Ward Pennywell's presence. Now that the Doctor was coming, she felt that she had no right to tell the Marshal of the man who had slunk away. The poor girl might be brought back to life, and be hurt by the publication of her secret. What the Marshal got, the newspapers got. So she postponed again.

The Marshal was studying the girl. He ran his fingers into her hair and about her head. The sensitive Noll, to whom a woman's hair was almost sacred, resented his profanation. But the Marshal

did not notice him. He mumbled:
"Skull's all right. She aint been hit
with nothin'—or throttled. If she was
stabbed or shot, there'd be plenty of signs. No sign of poi-It's kind of mysterious. son around her mouth. But she's kind of still and cold. Who is she, anyway? Any of you ever see her before?"

All three shook their heads. Marshal was shocked.

"I aint ever seen her myself. Keep track of most everybody. I meet most of the trains. Nobody like her has stepped off one the last few days. Won-der who her folks are. I guess it's kind up to me to search her for what the feller calls a clue."

He put out his hands, but they kind of retracted themselves before Noll made a leap at him and a strangled groan. "Don't! Don't touch her!"

#### CHAPTER III

THE Marshal eyed him suspiciously: "What's it to you, young feller?" "I can't bear to see your big old hands on her.

The Marshal laughed sheepishly and

"Maybe you better do the searchin',

Miz Winsor. It's a kind of lady's job."
"No, thank you," said Mrs. Winsor.
"I guess we'd better all wait till the Doctor comes."

"I'll go along if you don't mind," said Ward Pennywell.

"I do mind," said the Marshal. "Set right where you air!"

There was a long silence. Nobody spoke. All stared and waited for the girl But she did not budge. to rise. breast did not lift with a breath; her nostrils were as still as marble. Her attitude was one of such discomfort that a living being would surely have moved. Noll was tempted to go to her assistance, but he lacked the power.

By and by the door-bell whirred, and Noll went to admit the Doctor. Young Kirke Mitford, having had no warning of what awaited him, and having heard much of the medicinal importance of a cheerful bedside manner, came in with his usual youthful geniality augmented by the pres-

ence of his most recent fiancée. He had taken Phœbe Mabee to the Sperry party in his little car, and she had insisted on riding with him over to the Winsors'. She was afraid he would be struck by lightning if he went alone. Besides, he told her that Mrs. Winsor was no worse, and she said that she would pay the old lady a call.

She had not been a doctor's fiancée very long, and she had not yet learned the doctor's-wifely wisdom of avoiding torment by ignoring his patients as far as possible, and above all things avoiding the sight of him at work.

In her innocent ignorance she forced herself into the Winsor home at the most unwelcome of moments in the most unwelcome of moods. She scampered in, laughing, chattering, dancing and shaking the rain from her, spaniel-wise. She was one of those who must repeat the entire dialogue of every incident, however trifling-one of those he-said-and-I-said talkers, as bad as a novelist.

Phoebe Mabee was the likablest girl in town in some ways. She was perennially cheerful in the darkest hours, the life of the dullest picnic.

But cheerfulness was an anachronism here and now. Mrs. Winsor felt as if a tomboy had stumbled into a funeral. She heard Phœbe rattling on:

"Why, h'lo, Noll, umbrella's wet. Did Watch out-that Didn't expect to see me, did you? But Kirke said he had to come over here. I said: 'You might as well over here. I said: 'You mightake me on home, first, Kirke.' But he said: 'Well, you see, Phœbe, Noll asked me to stop in at Mrs. Winsor's; nobody sick,' he said, 'but he wanted to see me.'
So I said: 'Well, if nobody's sick, I'll
stop in with you and say hello. I've been
meaning to call for a coon's age.' How is

your mother, anyway? Can I see her?"
Only now could Noll break into her chatter with grisly directness.

"Excuse me, Phœbe, but there's a poor girl in there, dead or dying. Ward Pennywell stepped on her body, and so we brought her in and sent for the Marshal, and he sent for Kirke to see if she really is-dead."

Phœbe's silence in the hall was so profound that Mrs. Winsor could hear the rustle of the Doctor's raincoat as he took it off and hung it on the hall-tree.



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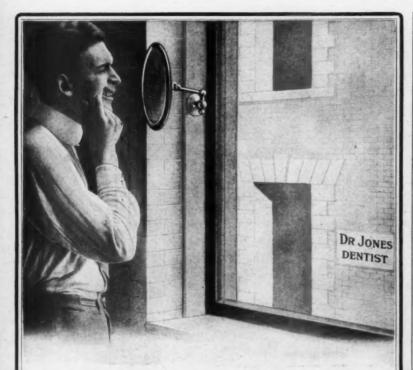
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The Doctor came in, trying to cast off his dancing mien and be the agent of a solemnity proper to the situation.

solemnity proper to the situation.

He shook hands with Mrs. Winsor and then turned to the girl. He was amazed. If Pheebe had meant to save him from being struck by lightning, she had not succeeded.

He went in haste, as if drawn by a rope. He forgot Phoebe, as did the rest. The poor chatterbox left alone in the hall saw, through the frame of the doorway, her pledged husband seize the hands of a totally strange and totally beautiful girl who lay in a posture of heavy sleep.

Mitford gripped the girl's wrist, and his two finger-tips listened in vain for the pulse-beat; the other hand went to her forehead. He knelt down and peered into her face as if he would kiss her. He put his cheek close to her lips. He cupped his palm over her heart. Phoebe walked into a corner of the hall and dropped into a chair. She was sick with shock and convinced that the girl was shamming—"playing 'possum." In a moment she was back again, watching, forgotten, quivering in the green flames of jealousy.

Doctor Mitford pushed back one eyelid, and he alone knew what color the iris was. He got no reassuring message from the stare that answered him. The pupil was dilated. The eye did not follow his. He lighted a match and moved it before the eye, with no effect. He put his cheek on the girl's left breast and rested there while Phœbe wrung her hands with helpless shartle of him. He shook his head again. He opened the little handbag he had brought in from his car, took out a stethoscope and swiftly unfastening the girl's frock at the neck and throwing it back, set the instrument over the heart. Noll turned away with something of the terror of Noah's better sons, but Ward Pennywell stared like Ham till Mrs.

Winsor glared him away.
"Get me a mirror, will you?" Dr. Mitford mumbled.

Noll ran up the stairs and ran down with his shaving-glass. Kirke held it in front of the girl's nostrils; then he stared at it, found a dim vapor on its surface and gave a little gasp of joy.

and gave a little gasp of joy.
"She's not gone—yet!" he muttered.
And now he was in a mood of snarling
rapture. He was the young doctor challenging old Death to a duel.

From his knees he spoke to Mrs. Winsor.

"I don't know what's wrong, but there's not much life in her. If I take her to the hospital in this cold rain—"

"Certainly not. The spare room! Noll, run up and make a light."

Noll hurried, but Mitford was right after him. He rose, gathered the almost soulless bundle of flesh into his arms and carried her up to bed as if she were a Sabine girl. He did not see Phœbe Mabee as he went through the hall, but she saw his arms about that wicked creature who had fascinated her man at sight. She saw the girl's nodding head and swaying arms hanging at Mitford's shoulder.

Phoebe snatched one of the Winsor umbrellas from the rack and went out into the rain. If she had stayed a moment longer, she would have heard her fiance calling to her from the top of the stairs:

"Oh, Phœbe, Phœbe! Come up and undress this poor thing, will you?"

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Mrs. Winsor hobbled out and saw that Phœbe had decamped. She labored up the stairs herself and was glad to find that necessity gave her strength. Necessity is the supreme tonic. The young doctor called to Noll: "Take off her shoes. No, run fill a hot-water bag—two if you have 'em. Hurry! Mrs. Winsor, you might unfasten these infernal hooks while I take off her shoes and stockings."

Their struggle for her life rendered the ordinary delicacies contemptible for the moment. The waif had both a valet and

a maid.

While Mrs. Winsor was at her task, Dr. Mitford was in and out and up and down stairs, equipping himself for the contest. He grabbed the hot-water bottles from Noll and sent him to telephone the drugstore for stimulants, the hospital for a pulmotor and a trained nurse, his own boarding-house for his electric battery.

He ran out into the kitchen and used the steaming kettle for a sterilizer. He filled his hypodermic needle. He turned the house upside down, but he gave the comforting impression that he was neglect-

ing nothing.

In one of his charges through the sitting-room he was checked by the Mar-

"Say, Doc, just a moment."

"Can't spare a second, Chief."
"Hold on! I just want to ask you is they any use my hangin' round any

"Not the slightest; you're absolutely no se—just in the way."

"Do you think she's-er-gone?" "She will be if you don't let go my

coat "Does it look like sooacide or a killin'?" "How do I know? What difference does it make? The first thing's to get her alive.

"I guess it's safe to leave her in your

custody

"She'll not run far for a long time." "All right. You needn't wait neither, Ward. Consider yourself arrested or somethin'. I'll let you know when I need you. I'm goin' out to look round that tree with my flashlight, and see if she's lost anything that'll give a kind of clue or somethin. Night, Doc."

A little later the door-bell rang, and Noll answered him. It was the Marshal.

"Tell the Doc" I didn't find nothin',

he said, and left.

NOLL sat on the top step of the stair-IN way, pondering deeply, profoundly shaken by the invasion of this eerie ghost-Meanwhile the young doctor, woman. who had had none too much experience, was trying to make the most of his few weapons

Mrs. Winsor, acting as a sort of chap eron, hovered about. She spent most of her time examining the girl's clothes for some clue. There was no dressmaker's label on her frock, no laundry mark on her linen. The name of the maker of her

shoes was blurred.

Just one bit of treasure trove Mrs. insor found. A silk money-belt was Winsor found. fastened about the girl's waist, and in the pockets of that she found several little clumps of money, new money that had never been spent even once—several thousand dollars in large bills—and two diamond rings. That was all she found. She showed the wealth to the Doctor. He pushed it aside brusquely.

'It doesn't interest me how much she's worth. The thing is can I get her back.

Mrs. Winsor struggled out into the hall and sank down on the step at Noll's side. She showed him the money and the money-belt. He counted it expertly-four thousand, eight hundred and forty-five dollars. It was a larger sum than either of them had ever seen at once before, in that house. Noll handled money in bundles at the bank, but this was different. Mrs. Winsor looked over her shoulder and gasped when the Doctor opened the door.

"Come here, Noll, and help me," he commanded.

Noll restored the money-belt to his She pushed it away. mother.

"For heaven's sake, keep it. It frightens

He showed the money to Mitford.
"Put it up, for God's sake," said Mitford. "Here, take hold of her feet and help me carry her over to that couch by the light

Noll suffered anguishes of modesty. He seemed to be committing a lynchable offense in embracing this young woman to whom he had never been introduced. was in one of his mother's nightgowns now, and she was grotesquely pretty. She was so cold that she appalled him. There was a rigidity about her that chilled him. She was as awkward as a jointed doll

He had never held a woman so; she was unutterably fearful to him, and yet somehow ineffably dear.

He prayed, for her and to her, not to leave him. He vaguely remembered Walt Whitman's lines to the wounded soldier.

Hang all your weight on me— By God, I will not let you die.

He suffered cruelly with the assaults the Doctor was making on the citadels of her soul's retreat. Mitford tried by loud noises, by flashing lights, to startle her to her windows. He set to her nose a bottle of ammonia that almost blinded Noll with its knifelike odor. Noll was nauseated with the loathsome shock of asafetida, but her exquisite nostrils showed no repug-

"Don't!" he growled at last. "You're

hurting her."

"No, I'm not," said Mitford. trying to, but I can't."

After every effort Mitford stepped back, baffled vet somehow convinced by failure that success was waiting for the lucky try.

Noll thought of him as of one of the priests of Baal trying to lure his god to answer, while Elijah taunted: "Cry aloud. . Either he is talking or pursuing or

in a journey Doctor Mitford had not awakened the first hint of life when the trained nurse came and took Noll's place. He had to leave the room. He felt as if he had deserted his charge. The door was closed on him.

He took up a vigil-place on the stairs. He heard strange noises in the spare which Mitford had turned into a laboratory. He wondered what they were doing, the nurse and the doctor. He knew that they were hurting her, or hoping to. There was so much pain on earth, it seemed better to let her sleep on out of the ugly world. And yet it seemed that her life was too precious to be surrendered, at any cost.

He fell asleep at last in the turbulence of his own emotions. He was wakened by Mitford's shaking his arm. The hall was lighted ambiguously by the gas and by the daylight round the chinks of the curtain. Seeing the desperate look in Mitford's face, Noll said:
"How is she? Is she—"

"She's not dead, anyway."

"Oh, thank God!"

"Don't be too previous. If it's the sleeping sickness, there is almost no hope. If it's the She'll just fade away. I'm all in!"

He stumbled down the stairway, and Noll caught his elbow to keep him from pitching forward headlong.

"You'll get a good sleep, I suppose,"

said Noll

"No such luck!" said Mitford. got an operation at eight. That's why l wanted to dance a little last night and clear my brain, and have a good night's rest for once, because the operation is a man's job. I wont be at my best. It's all the fault of— Well, so long."

Noll checked him again, and pointed up,

as he said:

"What do you think caused her-death-

sleep, or whatever it is?"

I haven't the faintest idea. I've made a thorough examination. I can't find anything wrong. I wonder who the dickens she is and where the devil she comes from."

"Good night!" "Good morning!"

Noll staggered to his own room. pulled down the curtain, he saw the Doctor clambering into his car.

#### CHAPTER IV

WHEN Noll woke, it was nearly ten o'clock. The sound of the door-bell d him. He sat up in bed with a roused him. He sat up in bed with a start and a flush of guilt. He would be late to the bank where he worked.

And he had heartlessly forgotten the new guest altogether. He was ashamed of himself, especially as it was the Doctor whose ring had wakened him. His mother was awake, and had breakfasted. nurse was a trifle jaded but still alert. Doctor Mitford was coming out of the room by the time Noll was dressed.

"How is your patient?" asked Noll

anxiously.

"The operation was a great success. The patient hasn't decided yet.

"I mean the—the poor girl upstairs.
Is she alive?"

Yes and no."

"What does that mean?"

"There's no sign of her waking."

"Drugged?"

"What put her to sleep?"

"I wish I knew."

"How are you going to wake her?"
"I wish I knew."

"How long will she sleep?"
"How can I tell? It may be for hours, weeks-it may be forever!

"I should think she'd starve."

"She will if I don't find some way to feed her. If it should be the sleeping



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sickness, there's little hope. I've been reading that up. It's pretty nearly unknown among Caucasians except by importation from Africa, and it's nearly always fatal. A gradual emaciation ends in death without waking."

Noll's young soul rejected such a possibility as too cruel to be true-as if anything imaginable were too cruel to be

"She's not going to die. Something tells

me that!'

"Something-tells-me is hardly a prog-nosis," said Mitford. "But there's nothing to indicate the sleeping sickness. there's nothing to indicate that she is unconscious from a blow. Sometimes a person is hit on the head or thrown on the head, and the concussion stuns the brain for hours, even for days. there's not a sign of even a bump on her pretty skull. There's only one other theory left—hysteria."

"Hysteria? Why, I thought when women had hysteria they made a lot of noise and tore their hair and cried and

laughed at the same time?"

'Not always. Sometimes they have fits of sleep. They fall into just such a lethargy as this. They grow cold and white; the heart-beat is almost impossible to trace; they seem to be dead. And sometimes they have been buried in careless haste and have wakened after-

"That's the cataleptic trance I've heard about," Noll said. "For God's sake, don't make any mistakes with her."

He stared at the girl with a new emotion. His glance was curious, dubious; his eyes quizzed her.

"Hysteria," he pondered. "That sounds kind of insincere. It's one way of shamming, isn't it?"

"That depends on what you mean by

shamming," said Mitford.

It seemed grossly unchivalrous to be standing so near to her and discussing her so frankly; for if she were indeed conscious, she must be overhearing their Yet how could she be concomments. scious and keep so still? The self-grip it would require to deny herself all motion, even to the longing for one deep breath, was inconceivable to Noll. own chest ached at the thought. He had had pleurisy, and he knew the priceless luxury of a great free gulp of air. A spasm of protest went through all his muscles at the thought of so prolonged a voluntary immobility.

He beckoned Mitford to another room. What sort of thing causes that sort of

thing?" he asked gropingly. Some great soul-shock. "What sort of shock?"

"Oh, a sudden disillusionment, a terrifying insult or-oh, anything that may shatter a young woman's innocence or faith in somebody or in herself-some sort of mental lightning-stroke that causes a spiritual lockjaw."

This opened all the riddles of sphinx-

What on earth could it have been in her case?" Noll groaned. "Who on earth is she, anyway?"

W HO she was, and whence, and whither bound, and why—these were problems that had also disturbed the

slumbers of Marshal Dakin at the jail. He could dream through the loud hilarity or the noisy remorse of the night's haul of intoxicants in human containers, but the silence of that girl asleep at the Winsors nagged him. He thought of baffling detective-problems, of prolonged murder-trials, of endless interruptions in the calm of his It would be an expense to the

county, and the county was feeling poor. He called at the house while Noll and Dr. Mitford were discussing the case, and learned to his confusion that the girl was

still alive but still asleep.

Dr. Mitford canceled all the Marshal's suggested theories of drugs, knock-out drops, knock-out blows and poison-The Marshal, eager to do something, and arrest somebody, suggested tak-ing the girl into custody as a vagrant. Dr. Mitford sniffed at that and reminded him that she had money in abundance. That assured her of the Marshal's respect.

"Maybe I better put Ward Pennywell in the cooler awhile."

"For what? No crime has been com-

mitted vet.

Well, I feel like I kind of ought to be doin' something. Suppose I send out a general alarm to find out who this girl is. I can put a description of her on the wire to Chicawga, Sent Louis, Sent Paul, Sent Joe, K. C., N'York, Denver-all the big places. How would you describe her? Or wouldn't it be best to have a photograph taken? I'll send up somebody."
"No, you wont," Noll broke in. "You

let her alone. She's just a visitor in our house. She may wake up at any moment. She's a good girl, and she's well born and well educated."

"How do you know she's well educated? Have you talked to her?" the Marshal

demanded, jealous of his prey.

"No, but education and character show in a person's face and manner and attitude. asleep or awake.'

"Bosh!" said the Marshal. "Who ever

heard of such talk!"

Noll pressed his advantage. "Haven't seen you asleep tilted back in your chair in the alley there by the jail in your shirtsleeves on a hot afternoon? And couldn't anybody tell you were-

He paused. The Marshal crouched for spring and growled: "Well, say it!

"A natural-born police-chief and a great detective," Noll finished.

The Marshal was not quite sure whether he was being guyed or glorified. He said: "You better go kind of easy, or I might begin by arrestin' you for last night's work downtown at the drug-store."

Noll dropped his hostility.

"We're not talking about me, but about Supposing you send the alarm all over the country and all the newspapers print the story, and her picture, and she wakes up, and finds that she's notorious everywhere. She may be just some nice young girl going home from boarding-school, or called back by her sick brother, and she may have lost her way, or lost her head. You'll ruin her life for her. her head. You've no right to expose her to the world that way. Besides, she's a guest in our house.'

The Marshal was human and a father, and like other policemen was addicted to all-day siestas taken standing or slumping in a chair, with bits of excitement few and

far between. When Dr. Mitford urged that his patient must not be disturbed, the Marshal consented and sauntered back to his chief occupation, waiting for something to happen.

At the jail, however, he went over his lists of missing girls for whom advertisement or confidential inquiry was constantly made. There were portraits of escaped criminals, clever forgers, badgers, shoplifters, bigamists, poisoners, convicts. But none of them resembled ever so faintly the dreamer at the Winsors'.

So the Marshal tipped his chair against the whitewashed wall and resumed his characteristic attitude, ambiguous between sodden slumber and intense Oriental

umbilical meditation.

#### CHAPTER V

NOLL remembered again with a start that he was supposed to be working down at the bank. He flung off the spell of the witch upstairs and dashed to the dining-room for a snatch of breakfast.

He gulped his coffee and his eggs and cornbread, popped a kiss on his mother's cheek and hurried down the street, reading the morning paper as he went, for Chicago and St. Louis morning papers reached the town so early that they had driven the local journals into the afternoon and into the confines of neighborhood

This paper, as was the habit of that period of the war, was bristling with the stories of German triumph in arms. It was victory enough for the Allies to hold the line against an assault. To take a trench while the Germans took a town was

food for hope.

Noll was glad of the German victory for three reasons: first, because it would make the bank president, Mr. Bebel, more amiable toward Noll's tardiness, since Bebel was a German; second, because Noll's own mother was German; and finally, because Noll himself was for her sake pro-German in his sympathies.

He was heart and soul American, and all his father's people were native to the soil far back into the 1600's. His paternal ancestors of various branches had landed in Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas, had drifted west to Kentucky and Tennessee and then northwesterly into Illinois,

Missouri and Iowa.

But his mother-Meta Wieland was her name-had come over from Germany as a little three-year-old girl with her father and his two brothers, fugitives from monarchical oppressions after the unsuccessful struggle for liberty in 1848. belonged to the patriotic band of Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel, men whose speech was always thickly Teutonic but whose ideal had been American from their birth in the heart of Europe. strong were their souls for liberty that the Wieland brothers split apart on their interpretation of it.

When the Civil War broke out in the United States, Meta's father believed that the North was trying to coerce the South, and he volunteered with the Confederacy. When Lincoln offered emancipation to the slaves, his brothers joined the Northern army as the champions of freedom.

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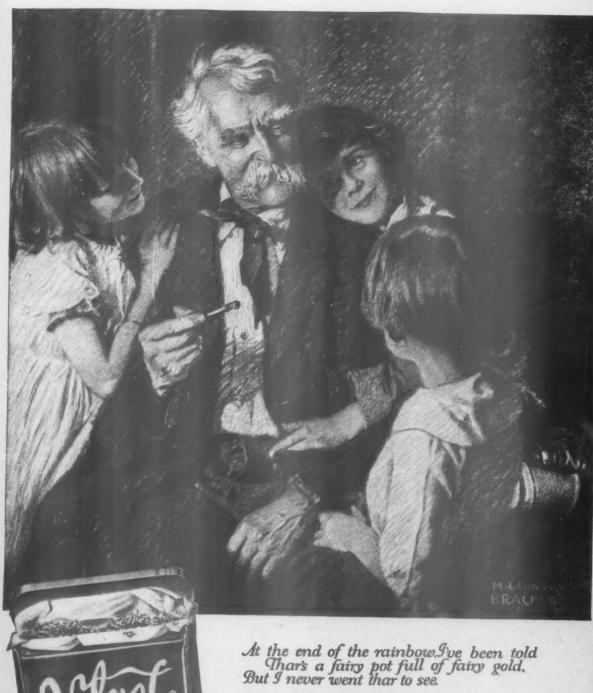
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TOBACCO



I'd ruther sit still, in my easy chair. For thar's gold enough in you chilen's hair To make a rich man of me.

In that ain't no gold in that fairs hoard

As bright as the sunshine the ole sun stored In Velvet to make it ripe.

In' no gold that ever I heard about
Is as good as the mellowness Nature brings out
In the Velvet in my ole pipe. Velvet Joe

chaotic duels of those disjointed armies, the brothers never met; but Meta, just leaving her teens, fell in love with a Northern soldier, Edward Winsor, an orderly sergeant who fought with General Nathaniel Lyon when he was defeated and killed at Wilson's Creek, Missouri. Young Winsor was captured wounded, and nursed by the contemptuous Meta; he escaped. returned as a victorious second lieutenant with Grant, resumed his courtship of Meta, lost her, found her, lost her—and after the war found her again and married her

Meta kept no trace of her German birth in her accent, which was far more influenced by her Southern associates. But her father kept her heart full of love for the Fatherland, and though he hated the Prussian autocracy to his dying day, he adored the more the home from which he had been exiled. His motto was the motto of Kant: "The rights of man are the apple of God's eye on earth."

Noll had been brought up in reverence for the German soil. He had English blood in him too, and Welsh and Irish and Scotch. What little he had learned of the American Revolution had taught him affection for the French, since they had assured the liberties of the young But his mother's father rerepublic. minded him also how much the armies of Washington owed to Baron von Steuben.

When Noll expressed the hatred of the Hessians that American boys drink in with the fairy lore of their schoolbook histories, old Wieland reminded him that the Hessians were poor wretches whom their duke had sold into slavery and shipped to America.

A MONG all these counterclaims of love and hate Noll's heart remained that complex thing we call American. When his father died, his mother drifted back to German affiliations. In the Midwestern world where Carthage was, there were many Germans, solid, peaceful, likable, lovable people, for the most part. Their broken English had a familiar and comfortable sound.

The Midwestern "apathy," which the East so abhorred, was based on affection for German neighbors, a profound distrust of the East with its Wall Street ideals, a schoolbook grudge against England for the Wars of 1776 and 1812 and for Ireland's and a profound feeling of unfreedom. security from any danger from any

enemy.

The counterweights against full sympathy with Germany were a sense of contempt for the ridiculous pretensions of the Kaiser, a memory of German hostility to America in Samoa and in Manila and throughout the Spanish War, and a vague acquaintance with the op-pressive militarism of the Prussians. The Kaiser's mustaches were a joke, and the goose-step was a favorite thing to burlesque. The Kaiser was blamed for starting the war and turning hard times into

Noll's employer Mr. Bebel cursed the day when he found his depositors tremulous and himself threatened by ruin. the country recovered its senses in a little while, and his racial instincts reasserted themselves. All the Germans found their dormant patriotism revived by the necessity of defending their Fatherland against the upsurging horror that greeted

the assault on Belgium.

The unheard-of town of Liege grew as famous as Thermopylæ, and the King's little armies fighting the field-gray flood took on the glory of Leonidas with his Spartans and Platæans breasting the hosts of Xerxes in a failure more glorious than

If Germany had resisted the temptation to take the shortcut through Belgium, had read and heeded the signboard thoroughfare," had been more wise and less cunning, more imaginative and less practical, capable of foreseeing the devout land-love of the Belgians, what different history would have been written on the scrolls of time! What tremendous revenge in German lives little trampled Belgium has taken from the trespass

The Midwest, which abominated Mexican cruelty and spoke of Villa as worse than an Apache, was suddenly bewildered to see Villa outdone by the tender-hearted. music-loving, science-fostering Germans, Men, women and children who had been brought up to believe that the Americans had done a noble deed when they ambushed the British after Lexington and Concord, who had been proud of the embattled farmers for blazing away from every stone wall and rail fence at the uniformed troops of their king-these people could not understand the policy that burned towns and shot hostages by the score because, forsooth, certain Belgians were accused of firing from windows and fields at the invaders of their soil

And now England, hastening to the rescue of Belgium, lost her old name of tyrant and became a savior. The French, who had been thought of as weaklings because their petty third Napoleon flung them into an unpopular war and their cheap generals led them into traps and surrendered them wholesale—the French were suddenly redeemed in the far off Midwestern opinion by their sublime levée en masse.

It was then that the sweet and peace-ful name of "German" was cast aside for the indignant sobriquet of "Hun."

There grew a vast tempest in the simmering teapot of Carthage, and the Germans were hard put to it to uphold their claim on respect and affection. Their first emotions had been shame and sorrow, their first reaction resentment against the mailed fist that had crushed their liberties at home and now went smashing through liberties abroad. But it was only human, only an automatic response of the family instinct and the tribal loyalty, that when they found their name assailed they should rally to its defense. The blacker the crimes of one's nation, the whiter seems the duty of upholding them against alien assault.

Gradually the German element began to contradict the newspaper stories as false, to spread counter-agitation against the Allies and to persuade most of the Carthage folk at least to indifference.

Mrs. Winsor read at the top of the editorial page of Noll's daily food Chicago Tribune, Decatur's cry: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!" She asked, if that were watchword enough for Americans, why it was not for Germans,

Noll was troubled enough at first, and he kept quiet during the first turbulent discussions. But when the talk began to run wild that atfocity was natural to the Germans and that all Germans were Huns, his heart suddenly blazed with the fiery truth that his beloved, adored, devoted, ineffably revered mother was a German. And then he grew fanatic in defense.

NOLL had gone sweet on Edna Sperry, but her brother had been East for years, and he came back to town convinced that a German victory over England and France would mean the destruction at a later day of the idiotically unprepared United States.

Noll and Tom Sperry quarreled royally. Edna sided with her brother, and that embittered Noll. When Edna gave her party, Noll was not invited. That cut him to the quick of his heart. He suffered exile, grieving as only a young man can grieve in a small town where parties are infrequent and where cliques are so small that to be jounced out of one's own set is to be jounced into solitude.

Noll's place in Edna Sperry's favor was immediately taken by Duncan Guthrie, his vice-suitor, an old crony of Noll's with whom years before in boyhood solemnity he had pledged comradeship with drops of blood drawn from their good right arms. And now those sworn right arms were at feud, and it was all the Kaiser's fault that Noll Winsor came home late the night before with bruised knuckles. He had gone to the Y. M. C. A. after supper for a few games of pool. And on his way home he had dropped in at the soda-fountain where the beauty and chivalry of Carthage were wont to convene.

Duncan Guthrie, all dressed up for the Sperry party, happened in also to get some courtplaster for a cut he had inflicted on himself in shaving for the dance. He had lingered for a little chatter with a few of the common herd who were, like Noll, omitted from the Sperry list.

Since the European war affected every conversation, it came up here. and Guthrie tossed the word "Hun" into the discussion. Jealousy of a successful rival had as much to do with Noll's ferocity, perhaps, as fealty to his mother's father-He answered with heat and pressed the debate to a point where fists became arguments.

He sent Duncan Guthrie spinning among the tall stools and the wire chairs about the little tables. Guthrie needed more than the courtplaster to stench his hemorrhageous nose, and the mixture of gore and scattered ice-cream sodas and sundaes ended his hopes of assisting in the Sperry festival.

Having proved the thorough gentleness of the Teutonic nature by another bit of Schrecklichkeit and having been ordered from the drug-store by the neutral pharmacist, Noll had gone home to his belated mother and the events of the night before.

this morn-He thought of these ' ing as he hastened to the ..., reading of swift German capture o. impregnable Antwerp and the ignominious flight of the British by the water gate and of the Belgians over the back fence the day before, October 10th.

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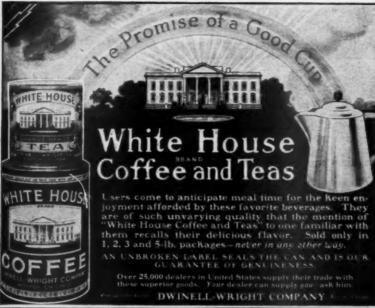
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Mr. Bebel, the president, was so rosy with this proof that the war would be brief and glorious that he smiled fatly at Noll and accepted his apology with a jovial "'S macht nichts aus." That was, indeed, one of the Carthage names for a German—a Moxnixaus.

WHEN Noll went home that night, he found guests: old Professor Treulieb, the music teacher,—tall, lean, florid,—his roly-poly wife and his daughter, Isolde, a young woman as sweet and graceful as the violin she played.

Old Treulieb had a ferocious temper alternating rapidly with a ferocious tenderness. He had endured for years the piano-side martyrdom of a Teuton from the Leipzig Konservatorioom trying to rapinto the knuckles of young American animals the ah-bay-tsays of moozeek. He had taught Noll a good deal for an American but not much for a German.

Noll had been his despair. Noll loved music—but he would not practice it. He had calf-loved the old Professor's daughter Isolde when they were both young, but the girl's tireless devotion to her fiddle, and her scholarship in music, had ter-

rified him.

She had wakened a brief fire of jealousy in his breast a year before when one of Noll's German cousins had visited Carthage. Noll's mother had a sister who had gone back to Germany as a girl to school; she had married there a man named Duhr and raised a large family. One of her sons, Ignatius, a lieutenant in the Reserve, had visited America on some secret official business or other which he kept secret. He had taken advantage of this visit to travel all the way to Carthage to see his dear Tante Meta. He had spent many days there in Carthage marveling at the oddities of Midwestern civilization. He had fascinated Isolde Treulieb and many other girls.

Noll had liked him at first for his quaint, warm-handed, loud-laughing joviality, but when he had too great success in the quiet waters of Carthage, Noll had

ceased to like him.

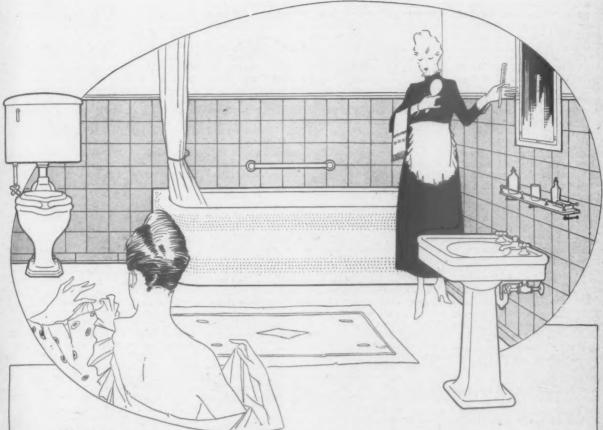
Ignatius—or Nazi, as his Aunt Meta called him, had thick, babyish lips and soft hands, and cheeks with a daub of dollish red in them. He had kissed the girls' hands—and their lips, no doubt, when they walked out into the moonlight with him after the dances in which he whirled them giddier than ever with his top-spinning style.

He had sung them the songs of Schubert and Schumann and Franz and Hugo Wolf—the tenderest Lieder ever written—all about Ish leebe dish, and Doo beest veeine Bloome, Zo hold oont shane oont rine, and the song in which it said, as he explained, "Dytschland is vair de peebles speak Dytsh," and he had recounted how the girl "kissed the youngk man in Cherman." Many of the Carthage girls wanted to know how that was done.

Old Treulieb had played Nazi's accompaniments, and Isolde had sometimes played an obbligato on her violin with

heart-searching tones

Nazi Duhr had left a void in the town, and the word German had since meant homesweetness. His name haunted the feminine memory like an echo that will not die.



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But Noll remembered him with resentment as a too-competent rival. In his pique he had neglected Isolde and turned his heart to other girls, fluttering from this one to that. And now Edna Sperry had turned him down, and his heart might have reverted to Isolde if he had not been under the obsession of that girl upstairs. He resented the presence of callers who would keep him from the study of that pretty puzzle who had come in out of the dark and brought with her clouds of mystery.

His mother called him into the parlor to meet the Treuliebs. They were all in some agitation. Noll kissed his mother and shook hands all round and asked why they were so solemn on a day of such

triumph. His mother said:

"I have been reading a letter from my poor sister. From Germany it is just come. It is very sad."

Mrs. Winsor pulled her spectacles down from her forehead and read, slowly, dole-

"'Dearest sister mine:

"'Surely now the world comes to end. This great war has brought already destruction on our home. What becomes of us God knows only. So soon the mobilization order comes out, the pension of my husband from the old war with France where he takes his wound is stopped. He goes by the savings bank for money; the bank will not pay. All my three sons are called to their regiments, the Thuringian regiments. My daughters husbands are called to theirs.

"'My son Nazi you remember from his visit to you. He loved you much. He is gone away. The sons of the neighbors, all have marched away. Such tears, such nave marched away. Such tears, such tears! I have outwept my eyes. And now comes the hunger. The horses are taken. The men are gone. How shall we live? There is little food in the country and in the cities yet less. Where to get to eat man knows not. I have one only comfort: my heart is old and bad, and I

shall not live much more.

"'But for my children what is to hap-pen? Nothing but wounds for the dear boys, and for the girls hunger. Yes, we are now hungry. If you can send me a little money, please! Remember that your sister is hungry. I do not know if it can reach us through the English blockade, but send money a little. Remember your sister is hungry.

"'Ever lovingly, " 'KONSTANZE.'"

Meta's weak voice trailed away into silence. She shook her head, and tears slid down along her cheeks. The only sound was the drip of her tears on the letter that she held in her hands.

Noll felt suddenly the glory of victory rnished. The word had an evil sound. The plunging splendor of the battle-front hid almost as much woe at home as it created ahead. He did not speak of the glittering capture of Antwerp.

Old Professor Treulieb groaned "Hun-er!" not with the English but with the German pronunciation. It seemed to have more pain in it, a more animal sound-"Hoong-er!"

Being among Germans, he felt privileged

to break into one of his tirades: "And now comes it! At last the war they have wanted and worked for is here. No more music, no more art. Shootingk only. To kill men! It is the Kaiser who does this, der oberste Kriegsherr! He hegins by burningk Louvain and Malines, where Van Beethoven's peoples comes out. Beethoven, when he writes his 'Eroica' symphony, inscribes it to Napoleon, the soldier of liberty. When Napoleon makes himself Emperor, Beethoven tears up the paper. He did the right. The Kaiser will bringk more sorrow by Germany as Napoleon did. More people he will kill. Ach Gott, where ends it now?"

His wife, always hunting comfort, tried to mitigate his frenzy:

'Be glad now that we are in America, where the war cannot come. Here we have music. Isolde learns a new piece only yesterday yet. Play it once, Isolde."

Meta weakly seconded the invitation. Noll insisted, opened the violin-box, took the violin out, led the dismal Professor to the piano-stool, caught Isolde by her long, potent hands and dragged her to her feet

Thus constrained she played, but with elegiac pathos though the piece was the light serenade by Drdla. High, soaring tones, honeyed double stoppings, ethereal harmonics-all gave gayety a sorrow in beauty.

As she was fluting forth the harmonics, the trained nurse appeared at the door and

spoke with some asperity:

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind not playing? Those high notes seem to disturb my patient. She moves in her sleep, and it makes her shiver!"

#### CHAPTER VI

SOLDE was covered with chagrin and regret. She hastened to put the fiddle away and to explain that she had not known that anyone was ill in the house.

Meta made the explanations, such as they were, and the Treuliebs were voluble with wonder. At length they went home: Noll could hardly endure their delibera-

tion at the door.

When they had gone, he questioned his mother and the nurse, but they had nothing new to tell. He ventured into the room and found the girl once more in her deathlike state. The nurse explained how the music had set up a very faint vibration in the eyelids, a frowning of the brows. It had not occurred to her, nor did it occur to Noll at the moment, that instead of making Isolde stop playing they should rather have made her keep on, since the Doctor had exhausted his ingenuity trying to shake off that leaden stupor. The Doctor would call at ten o'clock. The news could wait.

At dinner Noll's mother talked only of her sister's wants. She felt remorse at the simple food of her own table. It seemed gluttony to be feasting while her sister starved. No one could have dreamed how long that fast would endure. Everybody counted on a brief and bloody campaign and a long and futile peace-conference. Noll promised that he would send money at once to his Aunt Konstanze. Bebel had ways of getting funds to neutral countries and thence over the border.

When at length his mother had been

put to bed and for his sake had pretended to go peacefully to sleep, Noll found him-self lonely and abandoned. There was another dance that night, and he had not been asked to that. He had no heart for the Y. M. C. A. pool-room, lest he have more battles to fight for his maligned grandfatherland. The gayety of the ice-cream-soda-water spa was also denied to him since his eruption of the night before.

He moved about his room softly lest he rake his mother or disturb the guestthough his mother was wide awake, and the guest would have resisted the trumpets of Jericho. A theory occurred to Noll that he might trace her origin by taking the numbers of the bank-notes she had, especially as the money was new. took the money-belt from concealment, counted the bills through again, noted down the numbers and the years. might find thus the bank that had received them from the Treasury

He was about to push the money back into the pocket of the belt when he noted that the machine stitching along one seam had been replaced by a lot of hand sewing. Inside the lining he felt something crisp-probably more money. He hesitated—then opened the seam and took

forth a letter.

He debated about reading it, but not for long; curiosity was backed up by many better arguments. The letter would perbetter arguments. The letter would per-haps tell the whole story and give him the address of the girl's mother or father or

some guardian. With trepidation he began to read. He noted that it was another letter from a sister to a sister, but from youth to youth. The paper was of foreign make, but the writing and the language were American. There was no date, no name or place, no postmark. This was the letter:

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Don

M Y darling little sister:
You may never get this letter, and

perhaps it would be better if you didn't. can't decide what to do. One minute it seems too cruel to write and the next too cruel not to write. So I send it and trust to God to decide.

Oh, my dear little sister, the only bright thing in the world is the thought that you will escape what Mamma and I have had

to go through.

If you never know what became of us, you will suffer and wonder and perhaps try to find us. If you do know, you will suffer more terribly for a while, but you will know the worst, and you will give us up as if we were dead-calmly, sweetly, beautifully dead. It's not being sure that tortures the most; so I write to let you be sure of us.

And now I must tell you. But how can write it? I can't—I just can't.

This is the second day. I couldn't

write you any more for two reasons: First, I couldn't—that's all there is about it; and second, they came and interrupted

-the Germans.

We were all so scared here when the war broke out and we learned that Belgium had been invaded. We could see from the convent windows the fugitives stumbling along the roads, carrying all sorts of things. Some of them were so pitiful we cried—some of them so awkward we couldn't help laughing. And now I don't think I'll ever laugh or cry again. Pretty d ls

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— because it leads to skin health.
You owe your skin as much time each day as you give to your teeth or hair.
Each pore in the exposed skin, like a tiny pocket, takes its daily fill of dirt, too deep to yield to soap and water, but effectively removed by D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream.
A daily clean-up, quick and easy, with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream prings rich reward, brings cleanliness, health, comfort, beauty of skin, charm of complexion.
Perfected for American women more than twenty-five years ago by Daggett & Ramsdell, and still manufactured only by them, Perfect Cold Cream faithfully fulfills its proud purpose—promotes skin hygiene, adds to the health and beauty of womanicind, prolongs the period of her attractiveness and influence.
When you buy toilet cream, Safety First demands D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream "The Kind that Keeps"—as pure as it is perfect—a daily need, a daily comfort, a skin-reviving toilet delight for every day in the year. Removes tan, sunburn, roughness and lingering traces of Summer's vacation.

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request. Smith, Kline & French Co.
440 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. soon we began to want to join the flight, but the Sister Superior said that if we weren't safe in a convent there was no safety anywhere. But we heard such horrible things and saw the horizon red with fires.

Then suddenly Mamma appeared. I couldn't believe my eyes. To think that she should cross the ocean just to get to me! While all the other Americans were stampeding for home, she was fighting her way to me. Oh, it was good to see her and hold her to my heart. It was sweet and brave of you to let her come, and to stay there all by yourself, but I wish you hadn't let her come.

She wanted to start back right away, but the horses we arranged for were carried off by a raiding party and we waited for others. Then came the Germans, like an everlasting gray river. We didn't dare We peeked at them from the windows. They went by and by forever. At noon those that were near halted and had their dinner from the big cookstoves on wheels. Then they moved on.

The second day some of them halted for a long stay. There were battles at a distance, and some firing near us. The officers came to the convent looking for spies, they said, and for civilians with They told the Sister Superior how arms. they had shot innocent men because that is their way of discipline by terror: the innocent must suffer for the guilty. For what guilty ones did Mamma suffer, I ask God, and get no answer.

One regiment—I wont tell you its name -settled down near the convent. was terrible carousing by some of the men and the officers. They jeered at the Catholics. They treated the priests like dogs and shouted horrible things at the They began to reel up to the manding food. They insisted on gate demanding food. They insisted on going through to search for spies. When the Sister Superior said there were none, they called her names.

One of the novices tried to run away after dark. We saw her from the window. A few men caught her, and others came up laughing and tried to take her away. They were told "She is ours. Go get one of your own." The others howled with joy and came running to the gate. It was dark. There were screams and laughs. I was so scared. Mamma tried to hide

me somewhere. But they found us in a little cell. They fought each other, and then one of them laughed: "The mother is not so bad." They drew lots. I can't write. I hope you don't understand. I wanted to kill myself, but my religion made me afraid to murder myself and die as I am.

They went away, and I saw Mamma and tried to hide, and she tried to hide And we cannot yet look in from me. each other's eyes, though we cling together now after they have been here. For they have no mercy

That wicked regiment marched away, and another halted. These officers were different. They beat the men who in-sulted us. The Sister Superior told what had been done, and one of the officers wept, and promised protection. But he marched away. And others came-more brutal even than the First Thuringians. They were bitter against the Belgians,

and when I said that Mamma and I were Americans, they only laughed. came here as if for their meals.

What the future will bring I don't know. Mamma and I are to be mothers, and we don't know who the—so many—I can't write—I can't die. Don't tell Daddy when he comes back, if he ever does. Tell him we were killed in the burning of this town, and you had a letter saying we were dead, and lost it. Of course we wont speak to the American Ambassador or to anyone. So many have been killed and will be killed that we shall not be missed.

Good-by, blessed little sister. We shall never see you again. Think of us as if we were what we wish we were, dead. Mamma tried to tell me to send you her love, but she is choked with weeping. Good-by, my sister, oh, my sweet sister. Don't try to find us, for we shall not be here long, and we want never to be seen. God be kind to you.

THE young man in the quiet little room on the serene little street in the sleepy little town sat and wondered that the world could bear such things. He was dazed and stunned. He sat idle and mused.

He was beyond horror. He pondered merely that the girl who slept so well in the other room had started from somewhere to go to her mother and her sister, and somehow had fallen down in this street, had fallen under her cross

Who was she, and whence? her whither now. She must be wakened for her holy mission-she must be sped upon her quest. She must save that mother and that sister from those-Huns! He started. He had said the word himself-the word that he had fought another man for saying. But what other word was there?

What could the world do with such a power? What could he do alone against it for this lonely girl?

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The next installment of Mr. Hughes' novel will appear in the November Red Book Magazine, on sale October 23rd.

#### The Two Smiths

(Continued from page 88)

threw the packs on the protesting burros at early dawn and made ready to travel farther into the interior of bleeding Mexico.

It was more than a mere camp that they came upon after five days of steady traveling; they had entered the domain an army whose camp-fires stretched wide, and had they been sophisticated, they would not have accepted the salutes bestowed upon their guide as mere signs of friendliness. They did not observe the scowls, nor hear the derisive curses that followed them as the wake of their progress closed behind.

They were in a small city that had been the capital of a province. There was a plaza with its inevitable bandstand, and gardens once luxuriant with tropical

growth.
"No honor is too great for my friends," said Estebán as he halted at the border of the tiny square. "These men will take

## EDISON WEEK

#### October 21st to 27th

CTOBER 21st, 1917 is the 36th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison. The entire week of October 21st will be observed by a number of the industries founded by Mr. Edison.

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#### Mr. Edison's Favorite Invention

It is well known that the phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention. He has steadfastly refused to dispose of any of his phonograph patents; nor will he permit outsiders to become interested financially in the manufacturing laboratories where the Edison Phonograph is made.

In the United States and Canada there are 3700 merchants who have been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell.

#### The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

These merchants will observe Edison Week in various ways that will be announced by them in their local papers.

#### \$2000.00 In Cash Prizes

A great deal has been said about the New Edison in the newspapers. This new Edison invention has been tested before one million music lovers in direct comparison with thirty great singers, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison's Re-Creation of an artist's voice can be detected from the artist's real voice. Similar comparisons have been made with instrumentalists. The music critics of 500 of America's principal newspapers have attended these tests and described the results in their respective papers. Prizes are now offered for the best patchwork advertisements composed entirely of quotations from these newspaper accounts. You do not write a single word yourself. Instead you read what the newspapers have said about the New Edison and then piece together a complete advertisement from that material. Perhaps you will quote from a dozen different papers; possibly you will confine yourself to two or three. That is for you to determine. The prizes are as follows:

#### \$1000 Cash for best patchwork advertisement

500 Cash for second best

" " third best
" fourth best 250

100

50 " " fifth best

" each for ten that earn honorable mention 10



Professional advertising writers and persons connected in any way with the manufacture or sale of Edison Phonographs are not eligible to the competition.

No advertisement should contain more than three hundred (300) words. Nothing will be considered except the actual text of the advertisement. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as a "lay out." The prizes will be awarded solely on the "wording" of the advertisements. Even "headings" do not count.

You pay nothing to enter the contest and assume no obligation by doing so.

The Edison Week Bureau will give you complete instructions and send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," from which you can select material for your "patchwork" advertisement.

#### The Edison Dealer In Your Locality Will Help You Win a Prize

Go to his store and hear the New Edison. He may be willing to lend you an instrument for a few days, so that you can study it at your leisure in your own home. He may also be able to give you some good tips about your advertisement, but don't ask him to help you compose it, as he will have to certify that he did not do so.

#### The Contest Closes October 27th

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day. Write today for Instruction Blank and copy of booklet "What the Critics Say." Address Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J.

Why Have a Corn?

Let Today's Corn Be The Last!



# THIS very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever.

For nowadays touchy corns are needless—even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay Plaster—with its healing wax—is applied in a jiffy. No soreness. No inconvenience. Paring never cures. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

Blue-jay removes the cornroots and all. This is the only way that is gentle, scientific, sure. It costs but a few cents per corn.

Decide to join the cornless crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way. You'll never be the victim of corns again.

# Blue=jay

Stops Pain Instantly

**Ends Corns Quickly** 

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York

25c packages at Druggists Makers of Surgical Dressings

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters your animals to a place where they shall be cared for. You will-

Will they give them plenty to eat and drink?" inquired the two Smiths. "They've done right good work for us, and—maybe we'd best go and take care of 'em, Bill," added Jim.

Reassured that their beasts would be well cared for, they were conducted to what had once been a comfortable home, luxurious for men of their type, and found themselves therein installed. A camerero showed them a bath. They stood together under the generous shower and like boys yelled with delight. They marveled at the stateliness of the dining-room when they seated themselves at an ancient They recognized their servitor and "Why, it's Pete! shouted boisterously: Good old Pete that used to work at the Miners' Café in Val Verde!"

Pete shook hands with them and told them how, after they had given him money to bury his wife and for masses for her soul, he had returned to Mexico to fight, and then asked about men they had known. They invited him to sit down and dine with them, but he declined, and there was something in his demeanor they not understand-some anxiety, some slight aloofness, some terror.

There was something loud and declamatory in his praise of General Pancho, in his extolling of the General's deeds, in his assertions that the great Pancho would some day become at least president, and probably king of Mexico. The praise was a trifle too fulsome; it aroused suspicion even in their unsophisticated minds. was not like the good old Pete they had known and befriended in those past days at Val Verde. And why had such unexpected attention been paid them?

"The illustrious General Pancho has sent an orderly to conduct you to his headquarters," loudly declaimed Pete, interrupting their meditations.

That's what I call business!" Good! exclaimed Bill; and Jim, reaching for his

nodded affirmation.

Bill couldn't find his so easily, being sometimes careless, and Pete volunteered to assist him in the search. Bill was seeking it behind a sofa when Pete, pretending to assist, whispered close to his ear: "Amigo! Be careful what you say and Be careful what you promise. are in terrible danger. Pancho is a treacherous devil—a swine from the filthiest wallow in Hades!" And then aloud, before Bill could recover from his surprise: "Ah! Here is the hat! his surprise: "Ah! Here is to Make haste. The General waits.

BILL had no opportunity to whisper a warning to Jim before they had joined the restless orderly at the door-The man was a surly brute, but the two Smiths maintained a careless, inconsequential conversation in Spanish as they accompanied him to what had been

the governor's palace. The two Smiths were conducted up a noble staircase, announced and ushered blinking into the presence. They gasped blinking into the presence. They gasped in astonishment. The Señor Juan Estein astonishment. bán, now resplendent in a general's uniform, grinned at them from behind a flat-topped mahogany desk, in the midst of a magnificently furnished apartment. The lights from a huge cut-glass chandelier showered down upon his gold lace and his gold epaulettes and his smiling face.
"Good Lord! Are you—" Jim ex-

claimed, and then he paused.

Yes. my friends, I myself am the General Pancho. It is a pleasant surprise, I hope. Be seated, señores." He waved his hand at two of the finely carved chairs, opened a box of cigars on the desk and invited them to smoke. "You will find these better than the vile stuff we smoked when we were comrades on the trail," he said with a disarming air of great good fellowship.

"But—but why didn't you tell us, General, who you really were?" Bill

"Ah, my friends, there are a very great many who seek General Pancho, including many of your countrymen—estimable but—shall we say—stupid men."

He did not lift his eyes as he spoke, but the scarcely suppressed sneer in his voice was not reassuring. The two Smiths sensed a bitter animosity toward official America. Jim merely laughed, but Bill was more on guard.

'Well, it doesn't matter who we deal with, so long as we get our pay. And it does make it easier, now that we know you are the General," said Bill.

He could not entirely conceal a certain grim significance in his words, but he appeared unconcerned and calm when Pancho suddenly fixed somewhat startled and angry eyes on him, and then fell to playing with a bronze paper-cutter that lay upon his desk. It was shaped like a Roman dagger, doubtless a keepsake of the departed governor. Bill observed that it was very pointed and very sharp.

Pancho adopted a painfully maintained air of good fellowship and was solicitous for their comfort. That, he declared, was the main reason for his sending for them. 'It shall never be said." he declared. "that General Pancho, the true liberator of Mexico the great, is not hospitable to his guests, and particularly where they such valorous comrades as are the Señores Smith. Ah! It is well! You have all your desire for entertainment? I am reassured. Now, to-morrow morning, early, I shall call upon you with certain men whom you will instruct in the assembling and mounting of the machineguns, and teach them their operation.

"Sure," said Jim the good-natured and unsuspecting. "We'll be waiting for you." "But hold on a moment," interjected ill calmly. "I believe the agreement Bill calmly. was that we were first of all to be handed five thousand dollars, American gold-and something extra if we came on down here from the Rancho; but as far as that last is concerned, I'm willing to call it off, if Jim is."

HIS words had a distinct and differing effect upon his hearers. The General's jaw shut harshly, and his eyes narrowed and blazed. Jim's jaw dropped, and his eyes opened widely in surprise. "You mean to say you don't trust—"

began Pancho furiously, and was coolly interrupted by the unawed Bill: "Trust, That has nothing at all to do with the agreement. We were to get the money in hand, and of course you've got it ready?"

He had again jumped intuitively at a truthful conclusion, which was that this



## Could You Make This Shot?

It is a hard one, but possible for a keen eye and a steady hand. It is only one of the countless interesting shots in Billiards and Pool. All of them can be made on a

#### Billiard and Pool Table

Billiards and Pool are great games any-where, but far more enjoyable in your own

home on your own table.

Burrowes Tables are correct in every detail. Burrowes The most delicate shots can be made with the utmost accuracy. Some of the leading experts use them for home practice. Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are unquestionably the finest cushions made.

The new 1918 models, now ready, are the finest Portable Billiard and Pool Tables

#### No Special Room Needed

#### FREE TRIAL—No Red Tape

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 105 Spring St., Portland, Me.

Burrowes Tables are now on sale in many cities and towns. You can inspect them before ordering if you wish.

illustrious blackleg general did not have the money and had no intention of paying them, and that once the secret of guns was given over, the men who had brought them there were lost.

The partners knew each other very well indeed. Jim, still trustful, looked at Bill and read many danger-signs. hastened to play the part of peacemaker, and believing Pancho ignorant of English, spoke soothingly in the latter tongue.

"Lord Almighty, Bill! What ails you? Aint we been treated white, so far? You act as if you were afraid our friend here was a crook. Don't niggle over little things like the time when the money's to be paid. It don't make any difference if it's paid before, or after, so long as we get it. Let's help him out. He's a right good feller, so far as I can What's got you sore on the deal?

Bill would have answered immediately, save for one fact he observed, which was that Pancho's eyes, fixed on Jim, be-trayed that he understood every word. It was another proof of duplicity. He fought for time to put his partner on guard and confide his 'suspicions.

"Maybe so," he replied stubbornly, "maybe so; but a contract's a contract, Jim. I think we'd ought to have the

money first."
"Go on! Let's not be pikers! I like
this General, I do. He's been right decent all the way through. If he says he's got the money, I'm willing to take a chance. Come on. Be a good feller."

It was Pancho's cue. He took advan-

tage of it.

"Gentlemen," he said in his softest voice of persuasion, "pardon me. I do not understand your English tongue. But coming back to the subject of payment, what the Señor William Smith last said in my native tongue is quite right."

He paused impressively, and even Bill lifted his eyebrows and waited.

The money is coming from Chihuahua. It should have been here before this. Had it arrived, believe me, señores, I should not have discussed anything at all before making the payment you have so bravely earned. You would now be sitting with bags of gold by your sides. A messenger was here on my return, to convey to me the news that it was on the way. It should have been here to-day. It is certain to come to-morrow or the next day, if those who carry it have not been held up by unforeseen circumstances. If you insist, you need not trouble to instruct my men until it is paid; but señores, what have I done to make you lose faith in my word? Have I thus far broken it? Have I not met you at the place agreed upon, trailed with you, slept with you, eaten with you, shared hardships with you and brought you here?

Ay de mil It is not thus that Mexican gentlemen betray their friends! I am hurt by the Señor William's lack of con-fidence" fidence

He threatened tears, and Jim gave vent to indignation-in his mother tongue.

"There, Bill. See what you've done? You've hurt the poor feller's feelings. It aint like you, Bill, to act that way. Tell him it's all right."

BILL sat scowling at the end of his half-burned cigar. He was very generous and tried to be fair.

"Well," he said in Spanish, "perhaps I am too close in sticking to the letter of the contract. I did it just because I like to do things the way it's been agreed be-forehand. Maybe we'd best think it over. Why not wait until to-morrow, and give the men bringing the gold from Chihuahua a chance to come? Then, if they don't, we'll have to calculate something has held them up, and go ahead and teach the General's men how to handle the tools.

Had he not relaxed his vigilance and been eying his partner as he spoke, he would have seen the sudden wry but satisfied twist of Pancho's lips-a twist that was suddenly controlled and whipped to a semblance of extreme friendship.

"That is all right! Well nigo!" enthusiastically decla amigo!" declared the General. "For a moment I thought you doubted my word—the word of Mexico's liberator! I beg your forgiveness for the thought! The small differences in languages, after all, do not reach so far as the heart, where there is impressed a great gratitude and affection for you, my friends! Here—I shall prove my trust in you!"

He had half arisen from his chair. He now sat down, seized a piece of note-paper from the ornate bronze holder on the desk and hurriedly scrawled two passes giving to his honored friends and guests their freedom throughout the en-

tire encampment.

"You can go, to-morrow, while you wait, anywhere, and see and learn what Mexican patriotism means. Free to come and go as you please-understand? And to-morrow evening I hope to have the pleasure of your company again. It is a great pleasure for comrades to meet. If the gold comes, you shall have it. If not, we must consider what we shall do."

He did not call an orderly, but himself escorted them to the door and gave them again his: "Vaya V. con Dios!" Even Bill was placated by his friendliness.

Pete was waiting to let them in. He appeared relieved at their return. He asked Bill what had happened; but Bill, tired, laughed and said: "Nothing—nothtired, laughed and said: ing at all. Good night."

THEY loitered through the town the next morning, and lounged upon the benches in the park. They smoked steadily from a box of choice cigars that had been sent them with the General's compliments. They took a long siesta after luncheon, as befits those who, working strenuously for many days, have come upon a time of utter relaxation. Bill awoke first and decided to go to the corral and talk to the mules. anxious lest they be neglected, for to him they were friends dependent upon him and his partner for the rewards and comforts of life. He washed and dressed a saddle-gall on one of them. Next he went over the pack-saddles and other equipment. Then he went over the mechanism of the machine-guns, wiping, drying and oiling them. If Pancho played fair, he should have perfect guns. He was surprised at the lateness of the hour when he emerged, washed his hands at a horse-trough and trudged homeward.

Jim was not there; neither was Pete. A strange servitor asked him if he was ready to dine, and told him Jim had gone away with a soldier, and that shortly

afterward Pete had been missed. Bill waited awhile; then, still wondering why Jim had not returned, but succumbing to a lusty appetite, he dined alone. It was very unlike Jim to stay away so long, but Jim had a fondness for adventure, for the bright eyes of women, for the twanging of a guitar. But-why in the deuce hadn't Jim come home? This was no time for tomfoolery. And it was get-

ting late.
Perturbed, Bill went out upon the little iron balcony, leaned across it, smoked and stared at the newly arisen moon. Its Each leaf of the light fascinated him. trees below stood out distinct. The smell of flowers was in the air, but they struck his nostrils as overprofuse and deadly. His finely trained ears caught the sound of a cautiously opened door in the room behind him. He whirled and saw Pete closing it gently; Pete's fingers fumbled nervously, and when he turned, his eyes were staring and terrified, his lips twitching and inarticulate. He put his fingers to them with a sign of profound and appealing caution; then he beckoned somewhat wildly to the American.

"Why-why, Pete, what's the mat-

ter\_"
"Come! By the love of our Lady! Come!" he whispered; he opened the door again, and passed down the stairs. Bill discerned that the old waiter from Val Verde was in his stocking feet, and aware of something abnormal, removed his own shoes and passed silently after. Pete was already hastening ahead of him when he replaced his shoes, and gave chase through the shaded Prado, where the trees stood motionless-not even the frond of a palm wavered in the light. They almost ran, the guide and the guided, paces apart, but keeping exact distance, through a narrow deserted street. They came closer to the languorous noises of the encampment that encircled the ancient town. They swung away toward a ravine in the outskirts, which locality was curiously deserted, and Bill was aware of a pungent, unmistakable stench.

He saw Pete stop and wring his hands, as if by that exercise to express his emotion. There was a remnant of a wall, a sward where grass had run wild, and over all the tropical moon. Pete waited for him, and when he came, pointed at his feet. For an instant the heart of Bill Smith stopped beating as he leaned forward and stared downward and then with weakened knees knelt beside an object, thrust a hand beneath it, lifted it upward and called in a very strange and broken voice: "Jim! He hugged it to his breast, all the instincts and habits of life commanding him to hold and to shield, to succor and to sacrifice. But the moon brought back no smiling response from the white, dead face, though it showed the dark stain where a dozen bullets had torn a hole through the unfaltering heart.

BILL'S voice was very quiet and cold when he spoke to Pete, who stood sobbing behind him.

Who did it?' "Pancho, that spawn of hell, señor." And then bursting all bounds, Pete gave details of which he was certain, because, fearful for one whom he had loved, this Mexican of a lower caste had eavese

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dropped, tried to warn and, when hope was lost, followed with a dog's fidelity to the end. It was Pancho himself who had come to the rooms and, finding Jim alone, had tried to induce him to tell the secret

of the guns.

Jim would have willingly done so, had not there been a most unfortunate intrusion. A courier, spent, had arrived with news that the advance guard of the army of the United States was but a day's march away-that its arrival meant either flight or fight. Coming with guns was this army, bent upon an arrest which meant punishment. The illustrious General Pancho lost his temper and stormed. He swore by the Holy Virgin that he was done with all trifling, that now was the time for him to have his machine-guns so that he might wipe the cowardly scum of a cowardly government from the face of the earth. It was life or death, now, for Jim Smith. And Jim Smith had calmly folded his arms and said: "You ask me to tell you how to kill my countrymen who you told us were your friends. Bill was right, after all! You are a dog-a dog by instinct as well as ancestry! may the curse of God Almighty rest upon me if I ever speak to you again."

He kept his word; for he spoke not

again save to tell his executioners, there in the place of execution where many other men had died against the wall, that he was not afraid to die and therefore they need not wrap his eyes about with a dirty handkerchief. He looked squarely into the sun when the light went out, did the Señor Jim, as relinquishing all, he pitched forward upon his face. That was all: a wall, a man standing in front of it and bound, a volley, and a corpse un-buried in a land where burials were wasted

Bill Smith listened, standing as motionless as the broken wall. He asked no questions. He betrayed no further emotion-only, when the tale was told, he took a knife from his pocket, gently lifted what had been Jim Smith and cut the cords that bound the stiffened arms.

"There," he said, as if to himself, I don't like the idea of "that's better. Jim's going before God Almighty with his hands tied. They were free hands. They were never raised against any man in less than righteous anger. They were always open to help a friend. never refused help to a hard-up stranger. And they were brave hands, hands that never should have been tied, for they wouldn't have lifted themselves, at the last, to shield his face when he knew that he was cashing in his chips for what was wholly right!
"All right! We'll go now, Pete," he

said, and turned away. He did not look backward. He walked very rigidly up the steep path leading from the place of execution. But his head was carried stiffly on a stiff neck, and there was something fearsome in the way his sturdy legs moved, and the pat of his feet upon the ground. He did not speak until they had regained the room that had so lately been

theirs and was now his.

"You'll say nothing about this, Pete. Pancho will kill you as quickly as he did him, if he ever knew. Good-by!"

He held out his hand and smiled with his lips, and with nothing more than a kindly look of gratitude in his eyes.

"We thank you-Jim and I-for being our friend. Don't bother about it any more. Here-wait a moment!'

He pulled the tails of his worn blue woolen shirt from his trousers-band and unbuckled and removed a belt which he thrust into the hands of the perplexed Pete. It was heavy with gold.
"I was always the banker," he said.

"There were women and green tables and Jim was sometimes careless! Get out of this mess when you get a chance.'

HE thrust Pete from the door and sat down to wait. He took one of General Pancho's cigars from its box and then, remembering its donor, crushed it in his hand, threw it on the tiles and rolled a cigarette. It was not half consumed when the orderly he had expected was announced. He rose to his feet, took a look around the room and went to meet him. He evinced not the slightest astonishment when he saw that there was a guard of honor consisting of six men to accompany him on his visit. He asked one for a match, and his hand did not waver as he relighted his stub of a cigarette. He led the way up the grand staircase of the Governor's palace, as if familiar with it, and at the same time eager to meet the illustrious General.

He was in the act of opening the door when one of the guardsmen said: "Pardon me, señor! You have a revolver. There is a new order issued that no one shall wear arms when interviewing the illustrious General Pancho." Bill bit his lip and was keenly aware that the officer who removed his heavy pistol also ran deft hands feelingly over his body to learn whether other weapons of offense might thereupon be concealed. Disarmed, he walked through the door with a chill and satisfied smile upon his face.

"Ah, amigo," said the General with a soft smile, "where is our dear friend the Señor James?"

"He was not in the room when you sent for me," said Bill, for once in his life avoiding the eyes of the man to

whom he spoke.

I am grieved," said General Pancho, again playing with the bronze paper-cutter on his desk. "I regret to say that the gold has not arrived from Chihuahua. Of course, this delay is troublesome, but—war is war. Perhaps our friend has-met some of our famous Mexican beauties and-been detained. Men will be men, after all. I can't blame But let us get to business. Time is important to me. To-morrow morning at four o'clock I will send men to you, whom you are to instruct in the handling of the new machine-guns. Better show them the actual operation first of all. They can learn the assembling of them later. We have immediate use for them. We expect a battle within the next twentyfour hours. Can you hasten the instruc-tion, señor?"

BILL stared quietly at the man in uniform and took his time to reply. He was interested in what size soul such a reprobate must possess, if he were thus He found tobacco and papers endowed. and started to roll a cigarette.

"Here, amigo! Have one of my cigars," said Pancho, reaching for the box.
"No, thanks, I'd rather smoke my

own," said Bill, blinking his eyes from the lighted match. And then, after a long, deliberate inhalation: "I'm afraid I can't agree to that, Estebán,—I beg pardon, General Pancho,—until I've had a talk with my partner Jim. You see, we agreed that neither should do anything without the other, and—well, you understand how it is. Why, we've been partners for more than thirty years! Think of it—thirty years! There never has been a partner like Jim. Everything about him honest and fair and truthful! No such thing as a lie or deceit, or to look in a man's eyes and smile when there wasn't a smile in his heart."

He paused and scrutinized the Mexican as slowly and carefully as a scientist might an unknown insect, and something in his attitude and tone caused the illustrious General to lower his eyes and twist

in his chair.

'No," Bill continued in that same low, quiet voice, "I shall not show any man anything at all about the guns until I have had a talk with Jim. And here's another point: the guns can't be put together and used until that talk comes off. this afternoon I took pains to hide part of the mechanism where no one can find it, but me. They're quite useless now!"

He rubbed his chin meditatively, and his eyes were fixed, through the smoke, on Pancho's face. The latter stared at him and suddenly read the truth.

dropped the mask.

You'll bring back the missing parts, and teach my men how to use those guns before noon to-morrow," he said, raising his body from the chair and leaning over the top of the mahogany desk, "or die."

Arrested in this attitude by his own animosity, he stood very still and menac-There was a tense and beating stillpess in the room. Then Bill Smith said: "Sit down, Estebán! Calm yourself. Don't get excited. I've got a lot to say.'

AS if expecting a surrender, the General fell' back into his seat, and Bill Smith drew his chair closer to the edge of the flat-topped desk and rested elbows thereon.

"Jim's not coming back, is he?" he drawled after a long wait, as if to give himself plan and formulation for his

"It will not matter to you by noon to-morrow, unless you do what I order,

said the General tersely.
"Wont matter, eh? That's funny. You see, Jimmy and I are partners, and we've lived together and fought together and played together so long that we most always do the same things—to-gether. I don't suppose you understand this. Your kind don't, You are one of the sort that mistake kindness for weakness, forgiveness for cowardice, good nature for folly, and-bah! What's the use of trying to talk into your swelled, thick, idiotic head anything above dirt! You a idiotic head anything above dirt! why, you filthy hog! You rotten Judas!
You don't know what honor, let alone liberty, mean!"

It was a quite true arraignment, as was proven by the fact that General Pancho leaned back, grinned and then broke into

a malevolent laugh.
"Gringo!" he said, applying the Mexican term of contempt for those who dwell

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Write Today for Free Watch Book

north of the line. "It doesn't matter what you think. What does matter for you is whether you teach my men the guns. Listen!" He too leaned forward and scowled at the last of the two Smiths, seeming to gloat over the pain he might inflict. "This afternoon Jim Smith, the fool, was shot down in the place where I rid myself of such as don't obey."

Bill did not move. It angered the General.

'Don't you understand, you cowardly Americano? Killed, I say! Killed as you shall be, if you don't wake and do what I say you must, before to-morrow noon. I had him shot this afternoon."

"All right! Calm yourself!" was the amazing reply. "Be quiet a moment. You're a general, aren't you? You're supposed to have some sort of dignity. That's right! Lean back in your chair and grin. One time there were two partners called Smith. The two Smiths, most folks called them. They never stole anything, and they never wronged a man willingly. Ignorant about a lot of things, were the two Smiths, but always doing the best they knew how. And, you see, we sort of loved each other, Jim and I did. And above all, we were Americans. Do you get what that means? It means this: That some of you Mexicans aren't the only ones who mistake kind-ness and tolerance for cowardice. A lion doesn't always stop his business to chase a mouse that annoys him; but when the lion does think it's time to smash up a nuisance, God help the mouse! That's where Mexico and some others stand, just about now."

HE paused almost pensively, as if he were thinking of greater possibilities than his own predicament, and suddenly his face hardened to inflexibility and his eyes were like accusing points of light.

"You killed my partner Jim!" he said in a voice that was beyond misinterpreta-tion. "Therefore I'm going to kill you!"

As Pancho, terrified and fearful, read the warning with protruding eyes, and sprang to his feet, reaching madly for the pistol at his side, the long arm of Bill Smith swept catlike across the top of the desk and caught up the sharp and pointed paper-cutter. For the smallest pointed paper-cutter. part of a second it balanced in his adept hand. His left arm feinted with grim intent, causing the illustrious General Pancho involuntarily to lift his own left arm to fend off injury. And then there was a swift, inverted arc of bronzed light, caught from the chandelier above them upon the flying metal, and a choked scream of terror and anguish as the knife, thrown underhand, swept upward through the illustrious General's throat.

So strong was his vitality that he had time to think of many things and to stare into the exultant face above him—to gurgle and to call upon the Virgin for his waiting some Hardened as they mercy--before thronged the room. were to timorous death, they shuddered at the fear mirrored in that coward's eyes

There was some decency in them, after all, in that they granted the sole request that Bill Smith made-which was that he be shot in the place of execution. They tell yet, as a great joke on themselves, that they forgot to blindfold him or to bind his hands, and that he stood quite calm and unresisting when they fired. But of this, one may be quite sure: that when he reeled and dropped with many bullets through his body, he lived to crawl and fall upon the body of a mere gringo who had gone before, and who lay close by upon the blood-stained turf. A humby upon the blood-stained turf. A numble waiter, who has returned to Val Verde, says that Bill Smith died with a smile upon his lips, and thanked God that his hands were like those dead ones beneath,

still free, and that in his dying embrace he might clasp all that was left of his

of adventure they fared forth, they were

For

partners still-the two Smiths!

to whatever hidden land

(Continued from VERY MOVING PICTURES page 64)

going to run?" Somesey inquired taunt-

ingly.
"Not on your life," said Jimmy. "I'm going to Los Angeles."
"Los Angeles?"
"Los Angeles?" explained

"That's where this one lives," explained mmy. "Somesey, old top, you've dealt to a pat hand. Oh boy, you ought to Timmy. me a pat hand. see her picture!"

It was worth it at the moment, for it took Somesey in the wind. Afterward he tried to come back, but Jimmy had an edge on him. He made up his mind he'd show Somesey if he had to go to Los Angeles. He did.

Los Angeles was his bluff; Somesey He stood by and saw Jimmy called it. buy a ticket, and then he saw Jimmy off. His last words to Jimmy were:

"Good-by and good luck—you'll need it." As the train started to pull out, he raised his voice and added: "Cupid's Bowstring is the last hope of ladies who have to hold their own hands because nobody but their mothers love them. They always send phony pictures.

It made no never-minds to Jimmy. No matter what she looked like, Jimmy knew he'd as soon drop in at the Zoo and visit Mrs. Lion as call on Elizabeth.

OS ANGELES looked good to Jimmy—so good that he wondered they didn't charge admission. Just to be so-ciable, he told the clerk at the hotel so. The clerk took a full breath, opened the fortissimo con expressione stop to its fullest and began to speak-no, intone!-the litany of Los Angeles.

"Scenery! Why Los Angeles has more scenery to the square foot than any other four cities in the universe. The skies are the bluest thing man's eyes ever looked into. The air-

And so on, into the empyrean of pure poetry. Then, volplaning swiftly and ex-pertly to facts and figures, he described Los Angeles as a serious business proposi-

"It is the hub, the wire wheels and demountable rims of the moving-picture in-dustry, sir. If—" of ad st pt m ral

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Jimmy let him run on and down. It all came in handy in the night-letter he wired Somesey. Just to keep the bluff working, he added:

"Just phoned her. Going to call to-

In reality, Jimmy gave the operator

the night-letter and went to bed.

The next morning Jimmy strolled around Los Angeles. In addition to the sights any other city might have offered, there were unexpected diversions. passed a theater, a party of people came out. The men were in evening clothes and the women wore opera wraps-at ten o'clock in the morning!

"Some performance, that!" Jimmy observed to one who bore the earmarks of a native. "What time did it start-mida native.

The native gave him a glance in which scorn and compassion played leading parts. "Movie stuff," he grunted.

Four blocks beyond, Jimmy saw two men arguing. One of them drew a gun. Jimmy drew a deep breath and between clock-ticks tried to decide whether he'd rather be a hero with a lovely send-off in the papers or a coward with normal pulse and proper respiration.

"Whatcha tryin' to do?" roared a voice in his ear. "Butt into the picture?"

Evidently Los Angeles was full of it; when Shakespeare wrote "All the world's stage," he must have had it in mind. Jimmy got the idea and became camera wise. If he saw a man drive up to the curb and kidnap Little Goldilocks, he never turned a hair, even when the bee-yootiful lady lifted her eyes to heaven and cried:

"Who will save my che-ild?"

He knew Jimmy made no mistake. who would save her che-ild. The hero just coming around the corner in a red-devil runabout, with his fine face tense and his hair waving in the wind.

By Monday, Jimmy had discovered hat while sightseeing is a great twohad discovered handed game, it's no good as solitaire. Between breakfast and lunch-time two weeks clapsed. After lunch Jimmy went to his room. To the original investment of eight days in romance, he'd added four more, and there had been no dividends declared yet. Of course, he still had his eight thousand dollars, which he carried in his pocket and which made him feel like an embezzling bank-clerk-and he also had the letter from the strange lady who lived in Los Angeles and who was presumably fair and assumptively in distress. But Jimmy had no intention of going to her rescue—not Jimmy.

Nevertheless he took her letter out and studied her picture. Some queen-tall, dark and statuesque, like Maxine Elliott.

"I might as well see what kind of an igloo she lives in." he thought. "It will come in handy when Somesey gives me a third degree."

SO Jimmy went to the clerk and asked the way to Chester Park, which was where Elizabeth Wistrill lived. The clerk gave him the information and at the same time handed him a letter from Somesey, which Jimmy read:

Dear Jimmy:

About four mail-bags of letters are arrived for you. Three candihave arrived for you.

dates have called, and about forty have telephoned. They all want to know when you'll be back. Our esteemed landlady shakes her head whenever mention is made of your

"I'd never have thought it of Mr. Murflin," she remarks. "He seemed so quiet and retiring.

I'm still palpitating for details. Take it from me, they'd better be backed up by affidavits-marriagecertificate and such.

'Sever,

SOMESEY.

P. S .- I'll bet eight dollars to eight cents you haven't been near her and wouldn't go near her for a farm the size of Los Angeles.

Somesey was right—but Jimmy didn't intend he should know it. So he started for Chester Park, to get local color for hit of fertions. a bit of fiction.

But the moment Jimmy struck Chester Park he began to feel there was something yet to be explained. The houses in the neighborhood didn't seem to be the kind that Cupid's Bowstring would find a circulation among. And Elizabeth Wistrill's was about the most imposing of the lot.

It stood at the head of a long, shaded drive and-well, the roll Jimmy carried would just about pay for the terracework and landscape gardening that went with it. He took out the letter and looked at the address, to make sure he had it right. They seemed to agree, and he was standing there, trying to discover the missing link and—as he reflected afterward - probably looking like it, when she came.

It was like some more of the movie stuff. She approached under a canopy of sheltering branches. She certainly something extra special. She was just past the flapper age, and she wore a rosecolored silk sweater and one of those hats which sag in a way that signifies immediate danger-to the innocent male bystander.

It was Jimmy's next move, but somehow he couldn't make his legs behave They were having trouble with their differentials, and he was stuck there, while she came nearer and nearer. Jimmy won-dered if she really didn't see him, when suddenly she glanced up at him, under the brim of that hat. Jimmy knew then how Columbus felt when he discovered He also knew the hotel clerk had lied when he said there was nothing bluer in the world than the Los Angeles

Her eyes were. Nor was this all. Her nose was short and perky, and two golden freckles but added to its fascination. Her mouth-Jimmy took a deep breath-was red and sweet and-and other things too obvious to mention. And to make matters worse, the sun and he both caught a glimpse of her hair under that hat at the same moment. It was a glorious, vitalized gold, with little ripples running through it. Jimmy tried to swallow his heart and

to do things to his hands and feet-they too felt superfluous and embarrassed. As a result of his spasmodic activities, the picture fluttered from the envelope which he still held. The girl's eyes lighted upon

the bit of fluttering pasteboard. It fell face upward. She stopped.
"Oh!" she cried. "O-oh!"

IIMMY glanced around, but could see no camera-man. It wasn't a scenario, and so it must be a dream. But she was speaking.

"Please-please go away," she begged, glancing back at the house as if she were the fairy princess and expected a dragon might come out and devour them any minute. "Hurry—please do!"

The British square at Waterloo stood no firmer than Jimmy.

You must come away," she stormed. That was different. Jimmy couldn't possibly have gone away. But to come

Together they walked down the sunspeckled pavement under the arching shade of the pepper and eucalyptus trees. Jimmy's knees felt dizzy, but she set a furious pace until they had covered eight full blocks. Then she stopped and faced

"I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed, her blue eyes tragic. "I—I never suspected you'd come. It was just a joke. My chum dared me to-and Boston seemed so far off.

Some suburban portion of Jimmy's brain which had escaped the general conflagration that was sweeping the business section came to his aid.

'You-you wrote the letter?" he asked. The color glowed in her cheeks.

"Please — please forgive me," she begged. "I'm so sorry. I'd pay you back for coming, only I've spent all my allowance. Please say it's-it's all right."

Jimmy swallowed his heart once more. "I forgive your writing," he said. "I— I forgive you everything except being a millionaire's daughter and being different from the picture and trying to get rid of me when I've come all the way from Boston."

It was quite the most surprising speech Jimmy had ever delivered. Evelike, she glanced at him and equivocated.

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"Dad's not a millionaire." "He might as well be."

"And if I don't look like the picture, what difference does it make, anyway?

"All the difference in the world," re-plied Jimmy with great firmness. She glanced up at him under the brim of her

"I must go," she murmured. music lesson at three, and Miss Burnham will have a fit if I'm late."

"I'll have a fit if you go-right on the sidewalk."

She began to test the granolithic with the toe of her little tan shoe.

"It was bold and brazen of me towrite. I-I deserve to be punished, I

Jimmy shook his head.
"It was," she persisted. "Mother says she doesn't know what will become of me. Once-once I wrote a letter to Faversham."
"Did he answer it?"

She shook her head.

"Well, he'll never know what he missed, anyway.

She hastily tried the other tan toe on the granolithic.
"I know it's hard for anybody to under-

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stand me-Mother doesn't," she said. "But everything is so tame. Sometimes I wish Daddy would lose his money, and then we'd go out to his mines in Arizona and live there. And I'd do things like other girls. I hate"-passionately-"being chaperoned and told that I musn't do this—or that. I want to do just—every-thing!"

"I understand!" proclaimed Jimmy.
"If Mother would only try to understand—as Daddy does," she continued as if she hadn't heard him. "I wanted to go to Long Beach with Myrtle Woods. I'm just crazy to learn to swim, and I told

Mother, and she said: 'Very well, dear; we'll go in the limousine!'" Her voice was absolutely tragic; and so, though it didn't seem so awfully cruel to him, Jimmy tried to look sympathetic.

'I wanted to go on the electric like other girls," she explained.

"Let's go!" exclaimed Jimmy eagerly.
"This afternoon! I can swim, and I'll

teach you. I—"
"Oh, no!" she interrupted with a quick shake of her head. "I couldn't. It wouldn't be nice. Mother would feel terribly."

"I suppose how I feel-" Jimmy began, and stopped.

"It can't make any difference to you," she murmured, glancing at him from the corners of her eyes.

"It does!"

NOW that wasn't the end, but it was the beginning of the end. Perhaps your idea of why she finally gave in dif-fers from Jimmy's. But don't tell Jimmy. "Oh-ee!" she cried, when they reached Long Beach. "Isn't it just bee-yootiful!"

It was. Jimmy had never seen a pret-tier beach; nor had he ever had less time to spend admiring sand and sea and sky. She took it all in, however. She loved everything, even being pushed around and jostled by the crowd.
"I'm like Daddy," she said. "He loves people—all people."

Even there Jimmy couldn't get away from the movie-stuff. A band of pirates, led by a chap who was supposed to be a Captain Kidd, was going for through a scenario down near the water.

They sat on the sand, and she let handfuls of it trickle through her fingers and asked him questions. And Jimmy told her about Somesey and about the ad in Cupid's Bowstring and how he hadn't really intended to go and see her, though he had come to Los Angeles.

"Supposing I hadn't seen you!" he ex-

claimed, gazing at her.

She paid no attention to that. In-stead she began asking him about his work, and Jimmy told her about the Consolidated Construction and James Maxwell Macey.

It was considerable monologue. realized afterward that he'd ought to have had sense enough to know she wouldn't be interested. But at the time he was a little hurt because all she said, when he'd

finished, was:
"Let's go in swimming now!" And she sprang to her feet before Jimmy could help her up.

TWENTY minutes later size , him, and they ran down to the WENTY minutes later she joined

They both ducked. "Whee!" she cried, turning a joyous face toward him.

Then she put her hand in Jimmy's, and something happened. Perhaps the other people didn't notice it, but the sun became brighter and the sea bluer. And somewhere birds began to sing-which was funny, for sea gulls aren't exactly nightingales.

Jimmy began to teach her to swim. The only reason he had for not believing he'd died and gone to the seventh heaven was that it came to an end. just managed to swim four strokes by herself and had stood up, laughing and triumphant and blowing bubbles, when she noticed that the sun was slipping down toward the horizon.

"Why-it must be awful late!" she

cried in dismay.

"It can't be," Jimmy maintained.

Nevertheless it was. All the way home she worried about that. And Jimmy she worried about that. And Jimmy worried about something else. When they reached the fateful corner she stopped.

"Good-by," she said, and held out her

Jimmy took it and forgot-actuallyto let go of it.

"Aren't—aren't you ever going to come again?" he pleaded.

She shook her head. "I shouldn't have, this afternoon. I—I don't know what you think of me—"

"I love you," cried Jimmy. Just that, It was wrung from him by the thought he might never see her again, and it startled her no more than it did him.
"Oh—vou mustn't!" she cried—and fled.

BY and by Jimmy started back to the hotel. He walked all the way.
"I'll see her again," he kept saying

over and over. Once he said it out loud, and two men stared at him.

"Nuts," one said to the other with a

laugh. Perhaps he was right.

After dinner the friendly room-clerk
asked Jimmy if he were still sight-seeing. Jimmy admitted it, and then he spoke of Chester Park and described her house to the clerk.

"Oh, you mean Wistrill's," he said. 'He's one of our big men—bank-president, director in corporations and all that.

He has several big mines in Arizona.

That's where he made his start."

Encouraging for Jimmy, wasn't it?

Good-by was right. He didn't travel in her class at all. The best thing he could do was to go upstairs and pack

Instead—but of course you've guessed Jimmy had the grace to be ashamed of himself, mooning around there under the eucalyptus trees wishing he could see the house better and wondering which windows were hers. He was still conducting a no-prize guessing contest when a limousine rolled up the drive. A moment later she came down the front steps with three other people.

One of these was a young chap in evening clothes. Jimmy hoped it might be her brother, but after he'd seen him hand her into the plate-glass palace on wheels, Jimmy knew that while the young chap might have hopes of being one of the family some day, he wasn't yet.

Jimmy had got as much comfort at this form of outdoor sport ever brings a lover. He went back to the hotel, and that time he did begin packing.



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The next morning, however, several trains for the East departed without any effort on Jimmy's part to catch them. And at eleven o'clock-he knew what time it was because he'd just looked at the clock for the four hundred and fiftyseventh time-a bell-boy came through the lobby

'Mr. Murflin," he called. "Mr. Mur-It dawned on Jimmy that he was be-

ing paged.
"Fourth booth," said the operator with

a yawn.
"It's me," said a voice—hers! "Hello

are you there?"

"Yes," Jimmy answered. But he wasn't; he was up in the clouds, kicking them around for sheer happiness.

"Mother found out about it," she con-"She heard I didn't take my lesson, and I got awfully sunburned. She told me I must promise never to see or talk to you again.

Jimmy's heart dropped from his throat

to his shoes—with a dull, sickening thud.
"I didn't promise," said the voice said the voice Those who wish to can stand in line waiting for the symphony-seat sale to begin; Jimmy had his own idea of what constituted the sweetest music in the

"It just makes me furious to be treated like a child. As if I couldn't tell that you weren't—" you weren't-

"What?" he asked. "Oh-horrid!"

Los Angeles! The city of the angels. The man who picked the name was a prophet.

She says she'll lock me in my room until I promise. If she does, I'll be at that corner at two o'clock—"

THE receiver on the other end went up hurriedly. And Jimmy back to the lobby and gave the bell-hop a dollar.

At one o'clock he was on the corner.

At two-thirty she came.
"I know I'm awful," she confessed.
"But it's Mother's fault. If she will treat me like a naughty child, I'll-I'll act like one

Her eyes flashed, and her little red

mouth set stubbornly.
"Where shall we go?" he asked. "Let's go way up to Rubio Cañon," she said.

So they took a trolley.
"It's much more fun than a stuffy old limousine," she commented. Not having any past experience to serve as comparison, Jimmy didn't dispute her.

The trolley could climb like a mountain goat. It ran over a trestle above the tree-tops and then began ascending a trail, past poppy-farms and terraced lawns into Alpine stuff. They stayed on until they came to the pavilion, and after that they found a path that led under the trees to a secluded cañon that smelled and looked like a florist's shop.

They sat down under a pine tree, and she held her hat in her lap, and they talked about everything. She wanted to know all about Boston; and were the girls And what kind of girl pretty there?

did Jimmy prefer?
"Silly!" she said when he told her. And he asked her what kind of man she liked best, and she described him. "That kind of a man always fascinates

women," she added. "And he must be brave-oh, ever so brave and powerful! Men must stand in awe of him.

At that, Jimmy remembered about the tall chap in evening clothes and asked her about him.

"Mother wants me to marry him," said. "But I sha'n't. Daddy says she said. he's a waster.'

That was small comfort to Jimmy; he was a waster himself, just then.

"Sit down," she said, "and tell me some more about your work, and your ideas about it."

Jimmy talked until the light became amber, and then they sat for a time in silence.

"We must go now," she said, and he helped her to her feet. As he stooped to pick up his coat, which he had spread for

her to sit on, the roll of bills fell out.
"Ooh!" she cried, wide-eyed. "You foolish boy! Why don't you put it in the bank?

"I never had a chance to chum around with so much money before," he told her. "I enjoy its company.

"But you mustn't carry it. Promise me you'll put it in the bank the very first thing to-morrow morning—the Orange Growers' National. That's the best."

Jimmy promised, and they ran most of the way to the pavilion, and then they tobogganed down to the city once more. Too soon they were back where they'd started from.

"I can't meet you again—this way," she said. "It really isn't—done!"
And she stuck to it. "It's better so,"

she said.

In his heart Jimmy knew she was right. Even if he could have made her care for him, what right had he? couldn't pay for her dinner-gowns!
"Good-by," she said.

But Jimmy wouldn't say it. He stood and watched her out of sight. He felt that this time it was the end-that she meant it. Los Angeles was the city of the angels, but he was only a peri at the

THE next morning when he awoke, he almost wished he hadn't. In all the world there was just one girl he wanted, just one girl he could talk to and feel natural with—and she was beyond his reach.

"Better go out to the beach," suggested the room-clerk. "They're going to film a battle between a submarine and a torpedo boat. a torpedo boat. Inere will be a there, and it will be worth seeing. There will be a crowd

Jimmy shook his head. In all that crowd there would not be the only person he cared to see. Besides, he'd promised her he'd bank his money in-oh, yes, the Orange Growers' National.

The clerk gave him directions, but poor Jimmy was thinking so hard about her that he had to ask twice after that. And once as he mooned along in a brown study, somebody barked out:

"Here—wake that boob up and tell him he's spoiling a picture."

The boob was Jimmy. A young chap caught him by the shoulder and spun him around.

'Watch out where you're going," he advised.

More movie-stuff, of course. After-ward Jimmy wished he'd delivered an

ultimatum to the young chap with the too-willing hands. He had a feeling that a tall, dark man with gray patches at his temples wouldn't have stood for such treatment.

At the receiving teller's window a pale-eyed clerk looked first at the money and then at Jimmy.

"Perhaps," he said, "you'd better see

the president."

It didn't surprise Jimmy; he took it for granted that a single deposit of eight thousand had the clerk going. Afterward he learned that the clerk was following instructions and personally suspected Jimmy was an absconder. The clerk Jimmy was an absconder. opened a grilled gate and conducted him to the president's office.

It was furnished in mahogany. desk sat a big, grizzled man with a big, humorous mouth and glinting eyeglasses. Jimmy saw all this in a flash as the door swung open; and then his heart began to play leapfrog. She was there. And she acted ashamed, and as if she'd never seen him before. That hurt.

"I must run now, Daddy," she said, kissing the grizzled man on the tip of the nose. "Mother is waiting for the

limousine." Jimmy stood aside to let her pass. His eyes were on her face, but hers were straight ahead. Then her expression

changed, and she stopped.
"Oh!" she exclaimed. And again-Oh!"

Jimmy turned swiftly. A man stood just inside the grilled gate with a revolver in either hand. "Hands up," he commanded.

NOW, Jimmy was in no mood to be accommodating. She had cut him, and besides, this movie-stuff was getting on his nerves. Anyway, he felt, with bitterness, that he'd show her that that kind of man—a tall, dark man with a gray patch at either temple—had nothing on him.
"Put up your hands," repeated the in-

truder, getting real nasty about it.
"Go to the devil," said Jimmy.

intruder leveled the gun, and quite unaccountably Jimmy saw red.

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No all-America end could have made a better flying tackle. Jimmy heard his adversary's head crack against the grating as they went down together. For a second he was scared. The next second he had other things to think about. Another member of the black-mask brigade was coming on the run. The latter didn't wait to be polite about it and ask Jimmy The latter didn't if he would put his hands up-he began

Jimmy laughed. Blank cartridges had never scared him since he was a kid of eleven with four packages of .22 rim-fire and a real revolver to celebrate the Fourth with. He grabbed the revolvers his prostrate friend had no immediate use for and began helping the celebration At the second shot the other chap along.

dropped.
"Fine stuff," thought Jimmy. the hero don't appear pretty quick, they'll have to give me the lead in this picture."

Two more men appeared, but as they both wore masks too, Jimmy knew the hero was still missing.

"Welcome, little playmates," said Jimmy, and began playing with them.

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He'd just fired a couple of times when something hot stung his arm. It occurred to him that one of the two film-villains was an idiot who didn't know the difference between bullets and blanks.
"Oh, I say," he protested, but there

was no stopping them.

"Well, rather than spoil the picture now, here goes," said Jimmy. And he took deliberate aim and wished he had a few slugs himself.

When they both flopped, couldn't help admiring them. For trick-stuff their falls were perfect. He stood there for a second, waiting for whatever was next on the program. Then, just as the main entrance became jammed with bluecoats, the man he'd tackled first came to. Jimmy's legs were jerked from under him, and his head came into contact with the grill-work.

WHEN the birds stopped singing, Jimmy was lying on a couch in the president's office. He felt preved be-He felt peeved because his head wasn't quite comfortable. It seemed to him they might at least

prop a pillow under it.
"Oh, dear," said the only voice in the world, "why doesn't the doctor come? If he'd only open his eyes!'

Jimmy closed his eyes in a hurry. To think he had thought, for a single moment, that his head wasn't comfortable!

You're getting blood on your dress," I the big, grizzled man. "Let me slide said the big, grizzled man. this pillow in under—"

"No!" she said-just like that; Jimmy felt her arms tighten around him, as if she was determined nobody should attempt to slide a pillow under his head. He was ready to groan horribly if they

Jimmy played dead deliberately and shamelessly. He hoped the doctor would never come. Life was no longer sweet, since he could not see her and have her every day; death in her arms had compensations.

When the doctor came, however, Jimmy knew it was all off. He opened his eyes, and the doctor scissored away his coat-sleeve and began washing the wound while the pale-eyed clerk stood by, hold-

ing a basin of water.

"Just a flesh-wound," the doctor announced, as cheerful as only a doctor can be at such a time. "But we'll take him to the hospital—a day or two in bed will do him no harm."

'Daddy!" Jimmy looked around. She was standing at the opposite side of the room, her

vivid eyes fixed on the grizzled man. "I think we ought to take him to the house, Doctor," said Daddy.

"I should think you might, under the circumstances," said the doctor. Jimmy decided he was a man and brother, after all.

So they loaded Jimmy into the limousine—Mother must have had to take a taxi—and took him to Chester Park and put him to bed. After that he fell asleep until dusk. Then somebody tiptoed in, and he opened his eyes. It was Elizabeth. She switched on the lights and smiled and spread out the evening papers so that Jimmy could see the headlines: FOILS PLOT TO ROB ORANGE GROWERS' NATIONAL

It struck Jimmy all in a heap.

"Why-I thought it was all moviehe cried.

"You did!" she exclaimed, her eyes big and round.

'I'm no hero," he confessed miserably, remembering what she had said about the tall, dark man with gray patches at the temples. "You'd better ship me to the temples. hospital."

"You would have done it, anyway," she protested.

Jimmy shook his head.
"If I'd known they were real robbers, my hands would still be up.
"I don't believe it,"

she flashed. Would you have let them shoot-

She stopped short and colored deliciously.

"Shoot you? No!" declared Jimmy

"Anyway, Daddy might have brought you home with him," she added hastily. "What?" gasped Jimmy.

Her eyes evaded his.

"I told him you were coming to de-posit your money, and he was going to put you through a third degree—you've still got that coming. And I thought perhaps he'd bring you out

In spite of that last, Jimmy's heart

sank; she read his thought in his face.
"Silly!" she said very softly. "I put
you through a third degree that first
afternoon. And I told Daddy all about that horrid Mr. Macey, and how he turned down all your ideas.

"You told your father all that!" "Of course I did. Daddy is awfully interested in that mine of his in Arizona -he was a miner himself once,-and he wanted somebody to take charge of the welfare work. He'd spoken about Macey, and I just told Daddy he wasn't the

"Then you were interested-all the time," exclaimed Jimmy. "I-thought I

bored you."
"Bored me! Why, that was what I what I liked best about you. When you spoke about the men and the things you wanted to do for them, your face just lighted up and-

She paused and listened. "Here comes Daddy now," she said and started to meet him. But she turned, her glowing face framed by the door, to add:

"You'll just love my daddy!"

Elizabeth was right. Jimmy did love
him more and more as time went on. Edward Wistrill was big-hearted and generous, as Jimmy was to prove, for it was only a month afterward that he stood in Wistrill's office at the Orange Growers' National and waited for him to answer

a question.
"I am afraid," said Elizabeth's father slowly, "that her mother wont be satisfied."

He rose and walked to the window and gazed out at the traffic. Jimmy realized a moment later, however, that he did not see the teeming hive below.

"It's hot there sometimes," he said,
"and you may lack for outside companionship. But you'll live close to the heart of nature—and the heart of the people. And that's the same as close to the heart of God.'

He turned swiftly and held out both hands to Jimmy. "My boy," he said, "I envy you both."

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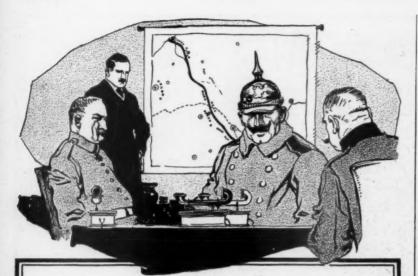
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#### "In the Kaiser's Council-Chamber"

If you saw a man about to shoot the Kaiser, would you stop him?

TREMENDOUS DILEMMA faced an Anglo-American secret-agent as he watched Kaiser Wilhelm's auto pass: he knew that he could that night gain access to the council-chamber of the Kaiser and overhear a conference between Emperor William of Germany, Emperor Charles of Austria and their high officials. Yet close by him at that moment stood a man with a pistol leveled at the passing monarch. Should he let the man fire, or stop him?

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#### THE MYSTERY OF THE HASTY ARROW

(Continued from page 61)

seek to stay him. He merely observed, as he stood upon his own feet

"Have you heard the latest news about Mrs. Taylor?"

"No. In saying this, Mr. Roberts did not turn

"She is improving rapidly. Soon she will be able to appear before the jury already chosen to inquire into the cause and manner of Miss Willetts' death."

"A fine woman!" came in a burst from Director Roberts' lips as he faced about for a good-by nod. "I don't know when I have seen one I admired more."

And Coroner Price had nothing to say;

he was stupefied.

BUT it was not so with Mr. Gryce, who D entered immediately upon Mr. Roberts' departure.

"Not a jarring note!" he remarked. Evidently he had heard the whole conversation. "I never for a moment imagined he knew Madame Duclos. knowledge we gain of her will have to come from Mrs. Taylor."

"He's a strong man. We shall find it difficult to hold our own against him if we are brought to an actual struggle.'

Why did he run the forefinger of his right hand so continuously into his right-hand vest pocket?" was Mr. Gryce's sole

By which it looks as if he had seen as well as heard.

"I didn't notice it. Is the district attorney prepared to make the next move? Mine has failed."

"Not yet. The game is too hazardous. We should only make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the whole world if we should fail in an attack upon a man of such national importance. After the two inquests and a letter I hope to receive from Switzerland, we may be in a position to launch our first bomb. I don't anticipate the act with any pleasure; the explosion will be something frightful."

"If half you think is true, the unexpected confronting of him with Mrs. Taylor should produce some result. That's lor should produce some result. That's what I reckon on now, if the business falls first to me."

"I reckon on nothing. Chance is going to take this thing out of our hands." "Chance! I don't understand you." "I don't understand myself; but this is

a case which will never come into court." "I differ with you. I almost saw confession in his face when he turned upon me at last with that extravagant expression of admiration for the woman you say

he meant to kill."

"Why did his finger go so continuously to his vest pocket? When you answer that, I will give a name to what I have just called chance."

Why Roberts' finger went to his vest pocket, and many other interesting questions, are answered in the next installment of "The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow"—in the November Red Book Magazine, on sale October 23rd.

# "But," said the railroad president to the government auditor, "haven't you forgotten something?"



THE auditor, representing the United States Government had been making a valuation of the entire railway system.

He had figured the cost of replacing its tracks; the value of its engines and cars and terminals; the value of its franchises and rights of way and good will.

He gathered the figures together and laid them on the railway president's desk.

"But," said the president, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"I think not," the auditor answered.

"How about our employees?" the president asked. "Have you valued them?"

The auditor was nettled. "Of course not," he replied, "why should I?"

"We have been more than sixty years in building that force," the president responded. "We should have to spend millions of dollars to replace it. Our employees are the most valuable asset

#### Your employees also are your most valuable asset

It has taken you years to gather them together and train them. To replace them would be costly, if not impossible.

You can insure your buildings and raw materials; you have insured them.

Have you thought of insuring your men and women?

You can insure their enthusiasm and their loyalty. You can, by a group insurance policy, covering them all, give them a

powerful added reason for wanting to remain permanently in your employ.

The largest, most successful employers in the country have looked ahead.

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Your company belongs side by side with successful, far-seeing leaders like these.





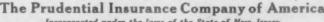
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#### BULL CALLED EMILY THE

(Continued from bage 32)

language. It aint long until I can make out everything she says. I've been peddling the bull too long not to be able I've been to understand it when spoke by a native.

FOR upwards of two months things goes along just beautiful. Then we strikes a town out in Illinois where business aint what it used to be, if indeed it ever was. Along about the middle of the week the young feller that's doing the press-work for the house comes to me and asks me if I aint got an idea in my systhat might make a good press-stunt.

"There's an inspiration comes to me and I suggests to him that maybe he might go ahead and make an announcement that following the Saturday matinée, Emily the Pluperfect, Ponderous, Pachydermical Performer, direct from the court of the reigning Roger of Simla County, India, will hold a reception on the stage to meet her little friends, each and every one of whom will be expected to bring

one of whom will be expected to bring her a bag of peanuts.

"'That listens all right,' says this lad, 'providing she likes peanuts.'

"'Providing she likes 'em?' I says. 'Son,' I says, 'if that bull ever has to take the cure for the drug-habit, it'll be on account of peanuts. If you don't think she likes peanuts, a dime will win you a trip to the Holy Lands,' I says. 'Why,' I says, 'Emily's middle name is *Peanuts*. Offhand, I says, I don't know precisely how many peanuts there are, I says, because if I ever heard the exact figures, I've forgot 'em, but I'd like to lay you a little eight to five that Emily can chamber all the peanuts in the world and then set down right where she happens to be, to wait for next year's crop to come onto

the market. That's how much she cares for peanuts,' I says.

"Well, that convinces him, and he hurries off to write his little piece about Emily's peanut reception. The next day, which is Friday the anouncement is in which is Friday, the announcement is in both the papers. Saturday after lunch when I strolls round to the show-shop for the matinée, one glance around the corner from the stage entrance proves to me that our little social function is certainly starting out to be a success. street in front is lined on both sides with dagos with peanut-stands, selling peanuts to the population as fast as they can pass 'em out; and there's a long line, mainly kids, at the box-office. I goes on in and takes a flash at the front of the house through the peephole in the curtain, and the place is already jam full. If there's one kid out there, there's a thousand, and every tiny tot has got a sack of peanuts clutched in his or her chubby fist, as the case may be. And say, listen: there's a smell in the air like a prairie fire running through a Georgia goober-king's plantation.

"I goes back to where Emily is hitched, and she's weaving to and fro on her legs and watering at the mouth until she just naturally can't control her own riparian rights. She's done smelt that smell too.
"'Honey gal,' I says to her, 'it shore

looks to me like you're due to get your fullupances of the succulential ground-pea of the Sunny Southland this day.'

"She's so grateful she tries to kiss me, but I ducks. All though her turn she dribbles from the chin like a defective firehydrant, and I can tell that she aint got her mind on her business. She's too busy thinking about peanuts. When she's got through and taken her bows, the manager leaves the curtain up and Emily steps back behind a rope that a couple of the hands stretches acrosst the stage, with me standing on one side of her and Windy on the other; and then a couple more hands shoves a wooden runway acrosst the orchestra rail down into one of the side aisles; and then the house-man-ager invites Emily's young friends to march up the runway and crosst over from left to right, handing out their freewill offerings to her as they pass.

"During this pleasant scene, manager explains, Emily's dauntless owner, the world-famous Professor Zendavesta Jordan, meaning Windy, will lecture on the size, dimensions, habits and quaint peculiarities of this wondrous creature. That last part suits Windy right down to the ground, him being, as I told you before, the kind of party who's never so happy as when he's started his mouth and gone away and left it running.

FOR maybe a half a minute after the house-manager finishes his little spiel, the kids sort of hang back. Then the rush starts; and take it from me, little one, it's some considerable rush. Here they come up that runwaytots in blue, and tiny tots in red, and tiny tots in white; tiny tots with their parents, guardians or nurses, and tiny tots without none; tiny tots that are beginning to outgrow the tiny tottering stage, and other varieties of tiny tots too numerous to mention. And clutched in each and every tiny tot's chubby hand is a bag of peanuts, five-cent size or ten-cent size, but mostly five-cent size. As Emily sees 'em coming, she smiles until she looks in the face like one of these here old-fashioned red-brick Colonial fireplaces, with an overgrown black Christmas stocking hanging down from the center of the mantel.

"Up comes the first and foremost of the tiny tots. The Santy Claus stocking reaches out and annexes the free-will offering. There's a faint crunching sound; that there sack of peanuts has went to the bourne from out which no peanut, up until that time, has ever been known to return; and Emily is smiling benevolently and reaching out for the next sack. And behind the second kid is the third kid, and behind the third kid still more kids, and as far as the human eye can reach, there aint nothing on the horizon of that showshop but just kids-kids and peanuts.

"It certainly was a beauteous spectacle to behold so many of the dear little ones advancing up that runway with peanuts. To myself I says: 'I guess I'm a bad little suggester, eh, what? Here's Emily getting all this free provender and Windy talking his fool head off and the house getting all this advertising and none of us out a cent for any part of it.'

In about ten minutes, though, I'm struck by the fact that Emily's original

outburst of enthusiam appears slightly on the wane. It seems to me she aint reaching out for the free-will offerings with quite so much eagersomeness as she was displaying a spell back. Also I takes notice that the wrinkles in her tum-tum are filling out so that she's beginning to lose some of that deflated or punctured look so common amongst bulls.

"Still, I don't have no apprehensions,

but thinks to myself that any bull which can eat half a ton of hay for breakfast certainly is competent to take in a couple of wagon-loads of peanuts for five o'clock Even at that I figgers that it wont do no harm to coach Emily along a little.
"'Go to it, baby mine,' I says to her.

'You aint hardly started. Here's a chance,' I says, 'to establish a new world's record for peanuts.'

'That remark appears to spur her up for a minute or so, but something seems to keep on warning me that her heart aint in the work to the extent it has been. Windy don't see nothing out of the way, he being congenially engaged in shooting off his face, but I'm more or less concerned by certain mighty significant facts. For one thing, Emily aint eatin' sacks and all any more; she's emptying the peanuts out and throwing the paper bags aside. Likewise her work aint clean and smooth like it was. Her underlip is swinging down, and she's beginning to drool loose goobers off the lower end of it, and her low but intelligent forehead is all furrowed up as if with deep thought.

"Observing all of which, I says to my-self, I says: 'If ever Emily should start to cramp, the world's cramping record is also in a fair way to be busted this afternoon. I certainly do hope,' I says, 'that Emily don't go and get overextended.'

"You see, I'm trusting for the best, because I realizes that it wouldn't do to call off the reception right in the middle of it on account of the disappointment amongst the tiny tots that aint passed in review yet and the general ill-feeling that's sure to follow.

"I SHOULD say about two hundred tiny tots have gone by, with maybe five hundred more still in line waiting their turn, when there halts in front of Emily a fancy-dressed tiny tot which he must've been the favorite tiny tot of the richest man in town, because he's holding in his hands a bag of peanuts fully a foot deep. It couldn't of cost a cent less'n half a dollar, that bag. Emily reaches for the contribution, fondles it for a second or two and starts to upend it down her throat; and then with a low, sad, hopeless cry she drops it on the stage and sort of shrugs her front legs forward and stands there with her head bent and her ears twitching same as if she's listening for something that's still a long ways off but coming closter fast. And at that precise instant I sees the first cramp start from behind her right-hand shoulder-blade and begin to work south. Say, it was just like being present at the birth of an earth-

quake.
"Moving slow and deliberate, Emily turns around in her tracks, shivering all

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HE CURSED THEM-as he stood there caked with mud and snow in his blood-stained khaki. He was a deserter from the British Army.

It was not danger he feared. He had already been through every kind of that and scorned it He was running away from something worse.

What did the boy say to him that upset all his cold calculations? Did he run away in spite of it, or did it send him back to the shell-bitten trenches?

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over, and then I sees the cramp ripple along until it reaches her cargo-hold and strikes inward. It lifts all four of her feet clean off the floor, and when she comes down again, she comes down traveling. There's some scenery in her way, and some furniture and props and one thing and another, but she don't trouble to go round 'em. She goes through 'em, as being a more simple and direct way, and a minute later she steps out through the stage entrance into the crowded marts of trade with half of a cottage flat hung around her neck. Me and Windy is trailing along, urging her to be ca'm but keeping at a reasonably safe distance while doing so. Behind us as we comes forth we can hear the voices of many tiny tots upraised in skeered cries.

"Being a Saturday afternoon, the business section is fairly well crowded with people, and I suppose it's only natural that the unexpected appearance upon the main street of the largest bull in captivity, wearing part of a set of scenery for a collar and making sounds through her snout like a switch-engine in distress, should cause some surprised comment amongst the populace. In fact, I should say the surprised comment might of been heard for fully half a mile away.

EMILY hesitates as she reaches the sidewalk, as though she aint decided yet in her own mind just where she'll go, and then her agonized eye falls on all them peanut-roasters standing in a double row alongside the curbings on both sides of the street. The Italian and Greek gents who owns 'em are already departing hence in a hurried manner, but they've left their outfits behind, and right away it's made plain to me by her actions that Emily regards the sight as a part of a general conspiracy to feed her some peanuts when she already has more peanuts than what she really requires for personal She reaches out for the first peanutmachine in the row, curls her trunk around it and slams it against a brick wall so hard that it immediately begins to look something like a flivver car which has been in a severe collision and something like a tin accordion that's had hard treatment from a careless owner. With this for a beginning, Emily starts in to get real rough with them roasters. about three minutes it's raining hot charcoal and hot peanuts and wooden wheels and metal cranks and sheet-iron drums all over that part of the fair city

"Having put the enemy's batteries out of commission, Emily now swings around and heads back in the opposite direction with everybody giving her plenty of room. I heard afterward that some citizens went miles out of their way in order to give her room. Emily's snout is aimed straight up as though she's craving air, and her tail is standing straight out behind, stiff as a poker except that about every few seconds a painful quiver runs through it from the end that's nearest Emily to the that's furthest away from her. Windy is hoofing it along about fifty feet back of her, uttering soothing remarks and entreating her to listen to reason, and I'm trailing Windy; but for oncet Emily

don't hearken none to her master's voice.
"Out of the tail of my eye I see a fat lady start to faint, and when she's right in the middle of the faint, change her

mind about it and do a back flip into a plumber's shop, the purtiest you ever seen. I see a policeman dodge out from behind a lamp-post as Emily approaches, and reach for his gun. I yells to him not to shoot, but it's unnecessary advice, because he's only chucking his hardware away so's to lighten him up for a couple of hundred yards of straightaway sprint-ing. I see Emily make a side-swipe with her nozzle at a stout gent who's in the act of climbing a telegraph-pole hand over hand. She misses the seat of his pants by a fraction of an inch, and as he reaches the first cross-arm out of her reach, and drapes his form acrosst it, the reason for her sudden animosity towards him is explained. A glass jar falls out of one of his hip pockets and is dashed to fragments on the cruel bricks far below, and its contents is then seen to be peanut butter.

"I sees these things as if in a troubled dream, and then, all of a sudden, me and Emily are all alone in a deserted city. Exceptin' for us two, there aint a soul in sight nowheres. Even Windy has mysteriously vanished. And now Emily, in passing along, happens to look inside a fruit-store, and through the window her unhappy glance rests upon a bin full of peanuts. So she just presses her of peanuts. So she just presses her face against the pane like Little Mary in the po'm, and at that the entire front end of that establishment seems to give away in a very simultaneous manner, and Emily reaches in through the orifices and plucks out the contents of that there store, including stock, fixtures and good will, and throws 'em backward over her shoulder in a petulant and hurried way. takes notice that she throws the bin of peanuts much farther than the grapefruit or the pineapples or the glass show-cases containing the stick candy. The pro-prietor must of been down in the cellar at the moment, else I judge she'd of fetched him forth too.

THUS we continues on our way, me and Emily, in the midst of a vast boisterous solitude,—for while we but boisterous can't see the inhabitants, we can hear 'em,—until we arrive at the foot of Main Street, and there we beholds the railroad freight-depot looming before us. I can tell that Emily is wishful to pass through this structure. There aint no opening on the nigh side of it, but that don't hinder Emily none. She gives one heave with her shoulders and makes a door and passes on in and out again on the far side by the same methods. I arrives around the end of the shed just in time to see her slide down a steep grade through somebody's truck-garden and sink down upon her heaving flank in a little As I halts upon the brow of the hill, she looks up at me very reproachful, I can see that her prevalent complexion is beginning to turn very wan and pale. Son, take it from me, when a fullgrown she-bull gets wan, she's probably the wannest thing there is in the world. "'Stand back, Scandalous,' she moans

to me in bull-language. 'I don't bear you no grudge,—it was a mistake in judg-ment on the part of all of us,—but stand back and give me room. Up till this time,' she says, 'I've been po'rly, but something seems to tell me that now I'm about to be what you might call real wh

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"Which she certainly was.

"So, after a while, a part of the police force come along, stepping slow and cautious, and they halts themselves in the protecting shadows of the freight-shed or what's left of it, and they beckon me to come near 'em, and when I responds, they tell me I'm under arrest for inciting riots and disturbances and desecration of property and various other crimes and misdemeanors. I suggests to 'em that if they're really craving to arrest anybody, they should oughter begin with Emily, but they don't fall in with the idea. They marches me up to the police-station, looking over their shoulders at frequent intervals to be sure the anguished Emily aint coming too, and when we get there, I find Windy in the act of being forcibly

detained in the front office.
"Immediately after I arrived, the payoff started and continued unabated for quite a period of time. First we set-tled in full with the late proprietors of them defunct peanut-roasting machines; and then the owner of the wrecked fruitstore, and the man that owned the operahouse, and the stout lady who'd fainted from the waist up but was now entirely recovered, and the fleshy gent who'd climbed the telegraph-pole, and the rail-road agent and some several hundred others who had claims for property damage or mental anguish or shockages to their nervous systems or shortage of breath or loss of trade or other injuries all these were in line, waiting.

"We was reduced to a case ten-spot before the depot agent, who came last, lined up for his'n; but he took one good look and said he wouldn't be a hog about -we could keep that ten-specker, and he'd be satisfied just to take over our

private car in consideration of the loss inflicted by Emily to his freight-shed. I was trying to tell him how much we appreciated his kindness, but the chief of police wouldn't let me finish—said he couldn't permit that kind of language to be used in a police-station, said it might corrupt the morals of some of his young policemen.

So everything passed off very pleasant and satisfactory at the police-sta-tion, but Emily spent the evening and the ensuing night right where she was, voicing her regrets at frequent intervals. Along toward morning she felt easier, although sadly depleted in general appearance, and about daylight her and Windy bid me good-by and went off acrosst-country afoot, aiming to catch up with Ringbold Brothers' circus, which was reported to be operating somewhere in that vicinity. As for me, I'd had enough for the time being of the refined amusement business. I took my half of that lone sawbuck which was all that was left to us from our frittered and dissipated fortunes, and I started east, traveling second class and living very frugally on the way. And that was about all that happened, worthy of note, with the exception of a violent personal dispute occurring between me and a train-butch curring between me and a train-butch coming out of Ashtabula."

"What was the cause?" I asked as Scandalous stood up and smoothed down his waistcoat

"I had just one thin dime left," said Scandalous, "and I explained my predicament to the butch, saying as how I wanted what was the most filling thing he had fer the price—and he offered me a sack of peanuts!"

#### MR. WILLIAMS TAKES A CHANCE

(Continued from page 44)

ordered the financier. "That puzzles me. don't see what the fellow means. Do radiate anything? Have you seen any radiations?"

Dukeland was joking now. letter had caught and held his attention; it had proved its pulling power, viewed merely as an attention-getter. After he had heard it through again, the big man said:

"Have you looked up this fellow?"
"Yes sir; I checked him up. He's a
clerk in a paint-and-oil house on Worth Street."

The financier rose, thrust his hands into his pockets and stood silent. Then he snapped out: "Take this letter—" he snapped out:

But he stopped and rubbed his smooth-shaven chin. "No, don't bother with a letter. Telephone over there and tell him to be on hand at ten-thirty to-morrow morning. We'll get to the bottom of this. If it's a trick, or a spying-game, we'll put the gentleman over the bumps. You keep an eye on him, Bailey, and have Murphy ready in the outer office, if he should start anything. Radiation! Five hundred dollars an hour, to sit here and radiate!" Suddenly the big, tired man burst into laughter—a sound that was fanned into the outer offices when

the door opened and closed behind the secretary; and it caused wonderment there, because, in recent years, Dukeland's laugh had seldom been heard.

AT quarter to eleven the next morning James K. Dukeland entered his office and sat down heavily, still gloved. He was not in good humor. A trafficpoliceman had held up his car for ten minutes because the chauffeur disobeyed the semaphore-arm on Fifth Avenue at Thirty-second Street. Also he had got into a jam on Lafayette Street, and a sluing truck had nearly toppled the limousine over.

Dukeland pushed the button on the desk. "That fellow here, Bailey?" he rasped out as though regretting his im-

pulse of the day before.

The secretary answered affirmatively.

"Send him in!"

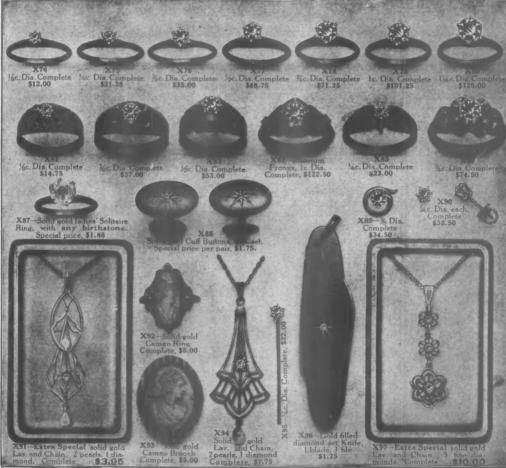
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The young man who entered, with respectful eagerness, was not gifted with any of the fatal beauty which, in the movies, is supposed to disrupt domesticity. But he walked erectly and self-respectingly, and there was something else about him—a quickening and decent youthful personality—that for a moment loosed the financier's tight nerves and

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disarmed his suspicions. But the suspicions returned quickly enough.

Dukeland said curtly, "Sit down." Mr. young man sat, on the nearest chair.

"No-over here!"

The visitor rose, came over to the chair at the left of the desk and sat down again.

'Williams?' "Yes sir."

"I'll hear your story."

The young fellow was considerably embarrassed. His first effort to speak nearly choked him. But he finally blurted out: "There—isn't any story, Mr. Dukeland. My letter—tells it all. I believe in what I wrote. I hope you can see your way clear to accept my offer."

James K. Dukeland looked as though he didn't know whether to frown assassinatingly on the reddish-haired intruder. or to guffaw. He did neither. He finally put his thumbs together, stared keenly into the eyes that were looking frank-ly into his and said rather sardonically: "Five hundred dollars! Got it with you?"

"Yes sir." Out of a vest pocket came, fumblingly, five one-hundred-dollar bills. Mr. Dukeland took them, wadded them and began to chuckle internally. He was getting really interested. "For one hour sitting here at my side?" he added with keen

emphasis.

Yes sir." The financier looked at the money a moment and then carelessly opened a drawer and dropped it in. "I take it, drawer and dropped it in. "I take it, young man," he said, "that you have a pretty good income-or possibly just got a legacy?"
"Oh, no sir. That's my capital. I'm

investing it."

"That's your capital? What do you mean? Is that the only money you have -that five hundred?"

Young Mr. Williams nodded. But he added hastily: "I'll consider it well invested. I know what I'm doing, Mr. Dukeland."

James K. Dukeland scented charlatanry somewhere. "A bargain's a bargain," he said coldly. "I'll take you at your word. Now then, when do you want to begin?"

"At your convenience, Mr. Dukeland." The financier took out his watch, laid it on the desk and said, "It's eleven-thirteen. You are not to interrupt me. You are not to use any of the informa tion you may pick up here. Is that

understood?" "Yes sir."

The big man pushed the button. Bailey entered with the mail. For nearly an hour James K. Dukeland listened, read, commented, dictated, issued orders, talked about the coming baseball-season, discussed the war-all by previous understanding with his secretary. But not a word of confidential business was discussed. Once in a while he looked out of the corner of his eye at young Mr. Williams. The receiver of radiations was sitting quietly, looking mostly at the

"That'll do!" said Dukeland finally.
Then, when the secretary had gone, he seized the telephone. "1263 Pine!" he cried with a tense harshness. "Hello!
Bateman and Wells? Mr. Bateman?
... This is J. K. D. . . . Yes. Is

the Farley crowd in on that Black Island readjustment? . . . . You know it for certain, eh? . . . . You do? Are you readjustment? . . . . You know it for certain, eh? . . . . You do? Are you buying? . . . . Well, I'll go in with you on that thing we spoke of . . . . Yes, buy your head off. . . . What? . . . . Oh, up to—well, you know me. See you this afternoon."

HE big man dropped the telephone and wheeled around with a dramatic simulation of dismay. "Confound it!" he said. "I forgot you were here, Wilhe said. "I forgot you were here, Williams. You—you heard what I said, I suppose. I've put my foot in it. You heard, didn't you? You understand what it means, all right!"

The young fellow lifted his head and looked into the financier's cold eyes. "Mr. Dukeland," he replied, "if I could make a million dollars on the strength of betraying anything I heard in this office this morning, I wouldn't do it. I mean it. But as far as this thing you spoke of is concerned, I know you were just trying me out to see if I was here to listen in. I-

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you weren't connected with any-

body on the telephone, sir."
"What makes you think I wasn't?"
Dukeland found it necessary to bluster a little. No man likes to have his little ruse

so easily detected.
"Why, because, Mr. Dukeland, a man's voice sounds different when he knows there isn't anybody on the other end listening to him. I can't tell you just what it is, but it sounds different. sides, when you took the receiver off the hook, I noticed the hook didn't rise."

The big man looked furious for a moment; then the cloud went off his face, and he leaned back and began to roar. "Well, well," he gurgled, "the laugh is "the laugh is You're nobody's fool; that's a !! This is—" Suddenly his on me. certainty! Suddenly glance fell upon his watch. "It's twelve-fifteen!" he snapped, changing his man-ner abruptly again. "Two minutes overner abruptly again. "Two minutes over-time. I wouldn't want the radiators' union to hear about it. I'll make you a present of the two minutes, though."

Williams rose, hat in hand. "Thank

Williams rose, hat in hand. "Thank you, sir," he said. "This means more to me than you think, Mr. Dukeland. I'm deeply grateful."

The young fellow was at the door when Mr. Dukeland roared: "Wait!"
Williams stopped.

"Do you think I'm going to let you get out of here without knowing what your game is, young man? I think you're reasonably honest; I know you're sharp; but there's something behind this. You sit down here and tell me what it is."

"I've told you the exact truth, Mr. Dukeland. I could have told you what prompted me to do this, but I didn't suppose you'd be interested."
"I want to hear it!"

It took the young fellow about five minutes, shrewdly indulging in no superfluous details, to tell what had happened in the office of Imbrie & Fox, of the two lost chances, and the reason he had lost them. The big man followed every word.

Belief and interest began to show unmistakably in his eyes. When Williams had finished, Mr. Dukeland said:

"Did I radiate?" He didn't laugh, or

even smile, as he asked it.

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"I think so. I know I feel different. Perhaps it's because my five hundred doesn't bother me any more."
"Oh, that five hundred! Really now,

Williams, was that five hundred all you had? In the world? On your word of

"On my word of honor, yes sir." saw Dukeland reach for the drawer where the money lay, and he said quickly: "No sir; that's yours. I wouldn't take it back unless you had a bullet made of it and shot me with it."
"Well, you're a sport, if there ever was

one," was the puzzled reply.
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dukeland;
I don't think so. It's a bit of a gamble, maybe, but it's mostly straight invest-

"In other words, you'll take a chance when you feel that you can back up your faith with ability," mused the big "Is that it?" man.

Ves sir.

James K. Dukeland rose, thrust his hands into his pockets and paced up and down the room for a few moments. Twice he stopped, rubbed his hands re-flectively and muttered: "Five hundred dollars! H'm!"

Then the financier stopped in front of the young fellow. He pointed a chubby forefinger near Williams' nose and said: Want to gamble a little more?"

Why, if the chance is as good as this

one, yes sir."
"You go over to your office and resign. I suppose you'll want to give them a week's notice. Good! A week from today, then, you will be here at ten o'clock. You can sit here one hour, in this chair, and I'll radiate success, decision—er—what in thunder was the other thing? well, everything good. One hour a day. How much are you getting?"

Eighteen dollars a week."

"I can't give you so much. you ten. But the work isn't hard, you see. You sit here one hour a day and get my radiations. Take the job?"
"Yes sir!" replied Williams instantly.

DAY after day Williams had been sit-ting in that chair beside Dukeland for one hour a day. If Mr. Dukeland arrived late, Morrison Williams still remained with him one hour. Sixteen days this pleasantry had been going on now, if it was a pleasantry on the big man's part. Little by little, Williams observed, James K. Dukeland was permitting himself to transact rather confidential busi-ness in the presence of the receiver of radiations.

On the twenty-first day Mr. Dukeland came in late. He was in high spirits. "Come with me, Williams!" he said, opening the door of the outer office.

They went over to a corner and stopped beside a vacant desk, bare of furnishings. "Do you like this desk?" asked Dukeland.

Williams couldn't but agree that it was very fine piece of mahogany.

"It's yours."

The young fellow gasped. "To work ere? Yes sir! Thank you. What am here? I to do?"

"I don't know. We'll have to find that out later. I guess you can do something and do it well. Now come back in my

Slowly, with a mysterious little chuckle now and then, James K. Dukeland re-moved his topcoat and gloves. Then he sat down, not nearly as heavily as usual. "Williams," he began, "this is yours!"

The young fellow took a bit of folded stiff ledger-paper that came toward him and opened it. He nearly fainted. was a check for five thousand dollars, made out to Morrison L. Williams.

"It's yours," went on the big man, "and you needn't worry about taking it. You've earned it. You don't realize it, but you have. I'll tell you how: Wil-liams, I'm no radiator of what-the-devilyou-said-I-was, at all. At least, if I am, the radiations were all on the outside, when you arrived on the spot. On the contrary, I was tired, stupid, depressed and cowardly. I'm still tired; I need a rest, and I'm going to take one. But the cowardly depression was what bothered I was losing my nerve; I knew it, and it had me on the mat.

"There are just three people in the world who know—when I tell you—that I failed to put over something that would have meant more than a million dollars, last month, because I wouldn't take a

Another just right story

#### by FREEMAN TILDEN

will be in the next—the November -issue. If you enjoyed "Mr. Williams," you'll be mighty glad to read

#### "THE SURPRISING THING ABOUT EDWARD"

chance. It was big, ripe, legitimate and almost sure, and a public service to boot; but there was an element of risk, and I didn't have the courage. I wanted to cling to the sure things-the sleepy certainties. Such opportunities don't come every day, and they seldom come back—but this one did. Well, it's done! It's a howling success. And I went into it because you shamed me into it-you and your five hundred dollars. Get the That five hundred dollars that you handed over to me, that nerve-by George, it is nerve, when you've got just five hundred to your name—well, this is your check!"

Morrison Williams was silent. He was still looking at the stenciling—"Not over \$5,000"—punched in the tough paper in his hand.

"Besides," continued James K. Dukeland, "you didn't balk when I offered you ten dollars a week, when you were getting eighteen. So I knew you were on the level—that your gameness was no fake. Now then—well, Williams, something's bothering you! What is it?"

"I was just thinking," said the young fellow slowly, "that this check really ought to go to somebody else.

"Somebody else? Who?"
"Well, Mr. Dukeland. I didn't start
this thing. The idea came from—from a friend of mine. I mean the germ of the idea did."

Dukeland saw the red come into his new employee's face. He guessed right the first time. And he beamed. He leaned over and whispered:

"Marry her, my boy. Don't let her get away from you—a woman who can steer as well as that!"

"By gracious, I'd like to, but-" "Pshaw, Williams! You just sit beside her for one hour every night, from now on, and radiate-radiate-like the very devil!"

MORRISON WILLIAMS didn't ex-plain, just then, that he had been trying this plan, every night or so, and not one hour but several, since he had left his sure thing at Imbrie & Fox's. He didn't communicate the information that this sudden change in his business tactics had made him incredibly courageous also in his private life. He made no mention of the fact that when he had cautiously suggested to Miss Condon that maybe he was calling too often and taking up too much of her time, she had replied: "Oh, no indeed-that is-if you like to come.

But this particular evening Morrison Williams came to the apartment-house on Two Hundredth Street with a glint of determination in his eye, and a white piece of paper in his pocket stenciled: "Not over \$5,000."

Miss Harriet Congdon looked at it and said, "Oooh, Morrison!"—like that. When she heard the details, she remarked: "Oh, isn't it fine!" But she didn't seem to think it was any more than was deserved.

"I'm going to indorse it over to you," he said. "It's yours."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Not a cent of it!"
"Please! I mean it!"

She shook her head so decidedly that a little lock of hair fell over her white forehead, and—bewitched Williams.

He came close to her, took her hand in his, with the check crumpled between them, and said breathlessly: "Ours, Har-Let it be ours! I owe everything to you! I want to owe more. I've got a real job now. I don't know what it is to be, but I know it's something worth while, or Mr. Dukeland wouldn't have it to offer. I'm going clear to the top, Harriet, and I-want-you to come me!" with

A moment afterward, her eyes being very moist, she put him away from her gently and said: "I do care for you— But-I ought to think this very much. -really I ought to consider."

He knew what she was thinking of. Down at the office she was due to be promoted to a secretaryship. She liked her work. And it was a sure thing—a certainty. She was wavering.

Something had to be done at once! And Williams hit the nail square on the

"Harriet!" he cried. "Don't you think I'm eighty per cent a good risk?" Oh, better than

"Eighty per cent? that!" she smiled.

"Then take a chance! Gamble a uttle!" he gasped.

"I will, Morrison.
out her hands to him. "But I've got a
out her hands to him. This is the first "I will, Morrison!" she cried, holding chance I've ever dared to take in my life. I've always been a terribly prudent 'fraid-cat. That's why I knew what was the matter with you." d



#### THE CROWN OF SHEBA'S QUEEN

(Continued from page 82)

Lalage smiled to herself at the form of address,—"make yourself comfortable. We've got to put in the time until he comes back. And I'm going to tell you the whole story."

SHE tucked her feet up beneath her on the couch before the fire and listened to him, her head bent forward. The doc-

tor smiled as he began:

There was once a very famous actor, and a very famous actress, his wife, who were so much disgusted at the reception of a play that they rang down the curtain in the middle of an act and swore to get revenge on the public. The man was a great genius, and his wife was madly in love with him. They left the theater and vanished into thin air—"

"Sir Patrick and Lady Morgan!" La-lage broke in. "I was there that night.

'Tamerlane!' "

"Exactly. The public never heard what became of them. But I know now. They became sort of social pirates, thieves, gangsters, whatever you like to call them. I can remember great thefts that could only have been done by people of their brains and skill. The news must have leaked out about the crown, somehow—"

"There was something in the Figaro, reported from Calcutta," she said.
"Exactly. That was the sort of thing

that would appeal to them-the adventure and romance of it more than the gain. They came over here and Sir Patrick made your acquaintance under the guise of the Reverend Malachi Todd, the freelance crusader, the rector in partibus, as he called himself. You were so much taken with him that when you discussed settlement work that night with him at the Plaza, you were going to read Thorne's last letter to him—just what he wanted you to do. And when I came over—there was something familiar about him-and clapped my hand on his shoulder he jumped and ran."

"Good heaven!" Lalage cried. "The

rector!"

Exactly-the rector. I remember I had my hand on his shoulder and I said:
'In the name of—' 'heaven,' I was going to say. But he took it for 'In the name of the King!' and thought I was an English detective about to arrest him. But he got the letter."

Thorne's last letter," she said bit-y; "he might have taken anything I

had but that!

"You'll get it back," the doctor assured her. "Now, he had found out that the tale was true. The next thing to know was when the crown was coming. Lady Morgan pumped you carefully this morning in the disguise of a gipsy woman. You told her it was expected at four o'clock. Now, here's where their thoroughness comes in. Not only did they prepare to waylay Achmet Mansur the messenger, but they took precautions to work also within your apartment. maid left this morning. They had bribed her beforehand to go on a telephone call. The maid you engaged an hour or so later was Lady Morgan again with forged references.'

"Impossible!" the girl cried. "Why, I saw the girl, and there wasn't enough time

"Sir Patrick and Lady Morgan," the doctor affirmed solemnly, "were the greatest actors in the world. And not only that, but Sir Patrick was incredibly fast and incredibly clever at make-up. He often boasted that he could earn twice as much on a vaudeville stage with a quick-change act as he could in legitimate drama. Remember how he changed from staid clergyman to drunken engineer that night at the Plaza. And Lady Morgan was no whit behind him. A pull at a string and one costume would fall off as they turned a corner and they would

BUT the gipsy woman came a second time," Lalage objected, "while the

maid was in the house.

emerge in another."

"Exactly," the doctor laughed. "The gipsy woman made herself persona grata with you in front of the hall-boy; so naturally when she came a second time there was no trouble about entry. She took the elevator to your floor, hung about the stairs and the landing until Achmet Mansur appeared and then attacked him. But the gipsy woman was Sir Patrick this time. Witness that terrible blow on the jaw. Again, witness the quick change on the stairs to a well-dressed man of the world."

"Now here's where art comes in," the doctor continued. "In that letter Sir Patrick purloined from you there was an account of Thorne's delirium in the mountains, where he saw the Queen of Sheba enter to the sounds of lutes and violins. That was the stroke of genius. They staged the vision wonderfully, with three musicians hired for the occasion, playing some Arabian melodies—or African, or whatever it was. They may have explained it to the musicians as a practical joke. Lady Morgan, in her capacity as maid, introduced them. There was little make-up to the part; she was colored up already. What puzzles me is the going out of the lights. I don't understand

"It was so vivid, so terrible!" Lalage

shivered.

"You're lucky, little girl," the doctor said. "You're seen some of the greatest acting of the century. The lights puzzle acting of the century. The lights puzzle me, though. We'll have to wait until they're here."

"But how will you find them?" Lalage

"They're found already. I told Kerrigan to get them, and he's got a finer intelligence organization than any police. His sleuths are surer than bloodhounds. He wouldn't have come back if he hadn't found them. It's up to Hewlett just to bring them here."

"There'll be no danger to him?" Lalage spoke carelessly, rather affirming a fact than putting a question. The doctor started and his face blanched. "Good Lord!" he broke out. "I never

thought of that. Morgan's cunning and unscrupulous, and he'll never let himself be taken. I never once thought!"

THE gray car slipped into Fifth Avenue and then whirled downtownward with the gliding motion of a biplane in

flight.

Connor stole a side glance at the figure seated with him. A thin hatchet-face he saw, pleasant with its wide, smiling mouth and dimpled chin, its aquiline nose, high brow, and well-marked black eyebrows. The hands that held the wheel were small, beautifully shaped and kept. The doctor had been playing a joke on him, Connor thought. This quietly dressed fellow could not be Killer Kerrigan, the overlord of every gun-man gang in New York. This was some pleasant police officer. And then Kerrigan turned his head as they swept into Twenty-third Street westward.

What Connor caught was the glint of an eye, like the glint of light on a sword -the eye of a man alert and decisive and commanding, who gave no quarter because he expected none. The notes of

a harsh, grim voice caught his ear.

"You'll find the people you want under 'A' at the pier, attending to their grips. Appelbaum's the name here, see? You understand, there's to be no cop stuff. No matter what happens, you don't flag an officer. When the doc' asked me to find this bunch, he agreed there was to be no pinch made. You get me?"

be no pinch made. You get me?"
"I understand," Connor said. The car described a semicircle, like a yacht coming about to a dock, and before him Con-nor saw the long barn of the Cunard pier with the giant lines of the *Ultonia* towering into the darkness. Arc lamps sputtered. Cranes chattered. twenty points twenty hoarse voices bellowed commands. Suddenly Connor understood. To-night the Ultonia sailed on the stroke of twelve, and the man and woman he wanted were ready to sail on

her. Connor jumped from the car.
"Let me wise you up a little," Kerrigan offered. "Don't pull any rough stuff. Easy-It wont go with this crowd. get me? If you got anything on him, shoot it, and shoot it quick. Mind he don't slip anything across you. I've got this guy's number, and it's preparedness

"I think I do," Connor answered.
"Go to it," Kerrigan told him. "If I can make it, I'll come after you. I can't take a chance. I got to play safety first. There's a reason.

Connor rushed through the vestibule, aclatter with trucks, loud with frenzied porters, noisy with vans and drays. upon tier the giant liner rose like the galleries of a theater. The lines of lighted portholes ran alongside like an immense stream of pearls. A little fog had risen from the river and threw a fine misty about everything, dyeing haze shadows a heavy blue. Passengers leaned forward to bawl at friends on shore. great babel of sounds arose. Suddenly Connor remembered that he would find no Appelbaums under the customs letter "A." There was no inspection on the outward trip. He must look for them somewhere in this swarming horde of people.

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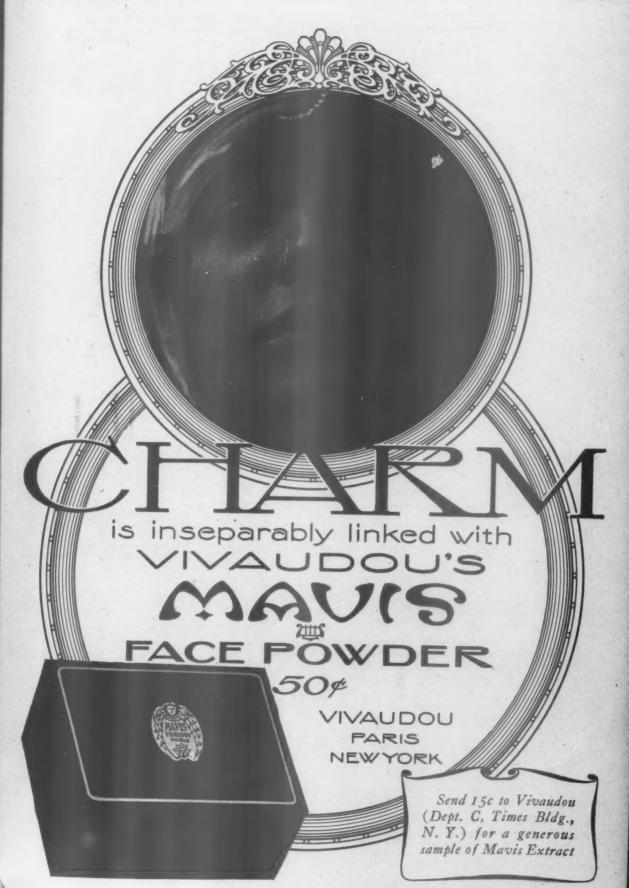
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He started toward the gangway, dodged a scurrying steward and a hand-truck. He slipped about a porter pushing a trunk ahead of him, and bumped into a man in evening clothes and overcoat.

"I'm sorry," he apologized.

"It's nothing," the man answered, and at the sound of the voice Connor whirled about and looked at him. It was the voice of the man who had sneered at him from the motor-car that afternoon. And the face was the face of the man, and the face of the rector in partibus, less the

iron-gray mustache.
"I've got you," Connor exulted savagely. He noticed for the first time the lady beside him, a tall, statuesque woman in an opera cloak. He took one glance at her beautiful, commanding face and her high cheek-bones. "And the Queen of Sheba's ghost, I've got her too.

For an instant the man was thrown off his guard; his face went blank and his jaw dropped. Suddenly through Connor's mind there ran the memory of the pictures he had seen in the magazines five years before. Perhaps it was only the poise of the head, perhaps it was only the glimpse of quarter-face. But Connor remembered.

"Sir Patrick Morgan!" he cried in

amazement.

The actor had recovered his self-pos-He threw back his head and session. laughed.

Aha!" he said. "The clever young

man! Another discovery!"

The porter stood still with the trucks. Connor barred the way to the gangplank

"Where is that box?" he demanded.
"I want it."

"The box," Morgan answered suavely "is in my left-hand overcoat pocket, and curiously enough I want it too.

"Hand it over," Connor snapped. "And then come along with me."

The actor looked at him for a long moment. He turned to the porter.

'Go ahead with that trunk and put it in the stateroom. The rest of the lug-gage is on board. Wait. I'll take this bag myself." He lifted a small Gladstone from the truck. He turned again and confronted Connor. "I take it you don't want to make a scene," he said calmly. "You look as if you wouldn't

"I don't want to make a scene," Con-nor told him firmly, "but I'm going to

get that box."

"Let's walk a little way down the pier and discuss it." Morgan suggested. He settled his silk hat firmly upon his head, buttoned his roomy coat and tucked his white muffler about his neck. "Stay here, Isabel. I'll leave the bag."
"I wont move," Connor insisted,
"until I know where the box is."

"Don't be ridiculous," the actor told him. "I said it was in my pocket, and here it is." Quietly he produced the inlaid thing from a side pocket and thrust "Come ahead. Don't let's it back again. discuss it here."

They walked down the dock together, like friends. Nephew and uncle, an out-sider might have guessed. They strolled quietly past the stern of the boat. Fewer porters were meeting them now, and an instant later there were none at all.

At the end of the pier an aperture showed like a large door and they went through it onto the end of the dock, a deserted, gloomy end. Morgan put a cigarette between his lips, and looked at the

"I didn't come here to afford you a view of the boats," Connor snapped. "I

came here to get that box.

"I beg your pardon," the actor apologized. He turned and faced Con-Connor moved back softly. He had seen Achmet Mansur go down uncon-scious from this man's crashing blow, and he was wary. If there was to be a fight he would set himself for a blow of his own. The actor moved forward softly after him. "My lad," he said, "you may as well go back. You're not going to get this box.

"I'm going to get it, if I have to take it from you." Connor was losing his temper rapidly at the man's assurance. 'I'm also going to bring you back with me if I have to drag you by the scruff

of the neck."

He moved back an inch or so further to have running space for a rush at Morgan. In an instant, he promised himself, he would swing the man down with a force hard enough to stun him, and the rest would be easy. His heels touched the low, wooden rampart that edged the

"Have you got a match?" the actor asked blandly, fingering the cigarette be-tween his lips. "Oh, I have one myself." He pushed his hand inside his overcoat and fumbled for an instant. He brought it out again, and suddenly, on a level with his eyes, Connor saw a metal tube with a grotesque hood. His heart tube with a grotesque hood. His heart jumped for a moment. "Stand still," Morgan told him. The drawl, the bland laziness had gone out of the actor's voice. It was low and distinct and tense. "Don't raise your voice." He laughed easily.
"I abhor melodrama above all earthly things, but I have in hand an automatic pistol with a silencing device. I am going to shoot your head off, unless you give me your word as a sportsman that you clear out and stay out until the Ultonia goes. After that you can do anything you like. Tell it to the police. They wont believe you."
"You can't shoot me," Connor said in

amazement.

"My dear sir,"—and the bland drawl appeared again,—"it is an axiom in criminal science that the best place to commit a murder is a crowded place, like a race-course, a railway station or a steam-ship pier. There is too much noise for an outcry and everybody is too busy to notice. You are standing on the edge of the dock. There will be just a little hiss, the bullet will catch you between the eyes, and you fall into the water on the empty side of the pier, making a splash that no one will notice. Better give your word."

"You can't shoot me,"—Connor laughed more easily than he had,-"when a policeman has his own revolver trained on the

back of your neck.

MORGAN whipped about. Connor gripped the arm holding the pistol viciously back. He tripped the actor with a deft kick in the ankle. As they fell his slim, sinewy legs swung

about the actor's body in a crushing scissors hold. The pistol clattered a dozen feet away. Connor leaned on the arm lock until the sinews of the shoulder began cracking. He crushed home the scissors until a groan escaped through the man's lips. There was a quick patter of steps on the dock, the swirl of skirts, a choked cry.

"Let him go!" Connor heard. "Let him

or I'll kill you."

He looked over his shoulder, there, leaning toward him, her eyes blaz-ing, her whole form crouching like a tigress about to spring, was Lady Morgan. Shaking in her hand was the automatic she had picked up.

"Let him go!" Her voice nearly broke into a scream. "Let him go."

"Cut out the rough stuff," came a "Can it. hoarse drawl from the pier. What do you think you're doing-playing in a two-a-day? That'll about do. Do you get me?

Kerrigan lounged forward onto the His hands were in his overcoat pockets. Lady Morgan looked at him

with angry eyes

"Who are you?" she blazed indignantly.

"Who are your" she biazed indigitality. "What do you want?"
"My name's Kerrigan," the gangster said, "and I'm pretty tough myself, even though I don't pull hamfat stuff. Put that away—do you get me? I got two of them myself in my hands, and before you could pull that I'd break your wrist and punch a hole in your face. That'll punch a hole in your face. That'll be all."
"So you're Kerrigan," she sneered. "A

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police spy!

"Guess again," Kerrigan told her. "I don't know anything about this. The Dollar Doc' told me to get you folks for this young fellow—" He turned to Conthis young fellow—" He turned to Con-nor. "Hey! lay off!" he called. "Let the poor Swede up. He's all in. The Dollar Doc' asked me to get you, and here you're got! Kick in with that rod" -pointing to the automatic in Lady Morgan's hand. He plucked it away from her contemptuously and threw it in the river. "Pulling a gun like a hobo, and call yourselves crooks. What do you thirk you're doing? Acting a piece?"

ONNOR untwined his legs from the actor's middle. He let go the vicious arm lock, and helped Morgan to his feet.

"The Dollar Doctor?" the actor said.

"Not Dr. Tilden?"
"Yeh!" Kerrigan made answer laconically.
"Is Dr. Tilden a friend of yours?"

he asked Connor.
"He is," Connor nodded.

"And a friend of the young lady's?"
Connor nodded again. There was nothing friendly in his gesture. The man's imperturbability made him savage.

"Why didn't you say so, my dear

boy?" the actor said peevishly. "Of course you may have the box. And of course I'll go along with you to see the doctor. Come along, Isabel."

Kerrigan looked at him as suspiciously

as Connor did.
"Jump into a taxi," he directed. get me," he told Morgan, "nothing crooked! Remember I'm behind you in He tapped his pockets ificantly. "And I got a a racing car." and grinned significantly. couple of gat's!"



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A GAIN the log fire crackled blithely. The doctor sat back comfortably in a huge chair. On the couch before the Lalage sat on her heels and in her lap lay a broad circlet of quaintly hammered silver with what appeared to be four great knobs at four points. It might been a moment's fancy of Damascene jeweler, hammered swiftly and crudely, had not the points, though dulled by moisture and dirt, shone faintly green and red and yellow, like shone colors imprisoned in rude bottles. gems they were, roughly cut, uncouth, large as big pebbles, as small eggs. Lalage looked at it dreamily. Across from her Morgan smiled indulgently, still with his overcoat on over his evening clothes. Beside him Lady Morgan sat, her opera cloak still wrapped closely about her, her finely chiseled features serene and calm as though she were in her own drawingroom. Kerrigan was bolt upright on a chair with his cap in his hands. Lalage still gazed at the crown.

should like to put it on," she said,

half fearfully.
"Allow me." Morgan rose.

"Allow yourself nothing," Connor snapped at him. He leaned forward and the circlet from her lap, and reverentially he laid it on her brows. "It's only the little gipsy's," he murmured, "but if it were the Queen of Sheba's own crown, or the crown of any queen, dead or alive, it would be the littlest thing I could put upon your head, my little sweet-His voice had risen unconsciously, heart. and there was a throb to it. And then, conscious of the listeners about, they both blushed furiously. She leaned forward to hide her features, and the crown's silver glinted magically against the black of her hair. The ruby glowed like a lamp, and faintly green and iridescent the emerald shone. Above her brows the topaz warmed to a yellow like wine.

There was silence in the room, and again they both flushed with embarrassment. The doctor took pity on them.

"How much did you get for the Dub-lin crown jewels, Sir Patrick?" he asked. "A quarter of a million dollars," Mor-

gan grinned.
"That was very wrong," the doctor said severely. "But I'm glad you sent the

Mona Lisa back."

"Yes," Morgan nodded. "It was a shame to take it in the first place.'

"There's one thing that puzzles me about this thing, Lady Morgan," the doctor said. "How did the lights go out when you came into the room as the Queen's ghost?"

"Very simple," she answered, with that clear voice of hers that rang like a bell. She rose and moved toward the door. "Sir Patrick was just outside, playing the second violin. Wait. I'll show you. Go where you were, Pat." Morgan sauntered lazily toward the door and stood in the hall out of sight. "I was outside the door, and the door was ajar. I had taken the key and put it in the outside while I put the key on the outside again. She moved into the hall on the moved into the hall and all but closed the "The switch of the room is just beside the jamb, so when Mr. Connor and Mrs. Fowler weren't looking I slipped my hand through—so!—and I simply turned it out. So!"

THE room plunged into darkness and the door shut with a click. There was another click as it was locked. Connor sprang to his feet.

"They've escaped!" he shouted. made for the door, tripping over chairs and tables as he ran. He bumped into Kerrigan as the gangster rose. Together they rushed forward. Again they bumped. Conner felt for the key

"Put up the light," he shouted again.
"Where is the switch?" For a whi For a while Kerrigan fumbled for it and turned it up at last. Connor felt again for the

key. The key was gone.
"I'll have to break it down," he said. For half a minute he battered at it with his shoulder until it gave. They rushed into the hall and opened the door to the

landing. No one was there.
"They can't get away," he told the others. Nervously he pushed the elevator bell. It came up slowly and he thrust Lalage into the car. Kerrigan and the doctor followed.

"Down, quick!" he ordered. "Down, quick: tumbled out on the ground floor. tumbled out on the ground floor. Connor

"They're still in the house," Connor said excitedly. "They wont get away from me this time." The elevator bell tinkled, and the indicator marked the ninth floor.

"Perhaps it's they," Connor said. He

was whooping with excitement.
"Take care," Lalage warned him.
"Take care, dear."

The elevator came to a stop and Connor turned away in disgust. An old man, shaking with paralysis, came out, helped by a grim nurse in uniform. His mouth twitched from right to left and his eyes rolled, and above his tightly buttoned overcoat and beneath his small black cap his face showed in unearthly pallor. The nurse was bent forward looking out for his step. The elevator boy helped him on the other side. Painfully they progressed toward the door. The doctor followed them with his sharp professional Connor still eyed the staircase.

"They're still in the house," he said glee. "They wont slip me this time." in glee. The whir of a taxi from without. Kerrigan looked annoyed.

"That old wreck has taken your taxi, Mr. Connor," he called.

"Oh, let him, poor man!" Lalage said. The elevator man returned, tucking a coin away in his pocket.

"Know them, boy?" the doctor asked. "No sir. Never saw them before, sir. Visitors most likely; came when Homer was here.'

"Humph!" the doctor commented. "Called me a very clever young man!" Connor muttered grimly. wont get away this time." "Well, he

"But he has," the doctor laughed. That was he, that paralytic!"

Connor gaped simply. No words came to him. Lalage entwined her arms about his neck.

"Let them go, Hewlett," she pleaded.
"If they've got to go to prison, let them be sent by somebody else. I'd never be happy, Hewlett. Never. Promise me."

He looked at her with a smile spreading over his face, the happy, slightly fatuous smile of a man who is asked a favor by the woman he loves, and who is eager to grant it. In spite of onlook-

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We'll not interrupt it, Kerrigan," the doctor Take me home in said. your roller-skate.

He permitted the gangster to wrap him around carefully in a fleecy rug. He lighted a cigarette and settled himself comfortably back.

"A fine curtain!" he said appreciatively, "a fine curtain and a good play. Two splendid ar-tists!"

He looked back as the car started, and saw the couple in the hall still in each other's arms.

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes!" he chuckled. "And a happy ending."

THE END

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#### THE LIMOUSINE LIFE

(Continued from page 76)

ensively, "says that it's a perfect shame

that a girl like me has got to work!"
"Did he say you could quit any time you wanted to?" suggestively laughed Eloise.

-he did!" "Yes-

"Well, I'm tellin' you, young un," said Eloise bitterly, "some of us quit once— and we had to come back. And you may not believe it, but a pay-envelope is steadier than—other pay."

Minnie gently fondled a white-silk sports-coat. "I wish I had this!" she said "I'm tired of my old cheap crossly.

clothes.

"And I think it's perfectly terrible for anyone to charge over a dollar a week for the perfectly terrible furnished room I have," sighed Minnie. "Indeed!" said Eloise in a beginning-to-

be-bored tone.

"But I don't regret coming to the city," said Minnie with sudden brightness of eye and tone. "Because Moncure has almost taught me how to run his big car. Way out north, where there aren't any other cars or policemen around, he sometimes lets me take the wheel. It's a nice car, too—Moncure's. He said he paid eight thousand dollars for it."

AT three one afternoon Minnie calmly emerged, powdered, hatted, white-fox-furred and white-silk-gloved for the street. Miss Welkins horrifiedly intercepted her at the door. "Minnie! You can't leave for the day at this time! You've got to stay here till six o'clock and wait on customers.

Minnie sulked. "Sha'n't. Got an engagement. Don't care, as old job. Tired working. Don't care, anyway, about this

"And what could I do?" wailed Miss Welkins to Marie afterward. "If I had said, 'You're discharged,' then I'd always had it on my conscience.

"Well, Marie shrugged her shoulders. all I can say is, she's got some system.
I'm sure I don't see why the rest of w

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have to truckle to a time-clock when she

"And at that, I've a presentiment that she wont be here to-morrow morning, sighed Jane Welkins.

And remembering Miss Welkins' fore-



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boding words, Gertrude, stocky, stupid, tired but also innately and in spite of her own churlishness her sister's keeper, whitened when, at ten-thirty that evening, just as she was taking off her stout, neat black shoes for bed, the telephone rang and Minnie's soft little voice said: "Gertrude, I want you to meet me in half an hour. . . . . It's awfully important. Oh, Gertrude, please don't refuse me! Please don't. You'll be sorry, Gertrude, all your life, if you do!"

ERTRUDE told all about it the next GERTRUDE told an about a morning, though the shop had read most of it in the newspaper.

"Of course I thought he was taking her somewhere against her will! I was surprised when I found her alone sitting in that big car at the curb. And at first couldn't understand when she said she'd come clear out to my house after me but she couldn't quite risk it. How could I know that she only meant that she didn't know the way! Honest, I thought I'd die when she pulled me into that car beside her and explained that this was the first chance she'd had to keep her promise to give me a ride in an automobile sometime!

Gertrude's voice shrilled in the recital. "Did you ever hear of such a thing! Getting me away from home at eleven o'clock, when I was so tired I could hardly drag myself to bed, just to ride a few blocks in a limousine! She said she'd asked Kelts more'n a dozen times to let me come along, and he was so stingy he wouldn't hear of it, and so as soon as she learned to run the car real well-she calls it real well!-she just waited till last night, when he went into a bar to speak to a man he knew, and off she whizzed-and went into a drug-store and phoned to me.

"She said Kelts was awful mean, too, about letting her run the car down in the crowded Loop when she could run it as good as anyone. She was just saying that, when the other car hit us! I hadn't been on the seat hardly five minutes, and I hadn't got the meaning of what she was saying, hardly, when it happened. Oh, I don't know how it happened that the street-car got tangled in with the cars! Minnie swears that we weren't near the

street-car tracks.

"My face? Say, this court-plaster on my face is nothing to what I've got other places. Maybe I am lucky I wasn't killed, Eloise. But if you'd put in the night that I have! No, Minnje isn't hurt real bad. At least, the folks at the police-station said she needn't go to a hospital. She lost all the skin on one shoulder, but she said it didn't make so much difference as if she'd lost it on her face. Oh, I guess some one recognized the wreck of the car.

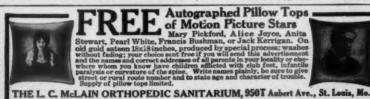
It was just a wreck! Yes! dunno how it happened the car took all the damage and we flew high and nearly dry above it! Anyway, some one recognized it and telephoned everywhere to Moncure Kelts' haunts, and he came on the dead run. He called Minnie a little fool when he saw it. Then he moaned: 'Eight thousand dollars smashed to-







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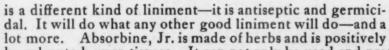
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"Oh, the judge of the Night Court was snippy. He looked at Minnie and asked her if she was over sixteen, and Minnie said 'N-no.' She told me afterward that sand N-no. She took me afterward that she was rattled and really forgot that she was past seventeen." Gertrude's court-plastered face bore a peculiar expression. "Do you believe her?"

"Dunno whether I do or not," said

Marie. "Go on."
"Well," continued Gertrude, should have seen the judge glare at Kelts; he—Kelts—got red and mumbled way down in his throat (I didn't know that rich folks got so embarrassed, did you?) that Minnie wasn't telling the truth—she was older. But the judge shouted: 'Shut up! You hound, you've been before me before, you may remember!' I don't know how much he promised to fine him I don't when the case comes up in a day or twofor disorderly conduct. And the judge also said that he would see he got all that was coming to him in the Speeders' Court

to-day.

"Kelts tried to say the procedure wasn't regular and anyway he wasn't handling the wheel. And the judge—he had a white goatee—roared: 'That's the stuff! Pretend this poor baby child sneaked your retend this poor baby child sheaked your car off and was driving it! Anything to escape the penalty of your misconduct, you cur! Say!" demanded Gertrude tensely, "did you people ever know that judges use such awful language? And then he declared that no one could tell his reheatered. him what procedure was in his own court, and then he refused to let Kelts give any bail for the night, and Kelts simply slunk off with a bailiff. And he never looked at Minnie. A police matron was holding her in her arms and sayin': 'We will protect you, you poor child.' Nobody paid much attention to me," added Gertrude bitterly, "except to say that I looked old enough to know better than to be joyriding and such a life would bring me no good! Aint that awful!"
"It was a shame!" chorused Jane Wel-

kins and Marie.

"Where is she now?" demanded Eloise.
"She isn't with Moncure Kelts, that's sure," said Gertrude positively. "Because as we were going out of the courtroom, I heard him say in a ugly tone to a man-his lawyer, I guess: 'Pretty? She's a little devil! And a fool! And as chuck full of vanity as a case with eggs! For three months she's kept me on the jump doing stunts to prove I love her-stunts some country jake wrote out for her.'
I wonder what they all were," pondered Gertrude as she gingerly touched the largest court-plaster. "He seemed awfully Deeved.

And then it was that Minnie came into the shop—walking stiffly, holding an arm stiffly, with a few bits of court-plaster on her face, but otherwise in fair condition.

BUT she did not come to resume employment at the Royal Coats and Suits Shop. She planned to go back to Three Oaks-at once, on the evening

The Royal Shop was altruistically thankful and relieved.
"You're wise," sa

said Marie kindly. "After last night's terrible occurrence—"
"It was certainly awful!" shivered Minnie. "Just think! I might have spoiled
all my features!"





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"You might!" said Gertrude em-

phatically.
"But the men who write for the papers ere awfully nice," said Minnie.
Weren't they? They described me—"
"They would," said Marie dryly. were awfully "Weren't they?

"I am taking all the papers, so Jed can read," said Minnie demurely.

can read," said Minnie demurely.

"Are you really going back, my dear?"
asked Jane Welkins affectionately. "I
am so glad."

"Of course!" Minnie opened her bluebell eyes wide. "Of course—after the telegram Jed sent. I just got it this morning." morning.

The Royal Shop exchanged soft, un-mical glances. Minnie must be sound cynical glances. Minnie must be sound at the bottom of her little vain heart, or she would not go back so willingly and readily to faithful, home'y Jed. They re-gretted, in a body, all their innuendoes and sometimes unkind words. Essie sidled up for an earnest good-by to this girl who had proved better than she expected.

"I dare say it was a terribly excited telegram!" said Jane Welkins, smiling. "It is. Jed always gets so excited over everything." She spread out a yellow sheet. It read:

Have discovered oil on farm Pa deeded me. Can buy all the luxury you want if you will come back and marry me.

"Jed said," said Minnie dreamily, "that he'd hustle and get rich some way, any way, before I went off and married anyone else."

BUT Marie did not share the views of the others of the shop. "Shucks!" said she. "Don't waste time pitying him. He'll be happy,—perfectly happy,-making her happy.

#### THE EX-HUSBAND

(Continued from page 39)

needles. A heavy hoarfrost quickly whitened on her shoulders and sleeves saw that the superstructure of the steamer was covered with it. Her mitters froze to the metal of the stanchions when she reached out to steady herself against the vessel's rolling. Slowly she began to comprehend, as no one can ever comprehend but one who has pitted his strength against it, the prodigious, incalculable malignancy of the sea.

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When she was thoroughly miserable from the cold, she went below, undressed crept into bed to warm herself, and pressee Malcolm holding a lantern over her and saying in a husky voice: "Put some clothes and come up to my room."

From the coziness of the bed

scorned him till she caught the urgency his voice and realized that she no long heard the rhythmic beat of the Cymrics engines. A moment later she had been wrapped in a blanket and was being carried into the saloon. Griffiths did not set her down till he was in his own cabi

abaft the wheelhouse.

"Stay here," he said sternly, and after
a single imperious glance quit the place for the bridge.

For an hour she was unutterably mise Then she perceived that the TS

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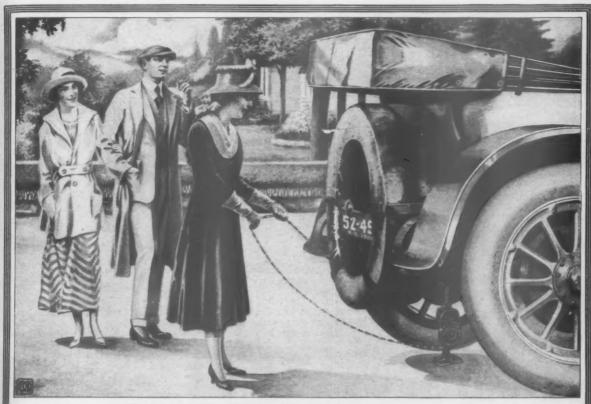
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gines were going once more. She controlled herself, rose and departed to her own cabin, where she dressed herself carefully. She had just finished when Malcolm entered brusquely, growled a word or two and insisted that she return to his cabin. When she was outside her room, he locked it and pocketed the key.

She broke her oath and spoke.

you no pity?

His weary eyes met hers. She saw he was strangely white under the tan.
"I don't intend you shall go down with

the ship," he said. "Would it matter so much?" she re-

torted.

He laughed, pushing her ahead of him to the saloon and on up the steps into his own cabin. Once there, he'switched on all the lights and said: "It wont be daylight for six hours yet. I sha'n't be down again. But I must know you are safe-Promise!"

"Are we going to be wrecked?"
"Not if I can help it," he returned hus-"But I must have my mind free of You must promise me you will WOLLA. not leave this cabin.

"Oh, I promise," she answered coldly.

"But why worry about me?"

He drew his cap over his ruffled hair and tugged at his mittens. "Because I have a few words to say to you before we end this affair," he said.
"Say them now," she responded.

"You wouldn't understand me," was the The door slammed on him.

DURING the ensuing hours, as she afterward realized, she must have slept pretty soundly. When she awakened it was suddenly, with the echo of a cry in Though the electrics were on, her ears. she knew it was after daybreak.

She got up and stretched her cramped limbs. The movement of the steamer was regular. How cold it was! She looked around for something to draw over her hands. Malcolm must have several pairs of mittens. She glanced in several drawers filled with roughly tossed-in garments. She opened a heavy wardrobe. At last she went to the desk clamped against the wall and jerked the top up. As she did so, a photograph in a light silver frame fell face downward.

His secret was hers, if she cared for it. The portrait of the woman for whom he had deserted wealth, luxury and a career was ready to her hand. She clung to the desk while the Cymric rolled far over to the send of a sea. Then, with a movement delicate and exact, she closed the desk, leaving the photograph still face down.

She quit the room swiftly, went down the steps into the saloon and called through the pale twilight for the steward. There was no answer. She rounded the big table and proceeded toward the door of the pantry where the old man always held himself in readiness for a summons. He was not there. A few pieces of broken crockery slid back and forth on the oiled

Isabel now was shaking with an appalling dread. Could it be that she was alone on the Cymric? While she slept, had Captain and crew taken to the boats? She put out her hand and dragged frantically at the handle of the door giving on the alleyway. It turned with difficulty. The alleyway. It turned with difficulty. The door slid back. She stared down into the white, still, dead face of the old steward. Beyond him lay a couple of other bodies, very quiet and stiff, yielding nothing to the surge and roll of the deck. She understood perfectly what had happened. A revolver was still fast in the steward's hand, and the two Chinese had been shot. She stooped over. What had killed the There was no outward sign of old man a wound. It struck her that he had died st heart-failure after killing the sailors. She remembered that the steward had remarked on his having a weak heart.

She was surprised to feel her own calmness in the presence of a tragedy. She lifted up her skirt and swiftly overpassed the bodies and ran for the ladder leading to the bridge. She cried out when she found Griffiths quietly standing by rail and gazing down on a dozen Chinese struggling to set a stay-sail.

"I thought you were killed!" she stam-

Without altering his position, he turned his head, smiled and beckoned her to his

"The sailors got a bit out of hand just fore daylight," he told her. "They killed the second and third mates in their room. The steward managed to wing a couple, and the mate settled the affair."
"The steward is dead," she told him.
"Too bad!" he commented. "The chief

engineer will see to your hot coffee. I will call him and ask him to take you below in the engine-room where it is warm."

"It's bitterly cold!" she responded.
"How can you stand it?"
He smiled a little wanly. "Part of the game," he said. "Now go along with the chief."

The engineer had arrived, blowing like grampus. He eyed his commander doubtfully, received a meaning glance and a nod, raised one eyebrow and took Mrs. Griffiths' arm.

THE air of the engine-room was so welcome a change that she found herself crying with pure pleasure when the chief deposited her at last on a greasy lounge below the gauges. She wiped her eyes and accepted a cup of scalding coffee from the third, a sturdy youth who seemed inclined to think the whole matter a joke.

The last thing she remembered as she yielded to the drowsy influence of mingled steam, oil, warmth and coal-gas was the youth's face as he stood, hand on the steam-valve, his eyes on the regular mo-

tion of the machines.

The clang of the gongs marking the end of one watch and the commencement of another drew her back from sweet unconsciousness. She opened her heavy eyelids a moment, saw that the third engineer was still at his post and the chief engineer beside him. She closed her eyes again. The men were talking in low, distinct tones that carried clearly through the steady hum of the machinery.

'The Cap'n has been standing there for eleven hours, and the chief mate's been at the wheel for ten," the chief was saying. "When the mutiny started, was saying. the Cap'n was having a cup o' hot Java at the chart-desk. He dropped it, ran out, and it being pitch dark, grabbed the bridge-rail with his bare hands. The mate got the most of the sailors locked up in the fo'c's'le and got back to the

wheel just as the old steward did for the wheelsman and his relief. Now the skipper wants to know if we can handle our

fellows till morning."
"I reckon we can," she heard the third reply slowly. "If he can stand the watch

topside, you say?"
"I think he'll last till morning," the chief answered doubtfully. "But if it reaches the Cap'n's heart, well—"

Isabel sat up quickly. What did they

Isabel sat up quickly. What did they mean? She slid from the lounge to the steel plates and touched the engineer on the arm. He swung round with an oath. glanced into her eyes and tried to smile. She paid no attention to his meaningless "Awake, ma'am?" and cried: "What is the matter with my—with the Captain?"

The chief grinned wretchedly. "He's up on the bridge, on watch," he answered. "But I heard you say—" she protested.

He took her roughly by the arm. for yourself, Mrs. Griffiths."

To emerge from the heated engineroom into the icy blast that poured over and through the upper-works of the wallowing Cymric was breathless work. Had it not been for the steady thrust of the chief's hand under her elbow she would not have won the bridge, now sheeted in ice and dripping with the ever fresh wash from the crested seas. In the half-light of a moon riding high above the rushing cloud masses, she saw Malcolm in exactly the same posture he had held when she last saw him. Again he twisted his head to greet her. She reached his his head to greet her. side in a flurry of relief. To catch heras the steamer lurched she grasped at the rail with her bare hands, felt the sting of frosted metal and jerked them away. As she did so, she saw her hus-band's hands, bone-white, clutching the brass that sheathed the teakwood.

In utter astonishment she reached out and touched a white finger. Then she

screamed, twice.

'You fool!" croaked Griffiths to the shaking engineer. "Get her away from here! Quick!"

BUT Isabel he recovered herself. B Careless of the nipping, snatching gale, she clung to her husband's arm, drag-Her lips were set, her ging furiously at it. burning. The chief, cursing his Maker, at last got her away and into the scant shelter of the chartroom.
"His hands are frozen!" she storm

"Even his arm is stiff "Listen!" bellowed "The mate is at the wheel, and the penter is standing a lookout aft with the hand steering-gear. All that holds this vessel upon her course is that rag of sail for'ard, and all that keeps those Chinamen from running amuck and cleaning up my fireroom and you is that man standing up there at the bridge-rail where everybody can see him."
"But he is freezing!" she cried.

"That's exactly what he's doing," the engineer assented. "He's past the worst of it, ma'am. If we pulled his hands away from the rail, he'd keel over, and then-well, I guess this voyage would end right here."

"And you let him,"—she drew in his breath sharply,—"you let him die?" "It'll be daylight before long, ma'am, he answered, shaking in the terrible cold

(Continued on page 168)

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In the first place, we want you to appreciate that our products are American Premier Products in their line. The matter of cost is unimportant compared with the ultimate satisfaction to you from the possession of superior material. Always remember the labor charge, a big item of the entire cost, is the same in cheap, useless material as upon the best.

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The fouling surface in a water closet is but one difference between a scientifically con-structed bowl (the Si-wel-clo) and the ordi-nary type. The bowl of the Si-wel-clo is always clean and free from soil.





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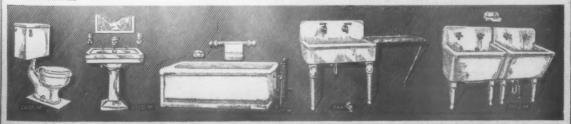
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1



## Here Is One "Corner on the

#### Rupert Hughes

His novels appear exclusively in our pages. The new one, "The Unpardonable Sin," which begins in this issue, is his most absorbing story.

#### Peter B. Kyne

begins next month his new novel, "The Valley of the Giants," a wonderfully refreshing romance of the redwood forests.

#### Anna Katharine Green

whose new mystery novel is now a part of the magazine, is recognized as the greatest writer of detective stories.

#### James Oliver Curwood

whose "A Son of Kazan" comes to a dramatic conclusion in this issue, is planning another novel of the North for you.

#### Meredith Nicholson

author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," will be a "regular." Be sure to read and enjoy his "The Guest of Honor" next month.

#### Irvin S. Cobb

whose "The Bull Called Emily," in this issue, is the brightest spot in any October magazine, will have more humorous short stories.

#### Donn Byrne

whose fiction has made the literary sensation of the year, will have other stories as fine as "The Crown of Sheba's Queen."

#### Will Payne

is a master of mystery short stories and an authority on business and economics. His next story, "The Blush," will appear soon.

#### Ring W. Lardner

has written his funniest story, "The Last Chance," for our next issue, and will write others from time to time.

#### Kennett Harris

the best-humored writer in America, has written his best-humored stories for you. Read "The Grutch" in the next issue.

The Red Book Magazine has "cornered" the

best work of the best writers. Study this list of

writers whose best work is to appear in our pages.

#### **Edwin Balmer**

knows Americans from A to Z and writes of their most interesting phases. Read "The Stuff of Success" in an early issue.

#### Mary Synon

has made a specialty of those who live and love and have their being in the midst of the city's skyscrapers. Watch for her stories.

#### Emerson Hough

author of "The Mississippi Bubble" and "The Broken Gate," is writing short stories for you. His "A Good Scout," coming soon, is a great story.

#### Roy Norton

You have only to read his "The Two Smiths," in this issue, to understand how valuable an acquisition he is to any magazine's list.

#### Eugene M. Rhodes

author of "Over, Under, Around or Through," and of "The Brave Adventure," in this issue, is one of our most valued "regulars."

#### Dana Gatlin

is a brilliant weaver of short stories. After you have read "Quality," in an early issue, you will watch for every story she writes.

#### Joseph Hergesheimer

author of "Tubal Cain" and "The Joy Riders," will have a short story, "High Speed," in the next issue, which we think reaches his highest mark.



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## Market" That Benefits You!

No other publication in all the world has so large and advantageous a list of contributors. Their work encompasses every field of fiction.

#### Freeman Tilden

knows how to mix business and love—in stories.

"Mr. Williams Takes a Chance," in this issue, shows what you may expect from him.

#### Ida M. Evans

This writer's best work always has appeared in the Red Book—and always will. Don't miss "The Limousine Life," in this issue.

#### Peter Clark Macfarlane

is at his best in stories of Irishmen. "The Family Honor," coming in an early issue, will amuse you tremendously.

#### The Williamsons

C. N. and A. M. Williamson are living in Paris and writing for you the romance of the great war.

#### Opie Read

writes for no other magazine. We consider his story "Young Charley" one of the finest he or any other author ever wrote. Watch for it next month.

#### Clarence B. Kelland

will thrill you with his excellent stories of the workaday world. No writer to-day knows his subject better than he.

#### Albert Payson Terhune

handles the problems of everyday life as no other writer can. More of his characteristic stories are coming right along.

#### Royal Brown

finds romance and humor—especially humor—in the folks we all know. More stories like "Very Moving Pictures" are coming.

#### Elmore Elliott Peake

has already delivered to us a story better than any he ever wrote before, and he expects even to excel it in others for you.

#### Geo. Randolph Chester

author of the famous "Wallingford" stories, has written in "It's Yours If You Get It" a business story just filled with humor.

#### Ellis Parker Butler

wrote the "Philo Gubb" stories and is regarded as the most consistent humorist among all the writers in America.

#### Anne O'Hagan

will contribute frequently stories as attractive as "The Fighting Blood of the Kehoes," which will appear in an early issue.

#### Earl Derr Biggers

author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," is to write his very best humorous adventure stories for you.

#### Walter Prichard Eaton

the noted dramatic critic and short-story writer, is writing several love stories for you. "A Belated Engagement" comes soon.

#### Walter Jones

is a tried-and-true Red Book favorite. He has not written much lately but is getting under way again in good shape.

#### William Almon Wolff

understands just the portions of business or sport that should go with love interest to make a really enjoyable story.

#### Alexander Hull

has the wonderful spirit of youth in his stories. Read "A New Boss," in this issue, and watch for all his stories.



(Continued from page 164) "Then we'll be safe-for a while." He paused, trying to keep the tremor out of "Keep him-keep him awake, his voice.

Isabel saw the old, trembling engineer depart, and she went and took her stand by her husband. He glanced around at her, and she saw the effort he was making to keep his eyes open. low, on the icy deck, she saw a little group of sailors beating their arms back and forth and now and then running into the shelter of the alleyway under her. Each time the wash of a boarding sea had drained away through the scupper shutters, the little crowd came out again and resumed their fantastic frost-dance.

The fourth engineer is in the alleyway with a gun," Griffiths explained dully.
"The mate locked their fo'c's'le. We have to keep 'em out on deck." He paused and swallowed slowly. "If they run inside and don't run out again, my dear, use the speaking-tube to the engine-

room and tell 'em."

The Cymric was caught by a wave, and dipped up a hundred tons of brine that crashed down on the forward deck. The sailors scuttered before it and vanished. Isabel held her breath. Would those dark, murderous figures come out again? She raised the lip of the speaking-tube. Griffiths whispered: "Wait!"

And the men came out again, tumbling

over one another.

Presently the Captain spoke again.
"They get that way—gin and opium sometimes.

"Why didn't you lock them up in their quarters?" she demanded.

He shook his head stiffly. "They tried to set fire."

You are freezing to death!" "I'm all right-only tired."

"See what you got for coming to sea again, Malcolm!"

'I shouldn't have brought you along." "Why did you want me? You don't

Griffiths did not answer. The eastern horizon was growing white, and a big cumulus cloud at the zenith was rimmed with gold. Isabel rubbed her eyes dizzily. A new day had begun. Then she looked at Griffiths. He was swaying on his feet, eyes half closed. She thrust her arms about him and supported him. She heard the chief engineer's hoarse tones behind her, saying: "Easy, ma'am. Let me have him."

She drew back and saw the mate. We'll just get the skipper to his cabin, 'am," he said. "Everything will do,

ma'am. now. Better leave him to us."

She fled. Later, white-lipped, a rose flame burning in either cheek, she learned under the old engineer's tutelage something of the rough surgery of the sea. When it was done, she crouched wide-eyed by the bed of the man she had diwho lay muttering beneath the vorced. sheets that bound him fast. Later she went to the desk against the wall, opened it and picked up the photograph that lay face downward. It was an enlargement snapshot of herself taken as she stood poised on the rail of a launch, holding out her arms to be reached for. Guiltily she turned and glanced at the figure in the bunk. The Cymric rolled far over and plunged, and the decks shook

to the thud of the screw. Isabel stood on the tilted floor and laughed softly.

HENRY ELLERY, in his office in the California Freight & Packet Line building, laid down the law.

"I'm not going to try to understand you, Isabel. The very day after I get you finally freed from a rash, childish, foolish marriage with a mere sailor, you run off with him again."
"He ran off with me," she replied.

"I wash my hands of the affair," her father went on. "There is no doubt now that you must marry him again." He faced Malcolm grimly. "Will you tell me how you are going to make a living for my daughter with two hands gone?"

Do you insist that I marry her again?"

Griffiths inquired calmly.

Mr. Ellery pounded his desk wrathfully. "To-day!"
"Well," the Captain responded slowly,

"I will-on conditions!

The head of the California Freight & acket choked. "Conditions!" he raged. Packet choked. he raged.

"Yes," was the reply. "I shall have to refuse to marry Isabel unless you settle a million dollars on her. I must be sure that she wont be dependent any longer on you and your humors."
"Isabel." Mr. Ellery s

"Isabel," Mr. Ellery said almost in-articulately, "do you understand what this

this fellow is saying?"
She smiled. "Perfectly. Malcolm is quite right when he tells me he wouldn't dream of going into an office again. Of course he'll keep on being a sea-captain. I'm going with him. We'll need a lot of money to buy the Cymric."

mey to buy the Cymric.
"Going to sea with him!" her father
whisper. "Henry repeated in a tragic whisper. "Henry Ellery's daughter marrying a common skipper and spending her life at sea! Have

you no pride?"

"Pride?" she repeated in a full, rich "Yes. Too much to shut my eyes to the biggest profession a brave man can follow, or to prefer a white-handed office man to a man who isn't afraid of the sea. And entirely too much pride to marry Malcolm again unless I have a fortune to make me worth his while."
"Worth his while?" croaked Ellery

Isabel laughed gayly. "You told me yourself nobody ought to count a thing worth while unless it paid dividends.'

OUTSIDE the offices Isabel stopped Malcolm in the middle of

crowded pavement.

"Brave boy!"
"Whew!" he said. "I barely stuck it out. Hardest job of my life, my dear!
To make out I wouldn't—"

'Sh-h-h!" She laid a pink finger on his lips, regardless of the passers-by, who slowed their pace in open admiration. "Now we can buy the *Cymric* and be happy. Let's go right over and see her!"

Malcolm laughed and tucked the stumps of his arms deeper into his pock-"My dearest! Don't you remember we've got to go and be married all over again?"

She appeared to give up an immediate visit to the Cymric reluctantly. "Oh, if you insist!" she sighed. She delved into her handbag. "I believe I have my million with me. Or could you trust me till to-morrow? Malcolm!"

Traffic stopped, grinning.

#### A NEW BOSS

(Continued from page 92)

And then before Mary could close the door, that well-poised, ironical voice went on, laughingly: "And what a perfectly ducky little stenographer you have! She's really awfully good-looking, you wise and naughty man!"

Mary flushed hotly, furiously. she heard his voice, saying in an annoyed "My dear Hélène, not so loudtone: you please! She will hear you.

Mary Anne Quinlin, out of self-respect. if nothing more, put that scene from her mind as quickly as she could.

BUT that was not Miss Merritt's only visit to the office, by any means. She cultivated a habit of sweeping in with an air of calm proprietorship that was the cause of excited comment among Mary's companions in the office. Banks, a man especially attracted by the sound of his own voice, summarized his conclusions one memorable day with much allusion to the times of the ancient Roman Empire.

"It's just old Rome and the barbarians over again," he said. "Every year they over again," he said. "Every year they come here, a fresh horde of them, and after a little while you hear no more of them. Most of them aren't strong enough, and they go back broke, or they

stay and go down out of sight.

"There was Shuter. He went back to prospecting in Arizona. Hiked back, they say—over three thousand miles! Some hike! And Willison! Right now he's a stevedore over at the Billings docks.

It's a fact.
"But if they prove strong enough, why, they marry 'em and corrupt 'em. em a taste of high life that goes to their head-smother 'em with the society fashionable women and club life-assimilate 'em. That's Rome's (meaning New York's) specialty, anyway—assimilating. They take these moneyed barbarians out of the West. They assimilate 'em—make of the West. 'em over. First thing you know, they're New Yorkers. After two or three years, 're broken in and they've got all the bad habits and good manners—meaning bad!—of your traditional old Roman. They're no longer individuals. They're a type. They're Roman citizens."

Mary sat over her typewriter-keys, listening to him with flushed cheeks, and

unreasoning anger in her heart. She wished passionately that she could deny

it all; but could she?

"Our Mr. Atway," continued Mr. Banks with great pride in his interpretative analysis, "was a little too much for them. They tried, the Merritt crowd, to down him by force. He had the stronger punch, and so now they absorb him, assimilate him. A famous digestion has your old Roman! Thad Merritt couldn't win, but you can bank on Hélène Rinsford Merritt's winning. She'll shear his bar-barian locks beautifully for him, and there you are!

Suddenly Mary wheeled about on him. "Oh," she cried passionately, "haven't you any work to do—that you have to be continually discussing Mr. Atway's per-

sonal affairs?" There was an instantaneous, sepulchrai

# Delicious steak "toasted" Yes Sir!

THE way you like it, exactly—thick, savory—butter melting on top; tender and juicy. It's "toasted," isn't it (of course you call it broiled).

You wouldn't want it raw would you? Cer-tain-ly NOT!

And for exactly the same reason you'll like Lucky Strike Cigarettes. The Burley tobacco—it's toasted. Puts in a new flavor, and seals it in—that's what toasting does to Burley tobacco.

Lucky Strike is new, different—there is no other cigarette with this new toasted flavor. You can compare it to your morning toast when it's buttered hot.

LUCKY STRIKE is the real Burley cigarette, too—another entirely new idea. You know Burley tobacco—you've been pouring it out of green, blue and red tin boxes for years. Now get the Burley flavor—toasted—in a cigarette, and join the LUCKY STRIKE smoke circle today.

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silence in the office. Mary glanced around, horrified.

In the door of the anteroom to his private office stood Mr. Atway, calm, smiling slightly.

"Miss Quinlin," he said gently, "when

you've finished that letter, will you come in, please?" And he closed the door. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Banks, working furiously. "How long do you suppose he'd been standing there? How much do you suppose he heard?"

"It was only twenty minutes ago he came through here, going home," said Jimmie Trent. "Why do you suppose he came back?"

"And in again, through his private door!" exclaimed Alice Marsh.

MARY shut her ears to the talk-talk, finished her letter and went into Mr. Atway's office. He rose and wheeled her a chair near the window. "Sit down, please," he said, smiling kindly at her. "I don't want you to take anything now. Put your book and pencil on the table.

I want to talk to you."

She smilingly obeyed, but at heart she was a little frightened. How much of the discussion had he heard?

"Do you mind if I tell you a little bit

about myself?" he asked.
"Why—no," she said faintly. "I—I'd
be glad to hear." There was no use in trying to disguise the fact, now, that she was frightened.

"I heard what Mr. Banks was saying

out there," he remarked.

"He didn't mean anything by it," said

Mary suddenly. "I'm sure that—"
He corrected her. "Yes, he did. And
I suspect that he believes what he was It has happened that way frequently enough, I suppose. Not that it matters at all. And it's not very important what Mr. Banks thinks about me And it's not very impersonally. But I've felt differently about

"I have felt that it did matter to me what you thought. And as I stood there listening—quite shamelessly—to Banks, I thought, with your permission, that I'd tell you what otherwise I likely shouldn't have mentioned-at least, not at pres You, it occurred to me, might feel-though perhaps I'm flattering myself in thinking that you gave my case any special thought at all— No, that's a pose; I've seen you look at Miss Merritt when she came here."

"Oh. Mr. Atway-surely not! "Oh, Mr. Atway—surely not: I—I couldn't have let it show, I'm certain!"
He laughed. "But you did, just the same. Besides, let what show?"
She flushed and bit her lips. How

neatly he had trapped her into admitting

that she felt something!
"You see?" he said. he said. "And if you thought as Banks did about the matter, why, I did care about that. I don't know Miss Quinlin, just how much you've felt it, but it has seemed to me that we were just a little more than stenographer and employer. We've eaten together, worked together, fought and won together. You've known to an extent what I was doing, what sort of person I was, and I've felt that you too regarded our relations, somehow, as—well, different. It's hard to say it so it sounds just right. You have felt that way, though, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"I knew it," he said. "And you have felt somewhat as Mr. Banks said about me, and the Merritts, and all that?"

HE had, of course; now she would have given much to be able to deny it. But his eyes, forceful and compelling, were upon her, demanding her reply. And

anyway she was too proud to lie.
"I couldn't help it, Mr. Atway. I did
feel that they"—the impersonal thirdperson plural, be it noted!—"weren't good enough for you. It wasn't my affair,

know. I'm sorry.

"That's why I He nodded gravely. want to explain things to you. It wont take long," he said. "I'm thirty-two take long," he said. "I'm thirty-two years old, and comparatively speaking, rich. If I wanted to get out of business to-morrow, and be a noble old Roman,as Mr. Banks would put it,—as far as money is concerned, I could be one of the noblest old Romans of them all, I suppose. Yet while that's true, it's also true that eleven years ago I couldn't have done anything of the sort. Then I was -no joking about it, Miss Quinlin!-

"I had been, from the time I was teen. There's not much of anything fifteen. haven't tried. I've sold newspapers, blacked boots, punched cows, worked on the railroad, prospected, mined, carpentered—there's no end to the list. My mother died when I was very young. Father never was able to get along; he hadn't the knack. At fifteen I became

self-supporting.

"It was in mines that I finally made my money. Jim Blake and I prospected through southeastern Alaska and on up to the Yukon, and—purely chechahco luck—struck it rich. Gold and copper! luck—struck it rich. Gold and copper!
On the way out Jim died and left me his half-interest. Three years later I sold out, but I was shrewd enough to hold on to a big block of stock in the company that bought me, for it was a big, bona-fide mining-company, you understand, not a

stock-selling concern.
"Then, at twenty-four, I deliberately treated myself to three years of schooling. When I finished, I bought a ranch in California-three thousand acres; and until I came here I managed it myself. raise everything from chickens, keys and geese on up to thoroughbred horses. I grow nearly every kind of fruit that will grow in the United States—and

try to grow a good many that wont!
"Why am I telling you all this? Because I want you to see that I'm a worker, not a Roman! I've always worked. I've got the habit of working. Out there on my ranch I've been conducting experiments—but that doesn't matter. The point is that Mr. Banks is wrong about me. As to goodness—well, you understand, I'm not laying much claim to that, but I am saying that the sort of life he talks of couldn't hold me.

"I'm nearly through here, and when I'm quite through, I'm going back to my ranch. This gambling with stocks, as I've been doing, this underhanded warfare that's been forced upon me by the Merritt crowd—it's a nasty business. I wasn't cut out for it. I was cut out for a producer.

"You're going away? You're going to close the office?" said Mary. "Then what will become of—"

"I've arranged for that. Everyone will be taken care of. Now, when the Merritts wanted to take me up socially, it happened that for business reasons I couldn't refuse. I had to accept, because I was not yet through with them. I've not finished yet; it may be three months, or six, even, but hardly longer than that. And when I'm through, I'm through. I'm not comfortable with that set. showy, wasteful and clever. I don't deny their cleverness, but they're false—clear through. I don't trust them, except when I have to, and then it's on paper as nearly law-proof as the law can make it.

"Banks was right—would have been, that is, if the barbarian had been going to stay in Rome. In time, I dare say, I should become like them. As it is, I shall relieve his mind, if possible

"And finally, as to marrying Hélènecan understand readily enough how he might get that idea. But he's wrong. I haven't it; Hélène herself hasn't it. And it seems as if we ought to know, doesn't it—if anybody does? As a matter of fact, have a philosophy of marriage too. Hélène doesn't fit in with it. Would you like to hear it?"

MARY ANNE QUINLIN found it suddenly impossible to turn and meet his eyes. She was vexed almost to tears with herself, but answer him she could not.

He laughed gently. "Silence is consent, I'm sure," he said. "My philosophy is this, and it's sound—Mr. Banks, even, would approve of it: it's to have a worker for a wife, not a shirker—no, not even if she be as gilded and exquisite as a bird of paradise. And that I'm quite prepared to deny that Miss Merritt is!

"I've been a worker all my life, and I understand workers. When I marry, I want a girl who has worked and understands workers—that is, understands me! Outside of that I make no conditions, save that I must love her, and that I greatly prefer that she love me. And that fact disposes nicely of Miss Merritt, doesn't it? And of Mr. Banks'—and every--anxiety upon my account?"

"He meant nothing at all, Mr. Atway," said Mary, suddenly finding her voice.
"I should be disappointed if I believed you," he replied whimsically, "because I thought he was meaning that he had an you." interest in me and what I was doing. And I was bluffing a little while ago when I said I didn't care. I did. I was glad of it. I'm human still, even if I do happen to have a few millions, and it has always been my weakness to want to have people like me. Especially, I've wanted you to like me. You do, don't you?"

He was coming across to her now, and she was in a panic of fear, surprise, joy—she did not know what. He stopped be-

fore her.

"You do, don't you?" he repeated. "I-I-yes!" she said finally, still look-

ing out of the window.

He bent over and took her hands from her lap. As if the spell over her were released by his touch, she rose hur-

"How much?" he asked.

"Oh—I—please, Mr. Atway!" she whispered, trying to draw away from him. But he would not release her hands.

"I might let you go," he said, "if you

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ANY sportsman who gives the matter a moment's thought will agree that the powder contained in the shotgun shells he uses is a factor of prime importance to him when shooting either in the field or at the traps.

This being so it is a matter of ordinary prudence when buying loaded shotgun shells to specify that they be loaded with a powder with which you are familiar—a powder upon which you can depend under all circumstances.

You get such a powder when you specify either Infallible or "E.C."—the two Hercules Smokeless Shotgun Powders.

Undoubtedly the name of your favorite make of shell is given in the list at the right. You can obtain either of these Hercules Powders in that shell by asking your dealer for it.

On the top wad of every shell, and on the cover of the box in which the shells are sold, is printed the name of the powder with which the shell is loaded. Look for this name when buying. See that it is either Infallible or "E.C."

These powders are of high quality and uniform quality. They give light recoil, even patterns, and high velocity. Write for a free booklet which describes them fully.

Infallible and "E. C." can be obtained in all of the following makes of shotgun shells.

PETERS
REMINGTON
SELBY
U. S.
WESTERN
WINCHESTER

HERCULES POWDER CO.

1027 Market Wilmington



Street Delaware were to tell me. A great deal, did you

sav?

She ventured at last to look into his face. There was no mistaking what she saw there. "I—oh, yes!" she murmured. "A—a very great deal!" And then she hid her burning face against his shoulder for very shame.

He bent over and kissed her glistening hair. "I don't presume to deny," he said slowly, "that Mr. Banks and—er—all of you, might have had more cause for alarm over Miss Merritt's unquestionable at-tractions if it hadn't been that long before I ever met that pampered young woman, I had fallen most hopelessly in love with some one else. My dear, when are you going to marry me? row—or this afternoon?" To-mor-

Mary Anne Quinlin, knowing she must laugh, if she would not cry, very wisely chose the former. "Neither!" she said. "But on the day before we start for California!"

#### THE FIRST AND LAST CHANCE

(Continued from page 98)

and commented foolishly on how the boys

had grown during the day.

Bitter disappointment and humiliation visited the soul of Mary Winters. She had known Thede as a youth,—a generous big boy, with the strength of a giant and the heart of a child,-and she had loved him then; but he had married Adele and gone away, and Mary West had thrown rice after the bride and gone resolutely about her own affairs.

The years that followed had been pleasant, busy ones for her. She soon forgot her foolish fancy for Theodore Winters,she told herself,-and when after Adele's death he sought her out and asked her to marry him, she was able—she again told herself—to consider the matter reasonably, without being influenced by what she had once imagined to be love.

She had heard all the story of his wretched life. She was a woman of sense, and entertained no delusions concerning reform that is based on sentimental whim or impulse. But she had faith in his inherent manhood, his love of decency, his

industry, his pride. On this faith she had risked her happi-Was she now to be robbed of her husband's love and support? Not with-

out a struggle!

The next Saturday night Thede was home at seven-thirty, and was a shade drunker than on the previous occasion. The third Saturday, he arrived at nine. He was in an ugly mood; he swore savagely, kicked over the coal-bucket and broke three of the decorated dishes. He intended to do some other things too, several of them, all calculated to alarm a But his wife, who sat at the timid heart. end of the table watching his performances, showed not the slightest sign of fear or alarm.

Her attitude was confusing and disconcerting, and with an inarticulate growl or

so. Thede lurched off to bed.

Mrs. Winters sat for a long time in deep thought. At last she arose, cleared away the débris that marked her husband's course and went to sleep on the sofa.

The next morning Thede awoke in bad When he reached the kitchen, he found everything exactly as though nothing unusual had occurred. Breakfast, hot and inviting, steamed on the table. Mrs. Winters was neat and busy as ever; her clear eyes held no accusation and no tears of reproach.

Breakfast was eaten. The boys with clean faces and hands, dressed in their Sunday clothes and with the additional glory of white collars and shined shoes, were started to Sunday-school. The dishes were washed and the house put into Sunday order, and still Mrs. Winters made no reference to the irregularity of the night before.

Thede's nervous irritation passed. This He redoubled his efforts to was easy! please. He performed numerous small services about the house. He praised her cooking and her housekeeping. The blandishments he practiced during that day would have reduced Adele to a state of fatuous helplessness within an hour. For all the effect they had on the present Mrs. Winters, they might as well have been addressed to the big range in the kitchen.

For six days Thede gloomed and fretted under the shadow of Mrs. Winters' dis-She was pleasant and polite, and neglected no item of her excellent and comfortable housewifery. But toward Thede she maintained a tantalizing re-

serve.

On Saturday morning at breakfast-time Mrs. Winters said to him: "I am going to have a little supper to-night-something a little extra on account of its being Billy's birthday. You be sure and be here, will you?

Surprised and delighted, Thede replied

in stuttering haste:

'Sure—why, sure."

"Promise?"

"Sure, I'll promise; sure th—"
"All right," she said, interrupting his blley of assurances. "Billy is going to have a visitor at supper, and he is going to have a cake for his birthday, and the cake will have on it a candle for each year that he has lived; and after sup-But she got no farther. Billy, to whom her statements had come as an overwhelming piece of news, was startled out of his habitual silence and filled the remainder of the breakfast-hour with a clamor of frenzied inquiries.

THEDE meant to go home directly after quitting-time, but he met Sime Tully, who happened by the merest chance to be strolling past the factory-yard gate at five minutes after six. Sime gave greeting to Thede, and plunged at once into a confidential and detailed account of the swapping of a bog-spavined horse Schnoltz by a lightning-rod to Johnny agent. And listening to the silly tale, Thede permitted himself to be gently guided to the portals of the Last Chance.

According to his promise, he was at home at seven-fifteen. He held himself rigidly erect, calculated every step and strove desperately to appear sober. washed at the kitchen sink and brushed his hair with great seriousness before a small picture of Washington crossing the Dela-ware, mistaking it for the kitchen mirror.

At supper he assumed a patriarchal dignity. He smiled benignly upon the chil-dren. He addressed his wife as Mrs. Win-He earnestly adjured Billy to be a good boy and do what he was told, and look out for a bog spavin, because pretty soon he would be a man and wouldn't have a birthday and then he would be

SOFTY

The children were breathless with excitement. And what wonder! Around the margin of the birthday cake stood eight slender candles; and Billy's name appeared in pink letters across its white surface. They were entertaining a visitor—a real visitor, mind you, who had come dressed up for the occasion—for the first time in their lives; and after supper, they and their little guest and the guest's mamma and sister were to attend a magic-lantern show to be given at the schoolhouse; and after that they were to go home with their guest to spend the night, returning to their own home next day after Sunday-school.

They were eager to be gone. supper was over, Mrs. Winters, with many kindly admonitions as to conduct and deportment, bade them good night and turned to other and less gentle duties.

THEDE had eaten little supper. When the children were gone, his foolish ity fell from him. He tramped the dignity fell from him. in a torment of nervousness. wanted whisky; he wanted whisky as he had never wanted it before.

Mrs. Winters talked to him. She talked of his work, of the children, of the neighbors, of everything under the sun, it seemed to Thede. She compelled him to answer questions he had scarcely heard. Would the His nervousness increased. woman never cease her babble?

At length, when it became apparent that she could hold him no longer, she produced from a lower shelf in the cupboard a full quart bottle of whisky, which she placed on the table before her husband. He seized a glass and gulped the liquor. He drank another and another, and presently Thede's great thirst was satisfied.

When he awoke next morning, he lay for some moments without moving. He was stretched full length upon the bed; his hands were above his head—at least, he supposed that was where they were; he didn't see them anywhere else. No part of him felt alive except his head, which

ached considerably.

One by one, he remembered the peculiar happenings of the night before: he must have been drunk; he must have been unusually drunk. He essayed, wearily, to Something was the matterturn over. Something was the matter—with his feet, the trouble seemed to be. Raising his head, he saw that his feet were tied, separately and securely, with several turns of heavy cord to the uprights of the metal bed. A pull on his arms proved that his wrists were also

His cloudy suspicions of the night be-

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### The Oliver Typewriter

## A \$2,000,000 GUARANTEE

That This \$49 Typewriter Was \$100

### The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed, Not the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days' free trial. No money down—no C. O. D. No salesmen to influence you. Be your own salesman and save \$51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

OVER 600,000 SOLD

This is the time when patriotic American industries must encourage intelligent economy by eliminating waste. New economic adjustments are inevitable.

So March 1st we announced the Oliver Typewriter Company's revolutionary plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen We gave up costly offices in 50 cities.

#### Prices Cut In Two

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of \$100 to \$49. This means

that you save \$51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves you much, it also saves

There was nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?

#### The Identical Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee: The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine-our latest and best model which until March 1st was \$100.

This announcement deals only with a change in sales policy.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its With its huge financial resources it determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend.

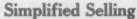
#### A World Favorite

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typ world is worth \$100, it is this Oliver Nine. If any typewriter in the

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., the National Biscuit Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 have been sold.

This Coupon Is Worth \$51



Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below. We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D. When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are \$3 per month. You are under no obligation to keep it. We will even refund transportation charges if you return it. Or if you wish additional information, mail coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately send you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would formerly obtain from a typewriter salesman.

from a typewriter salesman.

#### 10 Cents a Day

In making our terms of \$3 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day—it is now possible for everyone to own a typewriter. To own it for 50 per cent less than any other standard machine.

less than any other standard machine.
Regardless of price, do not spend one centupon any typewriter—whether new, second hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.
Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the prest successful typewriters ever

of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

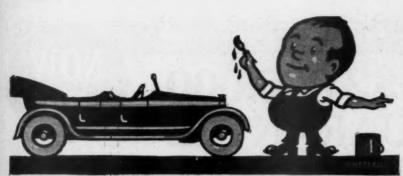
#### Don't Pay \$100

Why now pay the extra tax of \$51
when you may obtain a brand new
Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for
\$49? Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from this
advertisement. Or send for our remarkable book entitled, "The
High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy."
You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

#### THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY 1157 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further informa-tion. Check carefully which you wish.

THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PROP
THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.  1157 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, III.  Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.
My shipping point is.  This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.  Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," you de lune catalogs and further information.



## KEEP YOUR CAR YOUNG

## Effecto FINISHES

A COAT or two of Effecto will do the trick, without the loss of your car for more than one or two days. You will be proud of the job. Not a wax or polish, but a durable, high-luster, quick-drying auto enamel, made in seven colors. Use the Black for touching up fenders and rusty spots. It's great for slicking-up engines. Effecto Top and Seat Dressing renews upholstery as well as mohair and imitation leather tops of all kinds.

Sold by paint, hardware and auto accessory dealers. Send for Color Card. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 157 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 103 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

## PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES



The New Double Grip

**Boston Garter** 

A new grade far superior to any garter sold heretofore for less than 50 cents. Holds the sock at two points and insures neat and trim ankles. Ideal for year-round wear. Worn with any style or weight of underwear. Try a pair today. Ask for number 835 Boston Garter, 35c

"Double Grips," 35c-50c "Single Grips," 25c-50c

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#### We Challenge Comparison

of this superb Vose Grand at \$600 with the product of any other piano manufacturer in the world.

The skill and experience of three generations of Yoes are concentrated upon the production of this magnificent instrument. By reason of its admittedly superior munical qualities, its finer material and expert construction the Yoes has won for itself a place of permanent prominence in the better American homes. Time payments accepted. Delivered to your home free of charge. Liberal allowance for old pianos. If interested in a Plane or Player

#### vose

VOSE & SONS PIANO COMPANY
156 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

fore were confirmed. The whole circumstance had been a trick—a sly, slippery trick, a rotten plan to get him tied up here like a helpless fool. Well, she had him now; what did she expect to do with him! Preach at him, most likely. . . . He twisted part way over on one side. At the movement, his wife appeared in the doorway.

SHE stood for a moment contemplating the gentleman she had promised to love, honor and obey; and then from a chair near by she took up a slender, flexible rawhide whip about three feet in length.

It wanted no prophet to tell what would occur shortly. The soul of Thede Winters shriveled in abject fear, the simple, fundamental fear of physical hurt. The woman raised the whip. His fear became a quivering terror; he turned over as far as he could and buried his face in the pillow.

The whip descended, and a line of scorching pain curled round his body. With a frantic lunge the tortured back took refuge beneath two hundred pounds of masculine bulk. Again the whip cut the air with a vicious hiss; this time the blow fell upon the tender flesh under the left arm. With a howl of pure anguish, this noble representative of the less deadly of the species again buried his face in the pillow and humped his broad back to the inevitable.

Among the many excellent attributes to the person and character of Mary Winters, strength and thoroughness were noticeable if not predominant qualities, and in the present crisis they obtained complete ascendency. It was a detestable and humiliating thing to do; it had taxed the last measure of her splendid courage to attempt the hateful task; but she had married the man, and duty demanded that she do her best for him—and her best was no mean effort.

Twelve lashes she gave him, twelve furious lashes, every one of which left a livid welt, a fiery stripe of pain. When the twelfth blow was delivered, she evidently considered the job finished, for she walked to the door and tossed the whip into the street to be carried away by the first passer-by. Then, taking a large pair of scissors from a drawer in the sewing machine, she returned to the bedroom, cut the cords that bound her husband's hands, tossed the scissors on the bed beside him and left the room.

PRESENTLY he drew his hands from the loosened cords and held them up before him. They felt numb and lifeless; he closed and opened them a few times and rubbed them together to quicken the feeling in them. He sat up and cut the cords about his feet; then he got up and took a few steps about the room. He was sick, weary and sore; his head pounded with pain; his eyes were puffy and his vision blurred. He sat on the side of the bed and reached for his shoes; as he bent forward, the blood rushed to his head, swelling his neck and mottling his face; and with it, there surged into his brain a blind, murderous rage. Beaten like a dog, by a woman! Well! he knew a few tricks about the beating business himself. He made no sound, but the thought screamed into his

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#### AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer: **NOT ENOUGH!** Save Leather for Soldiers

To make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but, even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

For instance, the leather upholstery of one average size automobile would make twenty pairs of soldiers' shoes. For years America's largest producers of automobiles have successfully used Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstering their cars. Thousands of owners never even knew their cars were not upholstered in leather, because Fabrikoid looks and feels just like the finest leather and actually wears better than the coated split leather most used for upholstery of automobiles not covered with Fabrikoid.

Again, the furniture you buy with leather upholstery is probably covered with split leather that will not give service equal to



#### Craftsman Quality

That "genuine cowhide leather" suitcase of yours will probably reveal on inspection that its covering is only a pasted-on piece of split leather not much thicker or stronger than this sheet of paper.

It is true that some few high priced automobiles and pieces of furniture are upholstered in genuine grain leather of good quality, and bags and suitcases are to be had at a price that are made of thick grain cowhide.

But the pride of possession of luxurious, expensive leather should now yield to patriotic preference for satisfactory substitutes that will divert this leather to more necessary uses.

#### Uncle Sam Has Set the Pace

The new U. S. motor trucks and ambulances will be upholstered in leather substitutes. For several years the standard for book binding in the Government Printery has been Du Pont Fabrikoid.
The upholstery specifications for the new Merchant Marine call for "Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid."

What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severe requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

#### How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While

not feasible for every use of leather, the illustrations herewith show its wide range of utility.

If you use leather in your home for any purpose, try the proper grade of Fabrikoid instead.

When buying an automobile, boat, or piece
of furniture prefer Fabrikoid upholstery. Help
the manufacturer conserve leather by patronizing those who use good leather substitutes
like Fabrikoid.

like Fabrikoid.

Every hide displaced by a good substitute helps supply our armies with shoes, our farms with harness and our factories with belting—it helps win the war.

Manufacturers! Write us your requirements and let us co-operate with you.

Americans everywhere! write for samples and names of manufacturers, of the article you want, who use Fabrikoid and of stores near you selling it by the yard.

#### DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

World's Largest Manufacturers of Leather Substitutes

Factories at Newburgh, N. Y., Elizabeth, N. J., Fairfield, Conn., Toronto, Ont.

1000 10000 How Many Hides Has A Cow? For Automol Tops and Upholatery For Bags, Trusks and Suitcases For Book Bindin

brain. He would beat her, beat her, until she writhed and begged for mercy. And with his thick, black hair bristling on end, his face purple, his eyes bloodshot, he lunged toward the kitchen.

He had reached the kitchen door and caught with one hand against the doorframe to steady himself, when he came to a halt so suddenly that he left one foot poised in the air. He was looking squarely into the muzzle of a revolver.

He glanced along the blue-steel bar-rel of the gun into the steely blue eyes The gun was steady and purbehind it. poseful, and the eyes were hard. He was facing a deadly danger, a menace, a threat of death that he dared not challenge. The purple slowly faded from his face; he grew pale and turned a sickly yellow; his lips and tongue stiffened, and his throat went dry. He stared into the metalrimmed mouth of the gun, and imagined he could feel the shock of the bullet as it entered his brain. Little electric waves prickled his flesh and puckered his scalp.

At last his tortured nerves relaxed; he drew a sobbing, broken breath, lowered his foot to the floor and said: "Put up

the gun, Mary. I'll be good."

Slowly she lowered the weapon until it "Theodore," she said, rested on the table. 'I have something to say to you. live with a drunkard. The first time you enter this house with the least whiff or hint of liquor on your breath, I will leave it forever. I will leave it as empty and wretched as I found it. I will leave your boys to grow up into tramps or thieves, or both. I will leave you to drink your-self into suicide or the poorhouse. I want a decent living and a sober man. Can I have them?"

Thede watched and listened; and while she spoke there grew in his heart a profound respect for the woman who knew her rights and was strong enough to demand them; and with it there grew a

prodigious pride that she was his woman.
"Mary," he answered, "you can. I'll never drink another drop of liquor.

A neat brown bungalow stands where the home of Adele Winters once stood. Mary Winters hums softly as she trains her morning-glory vines and picks the dead leaves from her scarlet geraniums. Where the skeleton shed once reared its gaunt frame is a tiny garage, wherein Thede tinkers endlessly and happily with a car that is commonly conceded to be the very best car for the money.

#### (Continued from THE BRAVE ADVENTURE

soft nights, shining sunsets, merging together to anguish insupportably keen-because of the little girl who had missed

her chance, who had missed it all.

Prone he lay by the shop wall, blind and deaf, a little top clutched in his hand, his face on the broken sled; the Barksome dog nuzzled and whined beside him; and mad Lear's cry was the voice of all the world:

"O, never, never, never, never, never!"

THE years passed—five of them. Bar-bara still bloomed vivid in David's heart, but that shadow in the sun, the dreadful vision of war, grew larger and larger and held his mind increasingly.

The first gun was fired at Sumter; the hour of wrath rose roaring from the abyss, the price of injustice, compromise, fal-tering and unfaith. The high steeples tering and unfaith. rocked to bells of doom; the North woke from long supine lethargy to flaming passion. The call went out for volunteers, seventy and five thousand; thrice that number, from city and town and mine and farm, poured out in answer. Good blood, a stubborn, hardy stock, those levies; their like as raw material had not been seen since Cromwell's time.

David heard the call to arms read in Salem Square. Crowded with the angry, silent men of Marion County was Salem Crowded with the angry, Square—flags aflaunt, wild bells ringing, drumbeat, black looks to southward. Women, too, thronged to Salem Square: women with pale faces and sad, prophetic

Ritter spoke, well and manfully; and he signed first, deed matching word. Hot Felix was swift second; Tommy West was close behind; and old Marion's best signed with them.

Not David. He had a nearer duty; and he set himself to do that next thing next, in his grim, silent way. For Mary Kerr's days were numbered; she had need of her firstborn by her side. And the elder David was a spent and broken man. He could work no more. David the younger was breadwinner for all.

Nor did David go for the next call, when three-year men replaced the threemonths men-no, not even after the evil tidings of Bull Run, for he was still faithful to his first and harder duty.

To us, who know the end, it is hard to see how surely that end might have been different, difficult now to understand the fear and doubt and bewilderment of '61, the despair or exultation attending the skirmishes and minor battles of that year. Dwarfed and shadowed by the tremen-dous and desperate struggles that followed them, hardly is it remembered, now, which were victories, which defeats.

Philippi, Rich Mountain, Carrick's Ford, Carnifex, Beverly—who speaks these forgotten names now, save those for whom grief made these names immortal? Yet the McClellan campaign for relief of the loyalists of western Virginia threw the nation into a ferment of hope and enthusiasm, just as the fiasco at Big Bethel. the disaster of Bull Run or the cruel blunder of Ball's Bluff all plunged them into dismay and anguish and shame.

In the West it was scarcely better. swift succession came defeats at Carthage, Wilson's Creek and Lexington, with but slight and easy successes for offset. The Southron's Homeric boast had ever been that he was the better fighting man. he should cling tenaciously to such pleasing tradition was only natural; the sur-prising fact is not that this belief was shared abroad, but that, amazing as it may seem, it had ever found ready and widespread acceptance in the North. On the whole, the result of '61 seemed to confirm the Southern theory. The Federal troops fought with spirit and constancy; the Confederates won the battles.

Harder than defeat was the suspense of long inaction. For your republican form of government, as we of 1917 well know, must needs make haste slowly— bunglingly even. The people had been lavish of men, money and supplies; they were impatient for results. That a hostile confederacy existed within our borders without serious molestation was of itself a Rebel victory.

The Northerners clamored for battle, at any risk of disaster; but neither Mc-Clellan nor Halleck would fight, because they were not sure to win. Again the cry rose, "On to Richmond!" shrieked

by voice and by type. Insolent Stanton, speaking of the generals of division in council, called them "ten generals afraid to fight." "All quiet along the Potomac" "All quiet along the Potomac, became a byword and a sneer. McClellan was "drillmaster" or "traitor;" the sad and patient President was an "imbecile." The result was about as bad as could well have been contrived. There was prudent delay when a noble rashness might

well have been the wiser course.

Everywhere the blighting effects of politics were felt. Into every department of government, into every arm of the military organization, into places low and places high, crept a few men of miraculous inefficiency—with paralyzing effect. Discord, distrust, factions, intrigue, self-seeking, inordinate ambition, alliances, cliques, division of authority, fanaticism, unreasoning bitterness, controversy, recrimination, detraction, spite, venomous scandal, contempt, ridicule, sordid flinching of wealth—by these sinister signs you may know that the North, despite her immense superiority of population and of resources, was at this time no overmatch for the South: a people proud, high-spirited, warlike, united and uncompromising, better fitted, by reason of the aristocratic alignment of their society, to command on the one part or to obey on the other. And so the first year of the war, all things considered, left the South with at least an even chance. One great and crushing victory, recognition from England: that was their hope. And if a really great battle were won in the West, it meant Missouri, Ken-tucky and Tennessee—a hundred thousand men to swell the Southern ranks.

MARY KERR died in December.

Margaret and Joan and Elsie
were with her at the last. David's
father went to live with Joan. On New
Year's Day, 1862, David Kerr said his
good-by to them: his way was to war.

The Barksore day as ald day are

The Barksome dog, an old dog now, howled to see him go and would have followed him. If Joan's eyes were tear-ful when she kissed him, they were proud eyes too—proud for the hard years wherein this brother of hers had done his large



#### Le talc de distinction

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Translation: Feathery clouds are not more soft, wing swift gulls are not more white, fairy forms are not more dainty, than is my fascinating Djer-Kiss Talc.

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part quietly and well. His father gripped his hand: "You've been a good son to me, Davy." The bands, the flags, the throngs, the tumult of leaping blood, were wanting now—not the steadfast purpose or the sad hearts. So Greatheart went his way.

That way was to Springfield first, where he enlisted. He was sent to Camp Butler; after nearly two months of drill he was ordered to the rendezvous at Paducah.

Meanwhile affairs were going better for the Union. In Kentucky, Thomas defeated Crittenden at Mill Spring. A local brigadier, General Grant, observed that the enemy were in force at Forts Henry and Donelson-strong positions, one impregnable; and being less able to resist the temptation than commanders stronger self-restraint, Grant went, without orders, and took those places with an informality verging upon rudeness. Soon afterward General Curtis drove the Rebels from Missouri, followed them into Arkansas and defeated them at Pea Ridge. On almost the same date the nation's fate hung trembling in the balance for two days when the iron Merrimac threatened to make clear the way for cotton and to hold the rich seaboard cities at her mercy-with what result we Not only was the vital blockade unbroken, but in an hour England saw her sea-rule gone, her impunity vanished with her outworn navies. Her splendid frigates, against such landsmen-built fighting-ships as those two that fought at Hampton Roads, were helpless: no more did the United States exist at Britain's forbearance.

After Donelson, Major Ritter passed through Paducah. He saw David there, and soon after, through his good offices, David was assigned to service with Ritter's regiment. Here served David's friends—including Tommy West, captain now of the Marion men; Crawley, their first captain, had fallen at Donelson. Tom Chadsey was a surgeon attached to the regiment.

David was weeks more at Paducah, awaiting transportation. Embarked at last on the stearner Chancellor, with eight hundred naw recruits, he was carried up the Tennessee "to the front." On March 25th he joined his regiment at Pittsburg Landing, where it had been for some time as advance guard — the Twenty-eighth Illinois, First Brigade, of Hurlbut's division. Amory Johnson was Colonel; Colonel Williams of the Third Iowa commanded the brigade; the other regiments of it were the Thirty-second Illinois and the Forty-first. Their camp was on the north hillside by Spring Creek Run, a mile back from the Tennessee.

"THE first thing we know," said Tom Chadsey, "the Johnnies'll slip up and give us a good lickin', before Buell gets here. There's enough of 'em to do it, if they get together quick; and right now's the best chance they'll ever get to win this war."

They were on the hill back of their camp. David sat on a log, looking down at the white tents. Felix sprawled beside him, smoking. Chadsey walked up and down the short beat of the log's length, biting an unlighted cigar.

"Oh, I guess they wont," said Felix

lazily. "And if they do lick us a little, it wont make no difference. We're bound to beat 'em in the long run. Too many of us."

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Doctor Tom savagely. "They've got men enough and pluck enough. They haven't got the cannon, arms, ammunition, foundries, machineshops and men to run them. But they've got cotton. England's got the guns and no cotton, and cotton is what she's almost got to have. Just let her think the Rebels can win, and she'll jump in and help 'em, break the blockade, recognize 'em and all that. Lend 'em the money too! So'll France. I tell you, I'm bothered. Our generals must be asleep. I suppose they'll wait till Buell joins us and we send 'em a little note that we're ready."

"Seems to me you're gettin' mighty careless about your grammar for a schoolmaster," drawled Felix flippantly. "You used to jack me up for such slack talk as

that. How's your liver?" "It's sense, anyhow," said Doctor Tom. You know just as well as I do what it will mean if Johnson can defeat us here. We couldn't get away; there's no line of retreat open. With the added prestige and confidence of a victory, he could fall upon Buell, or he could wait for the new recruits that would rush in after such a triumph. In either case he could whip Buell's army, which would be cast down as much as the Rebels would be elated. hundred thousand men will join the Confederate army from Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri if they can win a really great battle now. And mercena-ries will flock to the victors from all over the world. Europe's war-maps will show these three States won for the South and all the Southwest. Then comes recognition from England and France. They're only too anxious. Like as not

they'll pitch in and help 'em fight."
"There you go again," Felix remonstrated. "You grieve me, Surgeon. You used to talk so proper, too!"

Chadsey stopped his uneasy pacing and turned to David.

"What do you say, David?"
"We'll win," said David slowly. His eyes swept along the far lines of the camps beyond their own, showing through the broken timber country. "We're right, and they are wrong. We are not fighting to force them to accept Lincoln as their President, nor even to make them stay in the Union, no matter what the papers and the statesmen say. We are fighting against slavery."

Felix drew a long face at this; he was never one to be fierce and forward for the antislavery movement. "That wasn't mentioned when I signed the articles," he suggested mildly. "Me, I'm fighting for the Union."

"If it wasn't just exactly for slavery, the Southerners would fight to stay in the Union," said David. "Lincoln's election wasn't the cause of secession; it was the signal for it. We must win. Secession is not the wrong; it is slavery that is wrong. There is ample room here for two, free nations side by side; the time has come when there is not room on earth for a slave State."

"By George, you've got it! You make me see it!" said Chadsey. "It isn't because we want to have our turn at ruling

that we are so determined to win, nor for the glory of winning. We only half know it, but it's because the South is terribly and hopelessly wrong about slavery. But, don't you see, that only gives point to what I'm saying? The battle that is going to be fought somewhere around here will come mighty near to settling it—if they win. If we win this fight, we can lose a half-dozen afterward; but they'll get no help from Europe, once we have proved we can match 'em in the open, man for man. If we can do that they must lose, because there's more of us. We haven't done it yet. Donelson was too one-sided. We had two men to their one. But the next fight-that'll be your first one, Davy-that's the one that'll count!"

"We'll win!" repeated David.

THE Twenty-eighth heard scattered firing from the distant front at day-break, but was undisturbed by it. Small Rebel bands had been prowling near for several days. Another skirmish—or it might be merely the pickets discharging their guns before return to camp.

They had eaten their breakfast and were making ready for inspection when there came a tremendous burst of artillery, a rattle and crash of musket-fire. The long roll beat to arms; the battle was upon them.

As they fell hastily into line, grayheaded Colonel Pugh of the Forty-first rode by. He reined his horse in and flung up his hand. "Fill up your canteens, boys," was his greeting. "Some of us'll take supper in hell!"

There was scant time for orders. General Grant was at Savannah, seven miles away; few even knew where he was. Commanders moved to position at their own discretion. But it may be mentioned as worthy of note that the separate commands, with singular unanimity, moved promptly to the firing-line; discretion seems hardly the word to describe such innovation.

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The swift foe came on in treble battle-line; as one line was repulsed, another took its place at once. The Rebel plan of battle was to hold the Union right in check, driving it if possible, while the main attack was to crush the Federal left by superior numbers and constant flanking. For this latter duty were set apart seven brigades and ten batteries of artillery. But Stuart, on the extreme left of the Federals, was so far away that the brunt of the first assault fell upon Prentiss and Wallace. In danger of being cut off and surrounded, Stuart fell back and later succeeded in closing up at Hurlbut's left.

The new line of the Union forces, partly chosen, partly forced upon them, was a rough semicircle resting on Snake Creek at the left—a thin line that shook in the red winds of war, a line that wavered, stiffened and held, a line that wavered, buckled, crumpled and broke, a line that rallied and formed again, stood, advanced, retreated, turned and held again.

But the story of that fight is not the story of commanders or of organizations, but of soldiers—of men. They knew what they were there for: they fought, not as a skillfully handled army, but as a man fights in his own proper quarrel. Surprised, outnumbered, outgeneraled, outflanked,

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without orders, with aimless orders, with conflicting orders; broken, disorganized, confused, beaten, driven back with horrible slaughter by assault as desperate as the defense was unflinching, the men of the North proved that day, once for all, that their best was as good as any best. "After Shiloh, the South never smiled again." There have been greater battles, never a braver fight. their sons; our love remembers them.

And David, what did he think and feel in that seething hell, this soldier of no battles? Horror, fear, hate, hope, pity, terror, shame, despair, madness, blood-lust? All these and more; combinations

nameless as the shifting colors of dream.

As they hastened along the Corinth road, he remembered Chadsey's words of the day before: the hour was upon them. He glanced to the right, to left, at his neighbors—Wells of Tonti, Wilcox of Tonti; their faces, save for a certain keen alertness of the eyes, were as placid and unemotional as they had been when they polished their guns an hour before. But they were "veterans;" they had seen service and smelled burned powder at Fort Donelson. For his own part, David was aware that his heart was pounding madly at his ribs. Behind him came deep and steady curses from a man whose

shoe pinched his foot.

Wagons clattered down the road, urged by pale drivers to what speed was in horseflesh. Followed a few infantrymen who had fled panic-stricken at the first fire-greeted with hoots and jeers. Some turned back with the advancing column, spreading exaggerated reports of the disaster in front-reports that General Wallace was killed, that General Prentiss was killed, that their commands were cut to pieces. One fell in beside David. He had thrown away his Enfield. "I'll git a gun back there," he puffed. "Say, that was an awful fight. They wiped us out, I tell you. Wiped us out just like you'd wipe a slate with a rag!" The fear of death gripped at his heart; as he stumbled on, he babbled weakly in David's ear: "An awful fight. . . . My messmate shot spang in the middle of his forehead. Slep' with him only last night. Now—he's dead! Think o' that!"

A<sup>S</sup> they came closer to the scene of the surprise, they met the full tide of retreat, remnants of what had been companies and regiments, with frantic officers striving vainly to rally them. The reinforcing column spread out in the fields, to right, to left, threw out skirmishers and advanced more slowly in line of They opened up their ranks, and the broken troops passed through, re-

formed under shelter and followed.

The Twenty-eighth knew the ground better than most, as has been said. Availing himself of the absence of specific orders, the brigade commander used that knowledge well, seizing upon perhaps the strongest position on the battlefield known afterward as the Peach Orchard. Here was shelter of crest and underbrush for themselves, open fields over which

the enemy must advance.

Barely had they taken their position when the foe came swarming through the woods on the farther side of the field. From the Federal center and the right came the steadily increasing crescendo of cannon and small-arms; but immediately in front not a shot was fired.

Ten-shun! Lie down!" came the "Reserve your fire." The enemy halted for a volley. David heard it whistling overhead. Colonel rode slowly along behind the line:

"Hold your fire, boys! Wait for them wa-ait for 'em. . . . Steady!"

The Rebels, three hundred yards away, delivered another volley, aimed low. Several of the Twenty-eighth were struck; two were killed. Farther along, some Federal regiments gave answer; the Confederates wavered there for a moment before they came on. But Colonel Johnson's voice rose imperturbably:

"Hold your fire! Steady!"
'em, Twenty-eighth!" Wa-ait for

m, Twenty-eightn:

David's throat was contracted; his mouth was dry; he was choking. they to wait forever, to be slaughtered without resistance? A battery of four guns, posted between the Twenty-eighth and the Third Iowa, under like instructions to hold their fire, was unable to endure the strain. Panic-stricken, the artillerymen turned tail and fled without firing a shot. The curse that ran along the line was almost as much for the officers who condemned them to such maddening suspense of inaction as for the "runagates." David dug his fingers into his palms; he felt the impulse to scream out that it was madness to be killed without fighting for it-to rise and fire, orders or no orders.

The Rebels, closer in, fired again. By David's side Wilcox of Tonti sprang up, clutching his throat, his eyes staring, blood gushing through his fingers. He pitched forward on his face with his arm across David; his hot blood splashed on David's cheek, clotted in his hair; David's stomach turned over at it. The Prentiss man crawled over, mumbling broken words of terror and rage, and took the dead man's rifle. The Rebels came on at

a run.

Ten-shun. Twenty-eighth! Aim low! Fire!"
David's deadly sickness left him as

their volley crashed out murderously at point-blank.

"Bite your cartridge! Draw—ram-rods! Handle—ramrods!" thundered the captains. "Ready! Aim! Fire!"

The smoke cleared away. The Rebel line was gapped and torn; but it came on.

The Colonel's voice rose again, fierce now, and shrill.

"Fire at will!"

DAVID bit the end from the paper cartridge, rammed the cartridge cartridge swiftly home, About him the others did the like, each with his utmost speed. David was aware of gray forms quiet and still on the green grass, of gray forms that limped or staggered or crawled back. Before him, around him, through the crackling musketry fire, rose pitiful cries of agony to wring the heart. He loaded and fired with frantic haste. The Rebel ranks were frantic haste. Some rushed madly on; some broken. huddled together and fired; some stood or knelt alone and shot as coolly as at targetpractice. Then, in an instant, like shapes in a dream, they melted away; the knots dissolved; the foe streamed back across the fields for the shelter of the woods. A great shout of triumph went up along the Union line. The Prentiss man was yelling, almost in tears. He slapped David on the shoulder. "We've licked 'em; we've licked 'em! It's their turn to run!"

Then, in the strange, unreal dream, a second steady gray line came from the wood, opened up to let their fleeing comrades through, halted, fired, reloaded, came on with dreadful swiftness. The scattering firing "at will" was with difficulty stopped.
"Lie down! Lie down! Reload! Hold

your fire!"

Again and again the stern command was shouted. But the first Rebel volley came while too many of the Federals were still deaf to all commands, drunken with fancied victory, blind to all save the fleeing foe, or dazed at seeing his strength thus suddenly renewed. That volley cost them dear. At this point, selected by the Confederate commander for his mortal thrust, they were outnumbered throughout the day; their only chance lay in the strength of their ground, in using every available means of shelter to the utmost; to present themselves for long as a fair target to the enemy would be fatal.
Wells of Tonti was mumbling thickly

"My God, have we got to go through that again?" and David answered in a voice he did not know: we did it before; we can do it again. 'That's right," said Wells, as one struck by the unexpected wisdom of the remark. That's right! We can do it again.'

A comrade was borne swiftly by on a stretcher; his arm had been carried away by a cannon-ball; a splinter of bone pro-truded through the blood-soaked hasty bandage. "Get him back to the doctor quick, if you want to save him!" said Tommy West. The despair and agony in that white face unnerved David for the moment, left him faint. He remembered this man's boyhood at Tonti, his jokes of yesterday. A nameless grave— why, that was well enough. But to be like that! His hand shook as he reloaded.

It did not seem possible to him, in this moment of his weakness, that flesh and blood could stand the strain of such another charge. His late word of cheer to Wells seemed now but an idle and childish hoast. And with the thought of it, in his hideous unreal dream, a third gray army sprang up from the wood beyond: they must stand not one more charge, but two Unseen batteries began hurling shot and shell into the Federal brigades. came the welcome command:

"Ten-shun! By companies—fire!
Bite your cartridge! Dra—ramrods!
Handle—ramrods! By companies—fire!
... Reload! ... By companies—
fire! ... Fire at will!"

WAVE after gray wave rose shrieking, beat upon them, tore them, fell back and rose once more. of thunderous cannon, crash of rifle-vol-leys, screaming shell, flaming woods and battle-smoke: above uproar and clamor, through all the wild battle, pierced the shrill fury of the gray charging legions, the dreaded Rebel yell—"the fierce South cheering on her sons." The cleared fields were thick-strewn with Confederate dead; wounded men rose there, in their unendurable agony, heedless of the leaden

hail about them, or seeking release in its

fury.

David fought on. His soul had got its second wind; for the time, counting him-self as one already dead, fear had left He was a fighting machine.

With others David took his turn at bearing the wounded to the rear, where Chadsey was at his bitter work; then David hastened back to take his place in the line. In his turn he filled and fetched a back-load of canteens. There were breathing spells when they could drink, refill their cartridge-cases and swab out their guns, draw their belts tighter, straighten out their battered lines-perhaps speak together a little, before the next onset beat against, them. Their officers talked to them too, cheered them on, praised them for their gallant work.
Felix came over to David, smiling sadly,

for a brief word. David? Can we sti "What d'ye think,

Can we stick?"

"We'll stick," said David as briefly. Slightly wounded men came back, bandaged and bloody, laughing a little in pardonable bravado as they took their places in the line. Tommy West acquitted himself well-none better. One notable service of his, in desperate need, was a hold theft of other-destined ammunitionwagons-an unpardonable offense committed barely in time to save this vital position. And with each hour the thinned and shortened lines closed stubbornly up for their dreadful task. They held virtually the same position from eight o'clock until noon, falling back once, by General Hurlbut's orders, a scant two hundred yards, for better shelter and realignment.

So the slow day wore on. They knew nothing of how the fight went elsewhere, save as stragglers joined them with news of black disaster all along the line. Hour by hour they lost ground; hour by hour that grim semicircle was bent back to a sharper curve, fighting bitterly for every inch with a foe that seemed invincible, that no slaughter could daunt, no loss appall. Blindly the Federals fought on, now without fear as without hope, stubbornly gaining, losing—losing most.

Through lurid thick smoke, while yet

another attack broke upon them, a general officer rode up to the Twenty-eighth, a stern figure on a magnificent black horse. A shell burst in his path, wrapping him in

a cloud of dust; he spurred on.
"What regiment is this?" he demanded. The Colonel was farther along the line; it was the senior captain who made answer, not unproudly:

"General, this is the Twenty-eighth

Illinois-and a few friends

The General-it was McClernandlooked long at the appalling attack, the unflinching resistance: his hand went up in salute as he replied:

Twenty-eighth! You'll do to buckle

to!"

With that unforgotten accolade he went his way in search of General Hurlbut.

THAT charge, the most furious of the day, was also beaten back; but the temporarily victors, were left with sadly lessened numbers and were forced to fall back again, that they might have less ground to defend next time. Before the Twenty-eighth, just after this charge, the Confederate chieftain fell; they knew it not.

was outflanked and driven Stuart back; Hurlbut was outflanked and driven back; Prentiss was outflanked and stood, Wallace with him; and on them, from three sides, burst all the fury of The tale is known, how well they fought, brave of the brave,-this thing was not done in a corner,-and how they yielded at last, Wallace killed, their regi-ments scattered and surrounded. Six of Wallace's regiments, under Colonel Tuttle, attempted to cut their way out; perhaps a thousand men made good the attempt and joined Hurlbut.

A costly price for the South! In the fatal lull of the Prentiss surrender the breathless Federals fell back, closed up that tremendous gap, placed their bat-teries and drew their grim line together for the final struggle. A short line now, not two miles from wing to wing: an arch either base of which was almost to the bluffs of the Tennessee, where the high ground broke away to the low-

lands. David's regiment and brigade, with Hurlbut's other brigade, shattered but still keeping their organization, braced by fragments of Wallace's and Stuart's regiments and by stragglers from the river, were now the Union left. Their last position was taken under direction of both General Hurlbut and General Grant in person. Behind were the deep waters of the river, the huddled fugitives, the ineffectual gunboats, the guns of which, till now, had been useless because they were as apt to destroy friend as foe. Now they came into play, carrying beyond the utmost Federal line.

A partial assault was repulsed. In the brief space that followed, David saw furious staff officers at the bluff's edge forcing the drivers of ammunitionsupply-wagons hurtling down the hillside road, down the hillside itself, to give room above for swift headlong cannon, remnants of scattered batteries, gathered for a last desperate stand.

Then the foe came on.

A storm of artillery fire swept the ranks, concentrated, deadly, un-The low sun gleamed through ceasing. the battle-smoke. Victorious, confident, steady, the Rebels poured over the southward crest. Their volley swept across the narrow ravine with terrible effect. There was a feeble answer. Nerves tightly strung in the awful delirium of battle had slackened with the lull and could not lightly again attain to the wild, high pitch that heroic madness; the unceasing tide of defeat had weakened even the strongest spirit. Another volley, and another: the blue line heaved and shuddered and melted away. As far as the eye could reach, the gray host leaped forward in swift pursuit; the Federals broke and fled.

David went with them,-in his hideous dream,—stunned, shamed, broken-hearted. It was all over; the Southerners were invincible; the battle was lost; was lost. There would be no honored nameless grave for him. He would be a fugitive, a skulker, a coward, a prisoner, to creep back, when the war was over, and drag out his cheerless days till Tonti turf should cover his shame. Not beside

his mother, or by little Barbara—
"He-ah, Da-ave! He-ah, Da-vie!" He heard the brave note, high and clear through that hell of sound: the baby hand was warm in his; the stainless eyes were loving, exultant, unafraid, the sunlight in her sunny hair. Proud, jubilant, tender, triumphant, the old soft sign-word rose above all the tumult: "He-ah, Da-ave! He-ah, Da-vie!"

So David turned, and the world's hope turned with him. He bit the cartridge and rammed it home-fired, loaded and fired, loaded and fired again: the one man who stood, for one immortal mo-ment, when all the North was broken, while behind him retreat was turning to panic, panic to utter rout. He stood and loaded and fired and loaded and fired again.

"Da-vie! Da-vie!" His head was proud and high; the swift blood tingled and leaped along his veins. At that close range a thousand marksmen might have him down; they would not-

that gallant foe!

"Such a wonderful style of baby!" The low wind rippled in her yellow hair; her soft hand clutched at David's knee; her eyes were upon the foe, where they came on flushed, triumphant, to clinch their empire-making victory. . . . . Bar-bara waved them back; and all their splendid valor, their strength and skill and pride, crashed down to darkness and before that baby ghost.

For as defeat turned to rout, Felix Lewis looked back again to where, a hundred yards behind, the Kerrs of Cess-ford stood, man and maid; though Felix so dull his eyes-could see but the one Kerr, his friend, the one true man now,

as ever, steadfastly at his plain duty.
"God!" cried Felix. He ran back, roaring with shame and rage and grief: Tommy West was not far behindthe Prentiss straggler who had fought by David's side all day, then a stranger, and wounded Ritter. Surgeon Chadsey caught up a dropped gun and went now to war.

Others turned and saw that lonely figure, black against the sky-heard the high call and did its bidding. kinsman, comrade, they turned, came back-five, a score, a hundred, thousand, ten thousand! On their left the battery blazed into action; new guns went thundering by. Shells from the gunboats shrieked overhead. The mighty North stood at bay, fighting in the savage frenzy of despair. The gray line halted.

BUT David Kerr was on his face in dust and blood, unheeding, now his work was done. Tommy West lay dead beside him, dead Chadsey at his feet.

Felix raised David in his arms, held water to his lips, strove to stanch the swift blood. "Don't leave us now, David; don't die now! We're holding them; they're beat. Buell's men have come. We've beat 'em! David, David!"

David opened his eyes to a darkening vision that was to him the last of earth. Up the hill road from the river came a steady blue column—Buell's men, at last! The van deployed swiftly on the high ground and came on at the double-quick. On the bluff the battery blazed and bellowed.

David turned his dimming eyes to the front. In knots, in clusters, in ragged line, they fought, and held, and gained. In knots, in clusters, in ragged The flag reeled forward.



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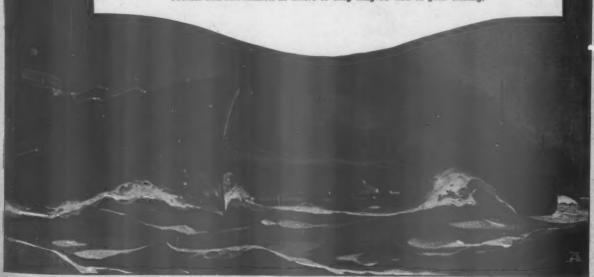
The men who are going abroad to fight our country's and humanity's battles should be spared all unnecessary worries and annoyances. Those who are provided with "A. B. A." Cheques will be assured of money comforts and freedom from money worries, whatever other hardships they may encounter.

"A. B. A." Cheques can be used in any country where military plans may take our fighting men, because they are international in character and do not have to be converted into the coin or currency of any foreign country. In the United States and Canada they are like so many dollars; in the United Kingdom and British colonies like so many pounds, shillings and pence; in France so many francs, and so on. Think what a saving in money changers' fees, in delays and other annoyances this will mean to

the American army and navy men in Europe. The officers of both arms of the service are supplying themselves with these Cheques as a matter of course; those who have the comfort of the rank and file at heart will see to it that they are also provided with the "handiest, safest travel money."

"A. B. A." Cheques can be obtained at the principal banks throughout the United States and Canada in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, with corresponding values in foreign moneys.

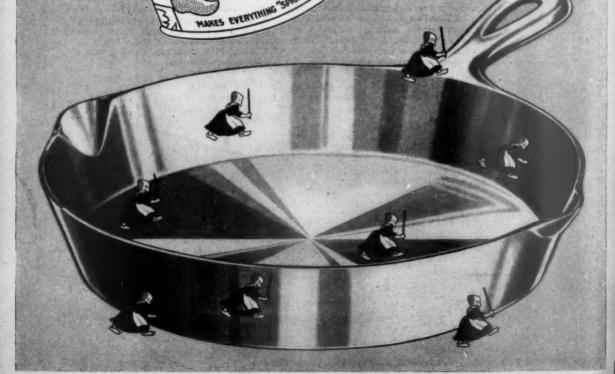
Get them at your bank, or write Bankers Trust Company, New York, for booklet and information as where to they may be had in your vicinity.



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Your dealer will show you Waltham watches in many beautiful designs. And he will point out to you in the Waltham movement these superiorities which have given Waltham an international reputation.

Waltham Watch supremacy is demonstrated by the universal use of the Vanguard Railroad Watch and the Waltham Colonial A. Allow your jeweler to place the Colonial A in your hand. Here is a work of watch-making art that is beautiful to behold. The slender elegance, the curve and delicacy of refinement, the perfect size, the richness of the ensemble denote the masterpiece. No product of man's genius has yet surpassed, for watch-fulness over time, the scrupulous accuracy of the Waltham Colonial A.

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